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METHODIST REVIEW.

JULY, 1900.

ART. I.—CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

THE hour is ripe for a new study of Christian ethics. Many new questions—questions that are practical and urgent—are before the public mind, and the adjustment of the old principles to the new issues is necessary both for mental peace and moral power. In a living, progressive society the law is ever falling behind the facts of life. A system of law once formulated attains a kind of sanctity. This is as true of human as of divine law. The case that has been decided becomes a precedent, and when the precedent fails to apply to new conditions resort is had to legal fictions, which assume that to be true which is not true—as when a foreigner under Roman law assumed to be a Roman citizen in order to get jurisdiction—a court of equity intervenes, assuming to stand on different principles and to supersede the civil law, or the legislative body acts which derives its authority from an original source. Law never keeps pace with society. The history of civil law is illustrative of Christian ethics. The formulation of its principles is always behind the times. A conventional conscience gets itself expressed in a conventional code. This code attains a kind of sanctity; it stiffens and hardens, fails to readily adjust itself to growing society, and there is unrest and moral waste. Then follows the era of ethical fictions, courts of equity, and finally new legislation.

This paper is an attempt to define Christian ethics by a study of its relations to several other phases of philosophic thought. Christian ethics is related to, and is to be differentiated from, philosophic ethics. As soon as man begins to

reflect on the meaning of life he becomes a philosopher. He finds himself called upon to choose between many good things. Some appeal to the senses and promise sensuous enjoyment, and others appeal to the reason and promise rational and moral gratification. Reason sets a limit to the satisfactions of sense and discriminates in favor of the rational and moral. Until that moment dawns in which the subject recognizes reason as binding the subject is below the level of the moral life. However we may reach this stage of development, the course of conduct rises into the realm of morals, only when the reflective spirit sees what it thinks to be a higher and a lower good and feels the obligation to obtain and enjoy the higher. Previous to that hour all action is non-moral. After that hour conduct may be non-moral, immoral, or moral, but the reflective spirit is on the field and the moralization of life has begun. This spirit now moves on to the discovery of those principles which rationalize life.

Christian ethics deals largely with the same material as philosophic ethics and works in the same field. It is confronted with the conflict of sense and reason, the lower and higher good; it must raise the problem of egoism and altruism and seek to harmonize them; it is determined by, and moves toward, an ideal good. It assumes the same powers and seeks to rationalize life. But Christian ethics is open to theistic postulates as philosophic ethics is not. Philosophic ethics assumes that ethics is theoretically self-sufficient. However much it is in need of motive power which can come only from theistic assumptions, these theistic assumptions must be kept out of sight. On the other hand, there is a religious content in the Christian consciousness which must be reckoned with. In the deeps of the Christian consciousness a voice is heard saying: "I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me." The union here is vital. If we sever the living deed from the living faith, we stop the heartbeat of the new life. The two systems of thought divide here, but not as may be assumed on the ground that the Christian consciousness takes up an

opaque mystery and ceases to be rational, while in philosophic ethics the theorist sees his way through to the ideal end. On the contrary, philosophy never exhausts the facts. Its ethical principles are postulated to explain the facts, and, even so, its explanations are only approximations and its principles only hypotheses which we cannot forego without the humiliation which comes with rational chaos and moral collapse. But why should man not be humiliated and put to shame? Taking the race together, what has he been or done, or what does he promise to do or to be, that warrants him in assuming that he is the measure of all things? By the authority of what insight does the intuitionalist assume that the well-being of the individual must be secured, that no end can be tolerated that makes him a means to that end? Why may he not be used and used up in the securement of that end? And how does the utilitarian guarantee our claim to happiness as the chief and only good? Surely, here is enough that is opaque and demand enough for faith. The fact is, the philosopher is no less a philosopher because he works out from the Christian consciousness, in his effort to rationalize the Christian life, than he is when he starts from the philosophic consciousness. Both theorists seek to rationalize life, and each deals with the facts that are in sight from his view-point. In order to do this, whatever his school, the theorist has to assume that the highest interests of life are guaranteed, and also that he knows with greater or less clearness that those interests are his interests. Sponge out man's interests and no rational goal is left. Chaos will then have the field.

The Christian consciousness differs from the philosophical in that it offers new material to the reason. Faith in Jesus Christ generates a new experience, and the philosopher has to make room in his system for the new facts. If new postulates are necessary, he must make them. That is what the reflecting man has been doing all the way from animism to the world of interacting atoms. There is no reason why the philosopher should not continue the process, provided his postulates afford the most rational construction of the facts and do not contradict each other. If a new experience demand new postulates, it is entitled to them on the above conditions.

Christian ethics may be differentiated from the ethics of the Old Testament Scriptures. There are two sides to every moral act, an inside and an outside. The inside has largely to do with the knowledge of the law that should govern the act and with the motive that prompts to the act. If insight is perfect and motive clear and benevolent, the act on its inner side may be said to be approximately ideal. But the act is not yet complete. It must be so expressed as to fit the situation and minister to beneficent ends. The ten cents given to the tramp at the door may be given with the best motive. It will buy him a breakfast and relieve his distress. But, as a matter of fact, it buys a glass of whisky, and he is drunk on the streets in about two hours. This act was approximately ideal in motive, but in the form of its expression it was wrong. It did not fit the situation, did not minister to the well-being but to the injury of the victim concerned. This motive would have been far better expressed if it had taken the form of a bucksaw and a sawbuck and the man had earned his breakfast. That would have ministered to his well-being. In the first case the motive was ideal, but the knowledge as to how it should be carried out in order to make the ideal complete on its outer side was wanting, and the sympathetic housekeeper with a good motive did the tramp a great wrong. She helped him to compromise his self-respect, to weaken his will, and to confirm him in the criminal life he continues to lead as a tramp. An ideal act must be ideal in its inner form and its outward expression. It requires a high grade of wisdom to give righteous expression to the ideal motive—wisdom which can come only from the long and painful experience of the race. When the race has crystallized its accumulated experience in codes of conduct, these become a guide to the individual and save him from utter folly in dealing with the practical duties of everyday life.

For the purpose of making this dual aspect of the moral life conspicuous, and of marking the difference between the ethics of early Israel and the ethics of the Gospel, we may study the last three chapters of the book of Judges. A dastardly crime had been committed against the Levite by the men of Gibeah, of the tribe of Benjamin. He had sent the

bloody summons to all Israel, and they "gathered against the city, knit together as one man." They demanded the children of Belial, that they might put them to death. But Benjamin refused, and then, when fire had done its work upon the cities and the sword upon man and woman, only six hundred Benjamites remained, and they were entrenched upon the rock Rimmon, where they remained defiant for four months. And now Israel is in a desperate dilemma. A tribe is in peril. But the extinction of a tribe cannot be allowed. They have sworn, too, that no one of them shall give his daughter unto Benjamin to wife. How then is this tribe to be saved from extinction? They build an altar and offer burnt offerings and peace offerings. They reach a conclusion at length. Jabesh-gilead had failed to send its contingent in response to the bloody summons, and they decide to send "twelve thousand men of the valiantest" to slay the men, the married women, and the children of Jabesh-gilead, and to capture the virgins and offer them to those men of rock Rimmon. But there are six hundred men and only four hundred virgins. They then command the children of Benjamin to go down to Shiloh and to hide themselves in the vineyards, and when the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances then they are to catch every man a wife for himself. This they did, and then "they went and returned unto their inheritance, and repaired the cities, and dwelt in them." When this narrative is analyzed in the light of the suggestion that every moral act has an inner and an outer side, it is evident that a religious motive is the obtrusive factor in the whole drama. They asked counsel of God, in the house of God. When they realized that a tribe had been nearly annihilated they cried unto Jehovah, "Why is this come to pass in Israel?" They rose early and offered burnt offerings and peace offerings. "They repented them for Benjamin, because that the Lord had made a breach in the tribes of Israel." They sought to know God's will, and believed that he instructed them, that he went to battle with them, and, after they had made good the breach in the tribes of Israel, at the "feast of the Lord in Shiloh" they "went out from thence, every man to his inheritance." There is no hesitation in their faith in Jehovah, nor in their purpose to do

his will. They retire from the scene apparently well satisfied that the will of Jehovah has been done. But what a curious confusion of ethical values. They could not give one of their daughters to a son of Benjamin because of the oath at Mizpah. Like Jephthah, they felt that a vow was binding, even though its execution violated the most sacred obligations that can bind man to his fellow-man. They propose to satisfy the fathers of those virgins by assuring them that they did not give their daughters to the sons of Benjamin; that would have been in violation of the oath, and would have loaded them with guilt unpardonable. The fathers may not give them, but these Benjamites may steal them. There is no appreciation of moral obligation to these women. Any course of conduct is justifiable toward women that will enable them to fill this breach which the Lord had made in the tribes of Israel. It is clear that the motive is right, and just as clear that its expression is barbarously immoral.

There can be little doubt that Israel had had loftier ideals of Jehovah and a more perfect conception of conduct. But Moses had gone, and Joshua had gone, and "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." However just the intent, the ethical code does not get very far without the knowledge of God as moral, or without the knowledge of man as akin to man because akin to God. The prophet has yet to do his work. When we come to the time of Amos we find a clear expression of a lofty ethical code. He condemns Israel for injustice, for bribery, for refusing judgment to the poor, for uncleanness; he knows the vices that spring from the luxury and idleness and intemperance of the rich. He understands the significance of the outer expression of a moral purpose. He knows that God will blast their crops and destroy them because they love evil and hate good. They call on the name of Jehovah, but they do not carry the will of Jehovah into the common relations of life. Isaiah is also clear on this question of the common virtues; he knows the difference between ceremonialism and morality, and widens the sweep of moral obligation until it takes in the race. Jeremiah rises to the point of view of the New Testament when, after a vivid portrayal of the failure of the

old covenant, he predicts the new, and declares, "After these days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people." In any adequate account of Israel's ethical progress several factors have to be reckoned with: First, God in his providence carried Israel through a wide range of experience. In the deliverance from Egypt, in the wilderness life, in the conquest of Canaan, in the rise of the monarchy, in the ever-impending disaster from the great world-powers, in captivity, and in the return and the rebuilding of the temple Jehovah gave his people a range of experience more varied than that of any contemporary. Second, by the tuition of the prophet and under the ministration of the divine Spirit the conscience of the people was kept alive to the moral significance of these experiences. If this characterization be not pressed too far, it will be true to say that Amos emphasized the outer expression of morality, Jeremiah its inner spirit, while Isaiah from his mount of vision saw clearly God's purpose concerning all nations, preached the virtues that are good for all time and binding on all men, and worked his laborious way through the doctrine of the remnant, to find at last that the lifeblood of that doctrine springs from the Servant of Jehovah. In him a tentative unity is attained for the partial and unrelated views of the past.

The moral consciousness of the Old Testament saint is determined by his religious faith, and that of the Christian believer by his faith. As this differs from the former, so will his ethics. In the Old Testament the fatherhood of God is known, but it is not often clearly conceived or consistently applied. The divine Spirit has not yet wrought out its content or its bearings upon life. The Old Testament conception lacks the moral passion of God's fatherhood. Jesus Christ made that great doctrine both conspicuous and luminous. We know from him its meaning and its application to life. The same is true of human brotherhood. It is in the Old Testament, but it is feebly grasped and vaguely applied. In the New Testament it is powerfully held and consistently applied. It is the obverse side of the truth of the divine fatherhood. With the surrender to Christ there comes a new experience, with new convic-

tions, new emotions, new purposes. These experiences have broken in upon the soul like the dawn, or they have struggled up through a long twilight, but they are here. The Christian man knows that without them life would hardly be worth living. The Christian world knows that the halo of a divine life hangs over it. Multitudes of men live in the twilight, but the twilight reveals God and man and the future as they are not revealed to any heathen world. The new man knows no man after the flesh; his view-point has been lifted, the scope of things has changed, his view now takes in the endless life. He who says, "His will, my law," knows that a new spiritual dynamic works in him, and that it is to be wrought by him into all of his intercourse with his fellow-men. There is a double set of implications in this Christian consciousness. One looks toward theism, and has as yet been only very imperfectly wrought out; the other looks toward conduct. What of the latter?

In the genesis of the Christian consciousness is the genesis of a new standard of ethical values. Paul could wish himself anathema from Christ, if that were possible, for his kinsmen according to the flesh. But this new interest of his for his blood relatives has in it the promise of an interest in the whole Gentile world, for in the light of the Christian consciousness all are seen to be of his kith and kin. The new standard of values discloses the fact that "there can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male or female." They that are Christ's are Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise. From the Christian consciousness there springs spontaneously and of logical necessity a spreading network of new moral relations which reach out to and feel for contact with every human being, which involve the whole complex of human relations. Man is by nature "a political animal." It is no more certain that we are actuated by egoistic than by altruistic impulses. But these impulses are undisciplined and lawless. Egoism is strong and brutal. Altruism is weak and capricious. There is no clearness of vision. Men are treated as things. Drop the man with kinky hair below the level of the straight-haired man, and, though manhood and moral life be not altogether denied him, we immediately

change our moral code. The farther we let him down, the less strenuous becomes our ethical theory. But in the Christian consciousness there is a foreshadowing of a possible ideal destiny for every moral being. Fathom Paul's glowing enthusiasm, read the hymnic literature of the ages, sound the philosophy of faith as shown in modern missions. A new standard of ethical values is at the fore in the Christian consciousness, which carries with it a new order for a new world and involves every human being in its scope.

The Christian Church has been slow to appreciate the scope of the moral task which Christ set for his followers. They were sent to establish a new social order, a divine society in this world. This must not be understood as a denial of the eschatological aspects of his teaching concerning this society. It is an interpretation, however, of the most characteristic thought of the synoptic gospels. Fairbairn informs us that the word "church" "occurs in the Acts and the epistles, including the Apocalypse, exactly the same number of times as 'kingdom' in the Gospels—one hundred and twelve—while 'kingdom' appears in only twenty-nine cases. This seems to indicate either a change of idea or a change of term due to a change of soil." He thinks that the change of idea must be to some extent involved. However true that may be, there is no change in the ethical aspects of the kingdom which Christ's followers were to set up. The most characteristic word with Jesus was "kingdom." His disciples were taught to pray saying, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth." They were to learn, as we are, the meaning of that startling inquiry: "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? . . . Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Why is it that this new set of ethical values takes its rise in the genesis of the Christian consciousness? Is it an accident that the Christian man wishes to make every other man Christian? Why do we assume that the Christian man who has not the missionary spirit has stultified his Christian life? What is to be our exegesis of Paul's lofty enthusiasm and of its relation to his language: "I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me?" The implicit postulate of Paul's new valu-

ation of man is that every moral subject counts for something to God. When the new consciousness dawns and the filial voice cries, "Abba, Father," it is because one counts himself dear to God. Any other view makes the whole Gospel scheme a farce and the fatherhood of God a fraud. That song carries every moral subject in the universe up into God's interests. The man with the Christian consciousness can know no man after the flesh. Harlots and outcasts in Christ's time, Jews and Gentiles in Paul's day, Indian, Negro, Chinaman, and Hindu in our time, are all involved in that "Abba, Father." The redemptive power at work in Paul is God's sanction of the law, "Thy neighbor as thyself."

The Church has not been famous for its logical consistency; nevertheless, as we study the centuries, it becomes evident that the logical movement set up in the Christian heart is carrying us on to the goal. The individual man has become of infinite worth. This new appraisement of man is obtrusive in all political, social, and religious movements of our time. The kingdom is a kingdom now growing in our midst. Its principle is at work in all the plastic forms of modern life. We are to answer daily our daily prayer by transforming the whole complex of human relations. The industrial world must hear and heed. No man may be looked upon merely as a workman. No trader may forget that the man who buys is more than a buyer. All play and work, all trade and art, all education and religion, must be subordinated to, and then dignified by, the ideal to which they minister, namely, the establishment of that divine kingdom in which every subject counts for one, and counts every other subject one, in the full right of a son of God in his own house.

It is not necessary to claim that this new appraisement of man, even with the illustrative application made to life by Jesus Christ, makes clear the practical problems of life of our time. It does, however, make conspicuous the gross abuses of the new ethical principle. A thing may be used and used up, but never a man. A thing may be made a means to an end, but never a moral subject. He is an end in and of himself. Every moral subject has rightful standing in that final kingdom which is a joy to God and a wealth to all its sub-

jects. A moral subject must be recognized as counting among God's interests. There is something in him that he may not sacrifice for any conceivable consideration. He must stand by it though the heavens fall. Every other moral being is bound to recognize and respect that divineness in his fellow which makes him of infinite worth. When this principle is once clearly seen and firmly held the experience of the Christian ages, and especially the example of Jesus Christ, comes to our aid to save us from folly and make us wise to apply that new principle which has its birth with, and lives in, the Christian consciousness, to the actual relations of life. For it is here, in these moral relations in which we now live, that the daily prayer of the Christian world is to be answered.

If we believe that there is a plan and purpose in human history, that Jesus Christ is the expression of that purpose; that, as the apostle teaches, all things have their standing in him; that all things are created "unto him;" and that he is to be head over all, then we may be sure that the redemptive power which is disclosed in the Christian consciousness will work in transforming old institutions, subsidizing all forces, until the kingdoms of this world have really become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. The redemptive power which is displayed in man works always in the principle of that new valuation of man which puts him into the heart of God. There is an inside and an outside to every moral act. It is evident that the law of the kingdom was never so clearly conceived as it is to-day; and it is just as evident that the expression of that law, as seen in business, in society, in philanthropy, and religion, never approximated the perfect form as it does to-day. The Christian conscience, with its conventional code, is open to the facts of life, and the chasm which separates law and life is being closed up.

B. P. Raymond.

Art. II.—THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD.

An intelligent missionary, upon being asked to name the greatest problems of the world in China, replied: "They are but one—how to present Christ to the Chinese mind. Nothing else on earth is like this mind, so full of monstrosities, atrophies, abnormalities, curious twists; and how to avoid unnecessary difficulties and prejudices is the problem." There is a point of view from which we say that the problems of redeeming the world are but one—how to present Christ to the wonderful child-mind, not full of atrophies and monstrosities, but normal, healthy, receptive, and religious, preoccupied and ensphered by the Spirit of God. This work means more than reaching the submerged tenth; it means the ultimate nonexistence of that tenth; it means the prevention of the drift; it means a world of Christ-children growing "in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," seeking in all secular life to be about the Father's business.

In our study of the problem we must not frame a system of theology first, and afterward look to see whether the children are taken in or left out; we must not pinch and squeeze the child till his experience takes the shape of our theology; but we must simply look at all the facts of child-life and at all the facts of Christ's life, and ask what we can do to get the child acquainted with Christ and to keep up the acquaintance. Bishop Brooks says that "he who touches a child of any class touches as it were undivided humanity; he speaks to mankind back of the Babel of its divisions." Every loving hand which touches the little ark in the bulrushes did something toward shaping the moral life of the ages. To the Church the word comes, "Take this child and train it for me."

We cannot go far wrong if we take Canon Newbolt's definition of religion, when he says, "Religion is the knowledge and worship of God." The child has a religious life, not because he comes "trailing clouds of glory," but because he is a spirit, never uninfluenced by "the Father of spirits." Because the child is a person he can believe in the highest Personality; because he is a spirit he can love and adore spirit.

The knowledge may be limited, the worship may be inadequate, but there is knowledge and there is worship, and thus there is religion. The child's animism may ascribe personality to any and all objects around him, he may think that things have souls, he may ascribe very human attributes to God; but he gives a soul to things outside himself because he is himself a soul, he thinks of Spirit because he is himself a spirit. He may make his God out of very human elements; his anthropomorphism may be very amusing to his elders; his theology may make great merriment for wise parents; but he will hold to some kind of anthropomorphism as long as he lives, he will talk about his God in the language of this earth as long as he stays here, nor will he need to give up his God because he has to use a human and earthly language. This is only saying that a man has to see with his human eyes, think with his human brain, talk in human language, using concepts furnished from his earthly surroundings; he must remain a human being while he thinks, and cannot get away from himself to a point without himself in order to get another view of himself. He is simply under the limitations of his own language, whether he thinks of the steel or the magnetic current around the steel, of the worlds or of the force which binds the worlds, of the intelligence back of the interacting atoms of his own brain, or of the intelligence back of the interacting atoms of the universe, and whether he chooses to call the intelligence "it" or "He." When we analyze his concepts we find that he is just as anthropomorphic in his most severe scientific studies as he is in his theological speculations. Hence, we cannot rule out the reality of a child's knowledge and worship of God because of the very human terms of expression used. The higher the personality the higher will be the conception of the divine Personality. Caliban's conclusions may be wise for Caliban, but the child is more than Caliban, and the intelligent Christian sees more than Setebos. The conceptions of God will rise with intelligence and spirituality, becoming more rational as mind becomes more Godlike. From childhood to manhood clearer thought and purer life will

> Correct the portrait by the living face,
> Man's God by God's God in the mind of man.

The religious nature of childhood is a fact; early and exalting religious impressions are facts; horror of evil, aspirations for good, a sense of the unseen world, are facts. De Quincey tells us that when, at eight years of age, he was reading his second book in Latin he saw the Athenians erecting a statue in honor of Esop, the slave. "The abyss which yawned between the wretchedness of slavery" in which Esop lived and "the honor of standing forever on that starry altitude" was a thought which gave him his "first and jubilant sense of the moral sublime." Perhaps not all of us read our second book in Latin at eight years of age, and few of us could have been so moved by the story of the statue to a slave as was this little Greek-Englishman; but we all had our religious feelings touched by events widely differing; we all had our deep thoughts about the unseen and the divine, or our mother's touch could not have made its lasting impression. We have all lived in this wonderful child-world; we have all been dumb before its questions, humiliated before its prayers, and amazed as we have looked in upon the creative forces of the child-mind. It is a prophecy which has never found its perfect fulfillment, a beauty of dawn which has never found its corresponding day. But we all give thanks for

> Those first affections
> Those shadowy recollections
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet the master light of all our seeing;
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
> To perish never;
> Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
> Nor man nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy.

We cannot fathom the significance of the incarnation in its relation to childhood. The Son of God lived as a child before he spoke as the perfect man. The perfect child made possible the perfect man. The life and words of the King proclaim that children are of the kingdom. They are not the children of the devil, but the children of God, and it is our duty to tell

them so. They are born with good and evil tendencies because their parents have both good and evil in them; but their "sinwardness" does not bring guilt. They are met at the threshold of consciousness and conscious choice by the Spirit of God, who has been from their birth nearer to them than mother. In these years they do not have to repent, and be converted; they are already God's children by the operations of his Spirit, provided through Christ. We may call it regeneration, if we will; it is the work of God. Christ saves the children, though they know him not. There is as yet no conscious rebellion by them, and no real separation from God. In many Christian homes this conscious rejection never takes place; the children are born as God's children and never leave the Father's house. Without irreverence we may turn about the Saviour's words and say, with Horace Scudder, "Their angels do always behold in the face of the child the face of the heavenly Father."

The nonrecognition of this fact has lost more children to the Church than revivals have ever brought back. We have been more ready to trace proofs of their depravity than of their divinity; we have let their moments of temper far outweigh their days of trust and love of God. Treating a child as if he were the child of the devil has often made him the child of the devil. We have found the law against the sinner, then proved that all men were sinners, then tried to make the child feel himself a sinner so that he could repent and be converted and be saved. The effect of this treatment has been to destroy the spiritual life already existing, and to substitute some impressions that they have believed or some crisis of experience in the place of a loving loyalty to Christ as a continuous experience. The crisis type of conversion has frightened many a child away from all thought of beginning a Christian life. By our theology and by our insistence upon this idea of conversion we often forbid the children to come unto Christ. There may be conscious decision and definite profession accompanied by a definite spiritual experience, but this is not the beginning of the religious life, and the child should not be taught that it is. A definite experience does require definite beginning, certainly

not a clear memory of a definite beginning. Conscious love for mother does not depend upon conscious beginning of that love, nor upon memory of its beginning. Jesus in the temple, at twelve years of age, simply lets others know that he loves the Father and would be about the Father's business. And this business for eighteen years afterward was found in making commonplace things beautiful and spiritual.

The word "conversion" hold a place in our religious terminology which is not warranted by the usage of Scripture nor by mature Christian experience. There is no doubt about the need of the conversion of the sinful and rebellious heart; no doubt as to the necessity of the new birth for the man who has gone into sinful and willful ways; no doubt about the blessed experience of those who, by the way of sincere repentance and true faith, have come suddenly into a new and abiding peace and joy. The relative infrequency, however, of the use of the word "conversion" by the Saviour and the apostles should keep us from insisting upon it as the sole expression of the change by which we are to lead men to the promised life in Christ. We have taught seekers to think more about conversion and their own spiritual states of mind than about Christ. We have looked with satisfaction upon the passing of a crisis in conversion, and have forgotten the laws of the Spirit by which men are led to Christ and which fix habits of trust and service. We have often robbed the child of that which we were anxious to secure—a life of religious love and joy—keeping in his mind a term rather than a person, an imperative condition to be met in some moment yet to come rather than a love and a service which can be rendered to-day.

There must be somewhere discoverable what we may call natural laws for the spiritual growth of a child. If we can find ideals rather than rules, or ideals which can blend with rules and take their place; if we can find habits which bring blessings rather than emotions which may mislead; if we can find persons to be imitated rather than dogmas to be believed, we shall have escaped the crime of thrusting upon the child a mechanical religion. Horace Bushnell says of his mother:

> [She] prayed earnestly with and for her children, but she did not often mention the religious life to them. She undertook little in the way of

an immediate divine experience. She let herself down for the most part upon the level of habit—only keeping visibly an upward look of expectation, that what she might prepare in righteous habit should be a house builded for the occupancy of the Spirit. Her stress was laid on industry, order, time, fidelity, reverence, neatness, truth, intelligence, prayer. And the drill of the house in these was to be the hope in a large degree of religion.

The intelligent kindergartner of to-day who is an earnest Christian comes nearer to finding the natural laws of the Christian life for childhood than all the Sunday preaching and teaching of our fathers. We have been slow to learn that habits in any virtue are a house for the Spirit. Here are some of the principles which are emphasized by the intelligent student of child-life and of Christ's life: Overdeveloped self-consciousness destroys naturalness, and this destroys the spiritual life. Whatever associates the highest life with common, everyday experiences helps to make the spiritual life natural. The naturalness of a child's spiritual life is not fostered by an appeal to a sense of danger, but by a call to do something for fellow-man and God. A child is won more by love of good than by hatred of evil. Let the child see that religion is not for the few, nor for special days, nor for restraints merely, nor for getting ready to die, but for knowing God and finding in his service the grandest life possible on earth. We are not to set the children to chasing the rainbow for the pot of gold, but to show them that everyday duties well done will put gold into their characters and more than rainbow beauty into their lives.

A child's sympathies can be permanently enlisted for a person, while there may be but a short-lived enthusiasm in ethical teaching. We must remember that the simple pictures of the synoptics come before the deep philosophy of John. We are all Christians before we are theologians, and our Christian life is measured by our love for Christ rather than by our comprehension of his words. Whatever cultivates the community idea, the sharing of the life of the family, responsibility for the comfort of others, fosters the essential religious life. Whatever teaches the child to subordinate the senses to the intellect and conscience, whether in food, or dress, or play, helps to the religious life. Whatever teaches the child self-mastery anywhere, liberty through law, highest liberty

through highest law, is the foundation for the noblest Christian life. Training a child to see the unseen as clearly as the seen trains for faith in God and for the use of all things which the faculty of faith brings to the service of the soul. All lessons which cultivate reverence, wonder, admiration for God's works, are helps to the religious life of children, as to that of any of us. Thoreau said in his graduating address, "The world is more beautiful than useful;" we must teach the child that the world is as useful as it is beautiful, that God is in it everywhere. Whatever shows the child this world as the working of an infinite Father, speaking, watching, listening, will make the Father's presence real in temptation and in high resolve for good deeds. An earnest Christian teacher, with the eyes of a Ruskin, a John Burroughs, a William Hamilton Gibson, or a Celia Thaxter, is an instructed high priest leading the child to talk with God. The opening of a rose may be to a child as the parting of the veil of God's temple, and its fragrance as incense for a worshiping soul. A child dedicated to God by a holy mother and brought under temple influences will early hear a call to service. Slow, sleepy, indulgent Eli may not quickly perceive that the child Samuel has heard the voice of God; but the true spiritual priest—whether the teacher lovingly telling the story of Jesus or the mother in the holy activities of the home—will gladly prompt the answer, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." There will be knowledge and worship of God.

With the religion of childhood kept in the heart we shall see the world redeemed. Leslie Stephens said that he based his whole philosophy on the identity between the instincts of childhood and the cultivated reason, and could show how those early intuitions "are transformed into settled principles of feeling and action." Principal Shairp is sure that we "may condense the instincts of childhood into permanent principles by thought, by faithful exercise of the affections and high resolve; that, if we allow these to pass from us as sunbeams from the hillside, character is lowered and worsened; that, if they are retained in our thought and melted into our being, they become the most fruitful sources of ennobled character." This can and will be done; and the signs are

many that it is being done now as it never was before. Helen Hunt Jackson once said that she could measure her friends by their estimate of Hawthorne's story, "The Snow Image." And well she might, for the story is full of meaning; the creations of the childhood mind, ideals pure as the beautiful snow, too often melt away under the prosy, practical handling of well-meaning parents, teachers, and preachers. Or another of Hawthorne's stories, "The Great Stone Face," is worth our study, as we try to bring to children the shaping influences of lofty ideals. The child who is led to contemplate lovingly the mountain character of Jesus Christ will see in it human features of inspiring benevolence and strength, and will be transformed into a manhood which bears the same image and brings blessing to his fellow-men. The highest ideal is the most real, and makes character like itself. The mountain face wins the boy Gladstone at four years, and holds a greater fascination for the Gladstone of fourscore.

The religion of childhood is to bring back the Church to a normal type of living for God. Materialism may be routed intellectually—it has been routed—but materialism of character will hold the field until the natural religion of childhood brings forward all the habits of faith and love into the thought and activity of manhood. The years of captivity now allowed between the ages of eight and twenty are of incalculable loss to the Church. The small number converted before the end of that time does not change the fact that the Church is robbed—robbed not only of what those years could have done, but robbed of the increased efficiency of all later years which those twelve shaping years could have added. Let this period be given to making the spiritual life reasonable and natural, and the Church will make God real to this world. Had we, forty years ago, given intelligent attention to the winning of the children, fostering the life of the Spirit already within them; had we trained them to see and serve Christ in common things; had our homes nurtured spiritual life by precept and example, instead of associating that life so largely with evangelists and revival scenes, we would have to-day a Church of stalwart Christians, and beautiful homes, and irresistible power. While the revival has been a most blessed agency

for the moving of the ungodly and indifferent, it has not been the best means of stimulating and maintaining the religious life of children. We have unintentionally given our attention to the methods of the revival rather than to the Spirit and the giver of the Spirit, Jesus Christ. By waiting for the revival we have wrought harm to the Church; have taught the children to connect the beginning of their Christian life with an occasion and method rather than with the ever-present Christ; have allowed ourselves lazily to wait for circumstances to accomplish that which God has given us as our bounden daily duty; and have arranged to bestow our labors upon the most unproductive material when we should have given first attention to the most productive. A few generations of children kept for God would find the world turned to God. The homes, at present nominally Christian, would soon make the whole world Christian.

During the Renaissance some ideas were unearthed from the classics which we gladly would have left in oblivion, and which brought poison to morals and death to faith; but the historical method used in making the discoveries brought us also other and better things than the classics, gave us a clearer light on the whole path which lay between Bethlehem and Olivet. The studies of to-day—relating to the evolution of the body and mind of man, and to the physical and psychical basis of man's religious life—may sometimes lead us far afield and bring confusion to the faith of some. But the faithful search for reality in child-life and in Christ's life, the faithful effort to find a natural entrance for Christ into the life of the child, the faithful endeavor to make holiness natural in the home, will give to the world another and true Renaissance, will give to the Church her new and true revival. The things revealed unto babes shall become beauty and strength and righteousness in the lives of men.

John A. Story

Art. III.—THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

We have fallen upon an age of notes and notelets. The old leisureliness requisite for the cultivation of the epistolary art is ours no longer. The telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter—all the paraphernalia of our swift commercial age—will never comport with the writing of letters in the true significance of the term. The demon of haste lurks at our elbow, and we no longer take time to observe the amenities of friendship. In days that are past a letter was at once a newssheet, a record of mental taste and delight, and a flashing mirror of the heart. Every word exhaled an aroma of personality. Now we receive a few type-written lines of colorless language, and we must accept them forsooth as a letter. Yet these latter years have not been wholly devoid of the kindly instincts of the genuine letter-writer; and when we turn to the correspondence of Lowell, the Brownings, Dante, Rossetti, and Robert Louis Stevenson it is like breathing again the atmosphere in which Keats, Cowper, Schiller, and Lamb indited letters with a pen dipped in their own hearts.

It is posterity that pronounces final judgment upon a writer. He may fill a large and unique place among his contemporaries, and seem to the eyes that look upon his own day as destined to a seat among the immortals, but it is those who come after him to whom is committed the ultimate adjudication of his claims to remembrance. The writer who lacks vitality and a fecund and fertilizing power over others will, immediately that death has vindicated his universal sway, quietly slip into the limbo of forgetfulness. But he in whose veins life warms and riots, who makes his pages breathe with a full and healthy scope, who appeals to the fundamental instincts and loves of humankind, may falter for a little while in his march toward the Pantheon of perpetual renown, but sooner or later he assuredly arrives.

Robert Louis Stevenson was an artist, curious and delightful, dealing with his subjects in the fresh, joyous, and zestful manner in which an active-minded boy inspects each new ob-

ject that comes within the radius of his experience. In fact, as a writer, Stevenson's brave and sunny juvenescence is one of his most charming traits. In his works he shines forth in many characters; he is a moralist—sometimes of the grave-digger type—a poet, a humorist, a Bohemian, an adventurer, a buccaneer, a prince, a beggar, a historian, a traveler, a chronicler of everyday events, a hater of falsehoods and shams. He has a clear and forthright way of telling a story, though in him the dreamer is strangely united with the man of action. A singular intimacy broods over his pages, so that he takes at once into his confidence those who will listen, however briefly, to his words. He loved to deal with the elemental passions and qualities of humankind, as witness Herrick's struggle against moral decadence, and Davis's redemption to righteousness, in *The Ebb Tide*, or the conflict arising in the dual nature of every man as portrayed in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. He did not tamely accept all that modern society imposes on its devotees. Inwardly he chafed, and outwardly was always something of a rebel, against the repressive and mechanical social conventions which rule the present time. In a high degree he was impressible to all the experiences of life, remembering moods and emotions both subtle and elusive. His *Child's Garden of Verses* is the chronicle of childhood peculiar in its unforgotten imaginative products. The *aura* of a period and a world filled with shapes and sounds, too vivid to seem unreal, lingered in his memory through all the years of his mature manhood. So deeply had the scenes and impressions of his early life bitten into his mind that his most living thoughts were of those days which, to most of us, are soon forgotten.

Stevenson loved those writers of whom he said that they had been "eavesdropping at the door of his heart." He himself was like them. Again and again he draws back to his pages those readers whom he attracts at all, and each time the old charm is renewed with fresh relish and enjoyment. This undoubtedly is the test of a writer's permanence—the possession of that magic whereby a former spell is caused to operate upon a reader's heart, he knows not how and he cares not why; once drawn within the mystic influence of the wiz-

ard's circles, he surrenders to the power which is upon him and takes his intoxication with joy. First of all, Stevenson was an artist. He knew the value of words. He studied their shades and sounds. He understood how to make his narratives and descriptions cumulative in effect. For instance, what can surpass in beauty and potency the account in *Prince Otto* of Seraphina's spiritual rebaptism in the forest at night?

At last she began to be aware of a wonderful revolution, compared to which the fire of Mittwalden Palace was but the crack and flash of a percussion cap. The countenance with which the pines regarded her began insensibly to change; the grass, too, short as it was, and the whole winding staircase of the brook's course, began to wear a solemn freshness of appearance. And this slow transfiguration reached her heart, and played upon it, and transpierced it with a serious thrill. She looked all about; the whole face of nature looked back, brimful of meaning, finger on lip, leaking its glad secret. She looked up. Heaven was almost emptied of stars. Such as still lingered shone with a changed and waning brightness, and began to faint in their stations. And the color of the sky itself was the most wonderful; for the rich blue of the night had now melted and softened and brightened; and there had succeeded in its place a hue that has no name, and that is never seen but as the herald of morning. "O!" she cried, joy catching at her voice, "O! it is the dawn!" In a breath she passed over the brook, and looped up her skirts and fairly ran in the dim alleys. As she ran her ears were aware of many pipings, more beautiful than music; in the small dish-shaped houses in the fork of giant arms, where they had lain all night, lover by lover, warmly pressed, the bright-eyed, big-hearted singers began to awaken for the day. Her heart melted and flowed forth to them in kindness. And they, from their small and high perches in the clerestories of the wood cathedral, peered down sidelong at the ragged princess as she flitted below them on the carpet of the moss and tassel.

To this artistic quality of Stevenson valuable testimony is borne by Sidney Colvin in the following word of reminiscence:

I remember the late Sir John Millais, a shrewd and very independent judge of books, calling across to me at a dinner-table, "You know Stevenson, don't you?" and then going on, "Well, I wish you would tell him from me, if he cares to know, that to my mind he is the very first of living artists. I don't mean writers merely, but painters and all of us; nobody living can see with such an eye as that fellow, and nobody is such a master of his tools."

Stevenson's vocabulary was particularly rich and noble.

To him words were much like living things. He loved them not only for what they expressed, but for an intrinsic value which he was keen to discover. His choice of the beautiful and colorful was intuitive. Some have accused him of employing a style which was imitative, or at best but a compound of many others. "By the way, I have tried to read the *Spectator*, which they all say I imitate, and—it's very wrong of me, I know—but I can't. It's all very fine, you know, and all that, but it's vapid." He was an ardent and sincere student of the world's best literature; but all that he received from whatsoever source went into the alembic of his own mind, was fused in the heat of his own thought, and came out Stevenson. He was a maker of memorable phrases as well as a sane commentator upon life and conduct:

"Acts may be forgiven, not even God can forgive the hanger-back." "Choose the best if you can; or choose the worst; that which hangs in the wind dangles from a gibbet." "A fault known is a fault cured to the strong; but to the weak it is a fetter riveted." "The mean man doubts, the great-hearted is deceived." "Shame had a fine bed, but where was slumber? Once he was in jail he 'slept.'" "Disappointment, except with one's self, is not a very capital affair; and the sham beatitude, 'Blessed is he that expecteth little,' one of the truest and, in a sense, the most Christlike things in literature." "It is much more important to do right than not to do wrong; further, the one is possible, the other has always been and will ever be impossible; and the faithful designer to do right is accepted by God; that seems to me to be the Gospel, and that was how Christ delivered us from the law." "Ugliness is only the prose of horror." "O, if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an *Iliad* of a daily paper." "To fume and fret is undignified, suicidally foolish, and theologically unpardonable; we are here not to make, but to tread predestined pathways; we are the foam of a wave, and to preserve a proper equanimity is not merely the first part of submission to God, but the chief of possible kindnesses to those about us." "The great double danger of taking life too easily, and taking it too hard, how difficult it is to balance that!" "The Bible, in most parts, is a cheerful book; it is our little piping theologies, tracts, and sermons that are dull and dowie."

Stevenson was a brilliant and entertaining conversationalist among his friends. "He radiates talk," says W. E. Henley, "as the sun does light and heat; and after an evening—or a week—with him, you come forth with a sense of satisfaction

in your own capacity which somehow proves superior even to the inevitable conclusion that your brilliance was but the reflection of his own, and that all the while you were only playing the part of Rubinstein's piano or Sarasate's violin." His humanity was so large that his friendships were not confined alone to those who cultivated the literary life, but he bound to him with enduring ties of affection those who won his regard in various fields of activity. He never posed as a valetudinarian, nor played on the sympathies of the public, though he was upon perpetual flittings in search of health—now in Switzerland, now in the Scottish Highlands, now in southern France, now in the Adirondack Mountains, and now in the ends of the earth. "To me," he says, "the medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents; they do not color my view of life; and I should think myself a trifler and in bad taste if I introduced the world to these unimportant privacies."

Stevenson came of good stock on both his father's and mother's side. His paternal grandfather was a civil engineer and built the Bell Rock lighthouse. The father of Robert Louis Stevenson was Thomas, the youngest son of Robert Stevenson. Robert Louis's mother, from whom he inherited his delicate constitution, was Margaret Isabella Balfour, youngest daughter of Rev. Lewis Balfour, minister of the parish of Colinton, in Midlothian. Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson, as our novelist was christened, was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. He was an only child, always feeble, and subject to extreme nervous excitement. An eager listener to tales of adventure and deeds of derring-do, he began early to try his hand at composition of his own. He failed to receive much regular schooling because of his infirm health. In his childhood he was characterized by the same power to charm that he so impressed upon others in his maturer years. The blood of the gypsy seemed to be potent in his veins, and he was a wanderer almost to the close of his life. It was hoped that he, too, would enter the family profession of civil engineer. He was entered as a student at Edinburgh University, and attended classes there as his health and inclination permitted. He was not a hard student at college; but in his own desultory way he

was an ardent devourer of books, and at the same time kept his eyes wide open upon humankind. His reading ranged the entire field of English letters, and he was no stranger to the literature of other tongues.

In 1871, though he had manifested a degree of aptitude for the profession of civil engineer, it was concluded that neither his physical ability nor personal tastes would admit of his following the pursuit of his forbears, and he began to study law. He was admitted to the bar in 1875, but he was never to follow a lawyer's vocation. Stevenson's parents were of a religious temperament, but the novelist early revolted against the stern and forbidding aspects of the creed which was dominant in his father's house. He regarded all dogmatic formulation of theological opinions as an expression of the universal human need of something divine in the presence of the inscrutable mysteries which forever infold us here. Thus he soon found himself at variance with his father upon questions of faith. The father was a strictly orthodox, deeply religious Scotchman, with all that the terms imply. The son, early imbibing the spirit of freedom and toleration, chafed within the narrow bounds of the paternal belief, and at length broke away altogether, with what heart pangs between father and son few can know or understand, for they dearly loved each other and had been boon companions. Louis writes:

The thunderbolt has fallen with a vengeance now. On Friday night, after leaving you, in the course of conversation, my father put me one or two questions as to beliefs, which I candidly answered. I really hate all lying so much now—a new-found honesty that has somehow come out of my late illness—that I could not so much as hesitate at the time; but, if I had foreseen the real hell of everything since, I think I should have lied, as I have done so often before. I so far thought of my father, but I had forgotten my mother. And now! they are both ill, both silent, both as down in the mouth as if—I can find no simile. You may fancy how happy it is for me. If it were not too late, I think I could almost find it in my heart to retract, but it is too late; and, again, am I to live my whole life as one falsehood? Of course it is rougher than hell upon my father, but can I help it? They don't see, either, that my game is not the light-hearted scoffer; that I am not—as they call me—a careless infidel. I believe as much as they do, only generally in the inverse ratio; I am, I think, as honest as they can be in what I hold. I have not come hastily to my views. I reserve—as I

told them—many points until I acquire fuller information, and do not think I am thus justly to be called "horrible atheist." . . . Here is a good heavy cross with a vengeance, and all rough with rusty nails that tear your fingers, only it is not I that have to carry it alone; I hold the light end, but the heavy burden falls on these two.

He seems to recur to this unhappy period in his life in his portraiture of *Weir of Hermiston*, when he says:

Sympathy is not due to these steadfast iron natures. If he [the old judge] failed to gain his son's friendship, or even his son's toleration, on he went up the great, bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed. There might have been more pleasure in his relations with Archie, so much he may have recognized at moments; but pleasure was a by-product of the singular chemistry of life, which only fools expected.

As an example of his early power of description and his growing habit of observation, the following, written at eighteen, is an adequate specimen. In a letter to his mother he says:

To the south, however, is as fine a piece of coast scenery as I ever saw. Great black chasms, huge black cliffs, rugged and overhung gullies, natural arches, and deep green pools below them, almost too deep to let you see the gleam of sand among the darker weed; there are deep caves, too. In one of these lives a tribe of gypsies. The men are always drunk, simply and truthfully always. From morning to evening the great villanous-looking fellows are either sleeping off the last debauch or hulking about the cave "in the horrors." The cave is deep, high, and airy, and might be made comfortable enough. But they just live among heaped bowlders, damp with continual droppings from above, with no more furniture than two or three tin pans, a truss of rotten straw, and a few ragged cloaks. In winter the surf bursts into the mouth and often forces them to abandon it.

Already his was a deft hand at characterization, as evidenced in the following extract from his pen:

Seven P. M. found me at Breadalbane Terrace, clad in spotless blacks, white tie, shirt, *et cætera*, and finished off below with a pair of navvies' boots. How true that the devil is betrayed by his feet! A message to Cummy at last. Why, O treacherous woman, were my dress boots withheld? *Dramatis personæ: pere* R., amusing, long-winded, in many points like papa; *mere* R., nice, delicate, likes hymns, knew Aunt Margaret (t' ould man knew Uncle Alan); *fille* R., *nommée* "Sara" (no *h*), rather nice, lights up well, good voice, interested face; Miss L., nice also, washed out a little, and, I think, a trifle sentimental; *fils* R., in a Leith office, smart, full of happy epithet, amusing. They are very nice

and very kind—asked me to come back—"any night you feel dull; and any night doesn't mean no night: we'll be so glad to see you." *C'est la mere qui parle.*

In the same letter there are intimations of his later and mature style: "As my senses slowly flooded, I heard the whistling and the roaring of wind, and the lashing of gust-blown and uncertain flaws of rain. I got up, dressed, and went out. The mizzled sky and rain blinded you. . . . I stood a long while on the cope watching the sea below me; I hear its dull, monotonous roar at this moment below the shrieking of the wind."

The prevision of his early death is recorded again and again; not in any mawkish or sentimental manner, but as a thing already understood and accepted. The mingled gayety and melancholy which underlay his nature break forth quite spontaneously in the early letters which he indited to interested and affectionate friends: "When I am a very old and very respectable citizen, with white hair and bland manners and a gold watch, I shall hear crows cawing in my heart, as I heard them this morning. I vote for old age and eighty years of retrospect. Yet, after all, I dare say, a short shrift and a nice green grave are about as desirable."

In 1873 Stevenson's health quite broke down, and upon the advice of physicians he journeyed to the southern part of France. From this experience emanated his essay "Ordered South," which was his first contribution to *Macmillan's Magazine.* At twenty-three years of age the future essayist and novelist is already foreshadowed:

I must tell you a thing I saw to-day. I was going down to Portobello in the train, when there came into the next compartment (third class) an artisan, strongly marked with smallpox, and with sunken, heavy eyes—a face hard and unkind, and without anything lovely. There was a woman on the platform seeing him off. At first sight, with her one eye blind and the whole cast of her features strongly plebeian, and even vicious, she seemed as unpleasant as the man; but there was something beautifully soft, a sort of light of tenderness, as on some Dutch Madonna, that came over her face when she looked at the man. They talked for a while together through the window; the man seemed to have been asking money. "Ye ken the last time," she said, "I gave ye two shillin's for your ludgin', and ye said"—it died off into whisper.

Plainly, Falstaff and Dame Quickly over again. The man laughed unpleasantly, even cruelly, and said something; and the woman turned her back on the carriage and stood a long while so, and, do what I might, I could catch no glimpse of her expression, although I thought I saw the heave of a sob in her shoulders. At last, after the train was already in motion, she turned round and put two shillings into his hand. I saw her stand and look after us with a perfect heaven of love on her face—this poor one-eyed Madonna—until the train was out of sight; but the man, sordidly happy with his gain, did not put himself to the inconvenience of one glance to thank her for her ill-deserved kindness.

Here is another side of life which Stevenson portrays, and which reveals him in the character he always preserved as a clean man:

I shall tell you a story. Last Friday I went down to Portobello, in the heavy rain, with an uneasy wind blowing *par rafales* off the sea—or, "*en rafales*," should it be? or what? As I got down near the beach a poor woman, oldish, and seemingly, lately at least, respectable, followed me and made signs. She was drenched to the skin, and looked wretched below wretchedness. You know, I did not like to look back at her; it seemed as if she might misunderstand and be terribly hurt and slighted; so I stood at the end of the street—there was no one else within sight in the wet—and lifted up my hand very high with some money in it. I heard her steps draw heavily near behind me, and, when, when she was near enough to see, I let the money fall in the mud and went off at my best walk without ever turning round. There is nothing in the story; and yet you will understand how much there is, if one chose to set it forth. You see, she was so ugly; and you know there is something terribly, miserably pathetic in a certain smile, a certain sodden aspect of invitation on such faces. It is so terrible, that it is in a way sacred; it means the outside of degradation and—what is worst of all in life—false position. I hope you understand me rightly.

Stevenson's first meeting with Mr. W. E. Henley was in circumstances unusual and pathetic, the latter lying ill in a hospital from which he did not emerge for many weary days. The friendship thus formed continued until the end of the novelist's life. In this connection it is interesting to recall Mr. Henley's unique and satisfying series of poems entitled *In Hospital*, which could have been written only by one who had suffered the extremes of pain and languor and had passed through the scenes so vividly and adequately represented. Stevenson writes:

Yesterday, Leslie Stephen, who was down here to lecture, called on me and took me up to see a poor fellow, a poet who writes for him, and

who has been eighteen months in our infirmary, and may be, for all I know, eighteen months more. It was very sad to see him there, in a little room with two beds, and a couple of sick children in the other bed. A girl came in to visit the children, and played dominoes on the counterpane with them; the gas flared and crackled, and the fire burned in a dull economical way; Stephen and I sat on a couple of chairs, and the poor fellow sat up in his bed with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a king's palace or the great King's palace of the blue air. He has taught himself two languages since he has been lying there. I shall try to be of use to him.

Stevenson's earliest thought of the South Sea islands as a sort of "earthly paradise" for the sick, wayworn, and weary is thus awakened, to be cherished in silence for more than fifteen years:

Awfully nice man here to-night. Public servant—New Zealand. Telling us all about the South Sea islands till I was sick with desire to go there; beautiful places, green forever; perfect climate; perfect shapes of men and women, with red flowers in their hair; and nothing to do but to study oratory and etiquette, sit in the sun, and pick up the fruits as they fall. Navigator's Island is the place; absolute balm for the weary.

Our author triumphantly passed his examination for the bar at Edinburgh, but for him had been ordained something better than the law. In 1876, in company with Sir Walter Simpson, Stevenson undertook the canoe trip which resulted in the volume, *An Inland Voyage.* The open air, the delightful and various scenery, together with companionship of an agreeable nature, induced an almost boyish happiness and peace of mind. In 1878 occurred the autumnal tramp through the Cévennes chronicled so charmingly in *Travels with a Donkey.* During all this time he was more or less ailing, and occasionally he fell into black moods of despondency; but from these he quickly rallied, continuing his activities without pause, accomplishing the maximum of work despite his enfeebled physical condition, and so finally entering with assurance upon his chosen career of letters.

Stevenson first met in France the lady—Mrs. Osborne—who was afterward to become his wife. She had been unhappy in her domestic circumstances, and returning to her home in California, she determined to seek a divorce from her

husband. Stevenson, hearing of Mrs. Osborne's intention, started for America, resolved to risk all in his attempt to support himself, and possibly a family, by literature alone. In San Francisco, while waiting for affairs to unravel themselves with regard to his projected matrimonial adventure, he knew the pinch of real want. For a brief and unsuccessful period he was a reporter upon a San Francisco daily paper; often he was fairly in want of food; sick and all but penniless, a stranger in a strange land—this episode was the most distressing of his life. He himself thus recalls it: "I have to drop from a fifty cent to a twenty-five cent dinner; to-day begins my fall. That brings down my outlay in food and drink to forty-five cents, or 1s. 10½d. per day. How are the mighty fallen! Luckily this is such a cheap place for food." He was united in wedlock with the woman of his choice in May, 1880. Of his marriage he writes: "It was not my bliss that I was interested in when I was married; it was a sort of marriage *in extremis;* and if I am where I am, it is thanks to the care of that lady who married me when I was a mere complication of cough and bones, much fitter for an emblem of mortality than a bridegroom."

Stevenson arrived at his judgments by the way of his own modes of thinking and observing. His eyes as well as his mind were wide open, nor was his outlook upon the world that of the confirmed valetudinarian. He loved nature for its own sake, while his devotion to his kind was no less complete and intense. His spirits drooped low at times, as his fluctuating health dragged down the frayed and feeble body, but returning strength would restore his old vein of gayety. His sympathy and tenderness are shown again and again. On his emigrant trip across the plains he takes care of a babe for hours, that the weary mother may enjoy a rest. In San Francisco his heart is torn at the dying of a little child:

> My landlord's and landlady's little four-year-old child is dying in the house; and O, what he has suffered! It has really affected my health. O never, never, any family for me! I am cured of that. . . . Excuse this scratch; for the child weighs on me, dear Colvin. I did all I could to help; but all seems little, to the point of crime, when one of these poor innocents lies in such misery.

His literary likings were prompted by his delight in the craft which was dear to him as life itself. Thus he says:

> An art is a fine fortune, a palace in a park, a band of music, health, and physical beauty; all but love to any worthy practicer. I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I waken in my art; I am unready for death, because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her; but, while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I am not but in my art; it is me; I am the body of it merely.

He was an austere critic of himself, not even his best work satisfying his exacting requirements or fulfilling his lofty ideal. No critic could point out to him any failure in his work of which he himself was not first aware. He was a stylist, it is true—what man is not who loves and studies the exquisite art of composition. Now and then he declares against style in favor of something else, but he gave unremitting attention not only to what he had to say, but how he said it; and, like every other artist, he knew well when he had done a good piece of work, and was filled accordingly with a generous glow and satisfaction. Few, perhaps none others, could have achieved what he did under disadvantages so great and continuous. He was wont to regard himself as a slow artificer in letters, but his slowness was rather in invention than in composition. He says: "I am still 'a slow study,' and sit a long while silent on my eggs. Unconscious thought, there is the only method; macerate your subject, let it boil slow, then take the lid off and look in—and there your stuff is, good or bad." Though he loved his tools, and wrought like a lover with them, he was occasionally haunted by the thought that his art might sometimes be too palpable. In his ordinary correspondence with his intimate friends there was scarcely a letter in which did not appear some striking allusion to books or bookmen, or to those who had labored before, or were laboring with him, in his chosen field. In every instance, the *obiter dicta* could have come only from an earnest student of life and letters.

Stevenson returned to England and Scotland in August, 1880, taking his new wife with him; thence he went to spend the winter in Switzerland. Returning to Scotland the following summer, he made an ineffectual attempt to secure the chair

of history and constitutional law in the University of Edinburgh. Repairing to Switzerland in the autumn of 1881, he then finished *Treasure Island*, *The Silverado Squatters*, and some of his most fortunate essays for the magazines. It is not possible to here follow in detail the endless journeyings of this frail man of letters in search of health. There is something pathetic but immeasurably courageous in this invalid author laboring always under difficulties, at times and for weeks together so feeble that he was forbidden even to speak lest the dreadful hemorrhages of the lungs should recur, indomitably gay, sweet, and debonair, praying only for strength that he might work and earn his daily bread. Stevenson's father bought for him a house at Bournemouth, England, which the novelist named Skerryvore, from one of the sea towns of the Hebrides, and in commemoration of one of his father's most notable engineering achievements. Here, though constantly in a precarious physical condition, he produced between the years 1884 and 1887 some of his best and most characteristic work.

In January, 1886, appeared *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, which at once attracted wide attention; in the same year appeared *Kidnapped*, which repeated the success of the earlier production, and which Stevenson himself was wont to regard as the high-water mark of his creations. In August, 1887, his uncertain health made it necessary to try again a change of climate; accordingly, with his family, he came to the United States and spent seven months at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains. In America, for the first time, he tasted the full sweets of a not unwelcome popularity, yet no man was ever more unspoiled by success than he.

Like most men of genius, Stevenson projected many works, few of which were actually accomplished, his delicate health and teeming brain interrupting and diverting his labors. Whatever he touched sprang into life. He had in him the power to put a warm, red, pulsing heart beneath the ribs of death. He was devoid of any petty jealousy toward men of his own profession. He recognized and rejoiced in all good work, from whatever source, with a fine and generous relish. In him there was a deep-lying vein of religious feeling, not of the

cant kind, but healthful, manly, and reserved. Occasionally he seems to speak as an unbeliever, but at the core of him the essentials of the rugged faith of his native land were really vital and dominant. His distinction between the religious man and the pious man is finely drawn, but like himself in the originality of the point of view. His constant migrations and his oft-recurring and dangerous illnesses brought him to look upon death with no terror, but with the equanimity of a Christian and a philosopher; and when he expresses resignation it is not the resignation of either apathy or despair.

In his own way Stevenson was interested in questions of politics, and all matters of public concern received his intelligent and critical attention. Like many other men of genius he was not a model in the conduct of business affairs. He was generous to his friends, and his purse was ever open to unfortunate men of the pen or the press. His *bête noire* was the wind, probably because of the weakness of his lungs. It is interesting to observe how, again and again, in his correspondence as well as in his stories and essays, he speaks of the wind, and almost always with disfavor, though for the various scenes and nearly all the moods of nature he cherished an abiding affection. He was possessed of an old and rooted belief that he should die by drowning; which is but another instance of the fact that even ancient and persistent impressions are not to be relied upon, and may finally partake of the character of superstitions. He never outgrew some phases of his childhood, and the heart in his bosom was susceptible to youthful pastimes and enthusiasms to the very last:

> When a man seemingly sane tells me he has "fallen in love with stagnation," I can only say to him, "You will never be a pirate!" This may not cause any regret to Mrs. Monkhouse; but in your own soul it will clang hollow—think of it! Never! After all boyhood's aspirations and youth's immoral daydreams, you are condemned to sit down, grossly draw in your chair to the fat board, and be a beastly burgess till you die. Can it be? Is there not some escape, some furlough from the moral law, some holiday jaunt contrivable into a better land? Shall we never shed blood? This prospect is too gray.

The idea of yachting had brooded long in Stevenson's mind, and at length culminated in an extended cruise in the schooner

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Casco among the South Sea islands. He had determined to invest ten thousand dollars in this sailing trip, from which he was destined never to return to the shores of England or America. It was on June 28, 1888, that he started from the harbor of San Francisco. After cruising about for several months he arrived, near Christmas time, at Honolulu, where he remained for six months. During this period he visited the leper colony at Molokai. His fine thoughtfulness and quick sympathy are beautifully shown in a letter to his wife:

Presently we came up with the leper promontory—lowland, quite bare and bleak and harsh, a little town of wooden houses, two churches, a landing stair, all unsightly, sour, northerly, lying athwart the sunrise, with the great wall of the *pali* cutting the world out on the south. Our lepers were sent on the first boat, about a dozen, one poor child very horrid, one white man, leaving a large grown family behind him in Honolulu, and then into the second stepped the sisters and myself. I do not know how it would have been with me had the sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly. I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy; I turned round to her and said something like this: "Ladies, God himself is here to give you welcome. I'm sure it is good for me to be beside you; I hope it will be blessed to me; I thank you for myself and the good you do me." It seemed to cheer her up; but indeed I had scarce said it when we were at the landing stairs, and there was a great crowd, hundreds of (God save us!) pantomime masks in poor human flesh, waiting to receive the sisters and the new patients.

His pen picture of Father Damien is indeed most striking:

Of old Damien, of whose weaknesses and worse perhaps I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant—dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candor and fundamental good humor: convince him he had done wrong—it might take hours of insult—and he would undo what he had done and like his corrector better. A man with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and hero all the more for that.

Determined to renew his yachting experience, in June, 1889, he left Honolulu, in the schooner *Equator*, bound to the Gilberts, in the western Pacific. Toward Christmas of the same year he reached Samoa. Here he bought the future Vailima on the mountain side, above Apia. He departed for

Sydney, from which place, after a serious illness, he entered upon a devious voyage, in the trading steamer *Janet Nicoll*, among various remote islands. He finally returned to his Samoan property, where work had been going forward during his absence. He lived at Vailima from 1890 until the time of his death, four years later. His days there were passed with great zest in multiplied occupation. The natives knew him by the musical name of *Tusitala*, "teller of tales." In the year 1892 his health again broke sadly. Trips to Sydney and to Honolulu failed to benefit him, and his energies began to flag. His annual income during the last few years of his life was between $20,000 and $25,000, but his generosity was boundless, and he saved little. In the few months previous to the close of his life he seemed to be filled with a great weariness and to experience premonitions of his early decease.

The end came suddenly on the 3d of December, 1894. Stevenson had been working on *Weir of Hermiston* at the height of his powers. All the morning he had wrought in a glow of satisfaction which only the true artist can feel. At evening, while he was at the most buoyant spirits, he was struck down. His loved ones stood about him, watching the ebbing away of the life so dear to all—drinking the deep bitterness of that hour when human impotency is most sharply felt in the presence of the dissolution of nature's fondest ties. "He died at ten minutes past eight on Monday evening, the 3d of December, in the forty-fifth year of his age." The burial took place in the afternoon of the succeeding day. His dust lies on the summit of a mountain of his well-loved Samoa until the dawning of that morning when God shall summon all earth's sleepers to awake.

At his death Stevenson left two incomplete stories, *St. Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston*, both of these among the best products of his pen. His art ripened and improved to the very last. *St. Ives* was completed by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, and *Weir of Hermiston* by Mr. Sidney Colvin, the latter adding one or two brief notes to the unfinished story.

James B. Kenyon.

Art. IV.—THE GROWTH OF AMERICANISM THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

Americanism—the doctrine that every man has the right not only to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," but to the development of his life according to those principles which appeal to him as true and wise—goes back to the beginning of the Christian era, and to Jesus Christ, who first declared the real value of the individual. There are, it is true, no hard and fast lines of separation between the times before and the times after Christ, as there is no precise moment when the thoughts of men suddenly changed. Christ did not teach doctrines that were absolutely new. He came not to destroy, but to fulfill—to fulfill not only the early Messianic dreams of his nation, but also the startling guesses at truth on the part of the philosophers, and the heart longings of the tired world. Yet, when all is said that may be in behalf of the times before Christ, it is strictly within the truth to state that Christianity is no mere electicism, as its Founder was no mere product of heredity and environment. Jesus Christ, like his essential message, is a gift of God.

Matthew Arnold somewhere says that the doctrine of self-renunciation is "the secret of Jesus." But Mr. Arnold would be among the first to assent to the statement that in Christ's thought renunciation is only a means to an end. "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it," is the familiar saying of Christ. In his well-known metaphor of the corn of wheat, which in dying brings forth a great harvest, the Lord shows that renunciation is only the pathway to individual salvation—a losing of the lower to gain a higher. That this salvation of the individual soul is the essential thing in Christ's programme is shown by the question which everyone sooner or later has to face, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Aside from his teaching, the life and work of our Lord were all directed to this end—the convincing of the world of the inestimable value of the soul and the revealing of the method of its salvation. First of all was the incarnation it-

self, which proclaimed the truth that God was not ashamed to be found in the likeness of man. "God was in Christ"—first a babe born of a humble woman, then a youth, then a man—at no time dwelling among the rich or those of royal blood, but in a humble home in an insignificant village, going forth to proclaim his message without the help of influential friends, and having no place he could call his own to lay his head. And that message was first of all to the lost sheep of the house of Israel—those uncared-for multitudes whom the influential had cast out as unworthy of notice, pariahs who had not even the poor place of slaves. But these and others Jesus thought of as prodigals for whom the Father had great love—wandering sheep, whom he, the good Shepherd, would find even if he had to leave the rest of the flock; pearls for whose discovery all other things of value must be sacrificed; lost coins whose finding would warrant the summoning of all possible help.

To all such Christ came with his message of hope, that God in his love for the world "gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." But, lest anyone should think this was too general, he hastened to declare that God proposed to save men not in the mass, but one at a time. God cares for everyone; the lowest and meanest is of infinite worth. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." To those whose lot must ever be hard Christ unfolded his doctrine of the future life when every man would be regarded not for what he had, but for what he was in his heart. In harmony with his teaching Christ selected to do his work men not the most conspicuous, but those most worthy, irrespective of their lowly origin; so that in the strains of the *Magnificat* it could truthfully be said that he had brought down the mighty from their seat and exalted them of low degree. These men went out commissioned to tell every hearer in every part of the world that God had made of one blood all nations, that he is no respecter of persons, that salvation is for every man irrespective of his place in the world. All who responded were baptized into the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit, and at regular intervals joined in a sacramental meal, where all were brethren

because they acknowledged one Father and recognized the spiritual presence of him with whom every man is exalted to the highest place in the kingdom of God.

Never had a doctrine so little apparent hope for success. Everything seemed to be against it. Israel itself had not got free from the habit of personification which is shown through all its history, the habit of representing the whole nation or a part of it as though it were an individual, while the individual himself had well-nigh perished. In such a classic passage as the tenth verse of the twenty-seventh psalm Cheyne sees "a clear indication that the speaker is the afflicted nation, comparing itself to a sobbing child deserted by its parents." And we know that the most evangelical of the prophets regarded the "servant of Jehovah" as, first, the nation, and, secondly, a spiritual remnant. Besides, the representative Jews of the time were not only hopeless of the salvation of the Gentiles, but also of that of their own poor, thousands of whom were practically turned forth to die.

Greek thought, while it did occasionally soar to lofty heights, and was often broad enough to include in its horizon the barbarian tribes, sometimes referring to these as brothers, was, nevertheless, utterly unable to recognize the worth of the individual man. The Greek doctrine of individuality is scarcely more than atomism. Sidney Lanier, in his deeply interesting discussion of "The Development of Personality," quotes from Æschylus, in "Prometheus Bound," a characteristic passage which represents the average intelligent thought of that day. Might and Force, two ministers of Jove, have brought Prometheus to the utmost bound of the Scythian waste. Hephestus, the divine blacksmith, stands ready with chain, hammer, and bolt to bind the god to the rocks for the crime of bringing fire to man. Might speaks:

> Hephestus, now Jove's high behest demand
> Thy care; to these steep cliffy rocks bind down,
> With close-linked chains of during adamant,
> This daring wretch. For he the bright-rayed fire,
> Mother of arts,
> Filched from the gods and gave to mortals. Here
> Let his pride, born to bow to Jove supreme;
> And love men well but love them not too much.

Hephestus protests, but Might replies:

> All things may be but this—
> To dictate to the gods. There one that's free,
> One only Jove.

Note in these characteristic speeches the sentiment that, while one may love men, he must not love them too much, and the other sentiment, that only Jove is free. Mr. Lanier contends that, if the average Greek's sense of personality had not been feeble, he could not have accepted this picture at all. He questions whether it is not true "that the difference between the time of Æschylus and the time of (say) George Eliot is the difference in the strength with which the average man feels the scope and sovereignty of his ego." *

What the average Roman thought we know very well. He had respect for man, but only for man as representing physical force. "Rome," says Dr. Matheson, "crowned humanity only in one of its aspects, the aspect of physical power." † That is true. Of man, as Christianity discloses him, the Roman had simply no conception. The Roman's disregard for human life is evidence enough, if his own testimony were wanting, to prove this statement. Infanticide, suicide, the gladiatorial shows, the wholesale slaughter of captives to make a Roman holiday, demonstrate not only the terrible disregard of human life, but the utter failure on the part of the civilization of Christ's day to comprehend the worth of the soul.‡ More than half of the population in the Roman Empire was slave, and there was a practical unanimity of opinion with Aristotle that a slave was not a man at all. And woman was hardly better thought of than the slave. She was tolerated only because of her ability to please her husband.

The theology of the times as well as the organization of society was distinctly opposed to the doctrine of the value of the soul as taught by Christ. The dominant thought of God was polytheistic, which means that there could be no conviction of the unity of the race or any deepening of self-consciousness.§ God, or the gods, was not thought of as immanent,

* *Development of the Novel*, p. 89.

† *Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions*, p. 241.

‡ "Contempt of man is a ground feature of heathenism," Martensen, *Christian Ethics.*

§ Nash, *Genesis of the Social Conscience*, p. 75, *et seq.*

but dwelling far away from man, where he could hardly hope to be reached by the common person. In perfect harmony with these thoughts about God was society organized, with its rulers out of touch with the masses, to be reached only by elaborate systems of etiquette and through go-betweens who must be cajoled and liberally bribed.

It was only natural, following the line of least resistance, that Christianity should find its earliest victories among those who were Greeks either by birth or training. Whatever might be said of Greek morals or the influence of certain Greek philosophies there can be no doubt that Greek thought, as a whole, was more in sympathy with Christianity than any other system of philosophy of the apostolic age, Judaism not excepted. The *Logos* doctrine of Plato, as modified by Philo, and the Stoic doctrine of the immanence of God—the last indeed inclined to pantheism and dualism—were strangely similar to their Christian counterparts. "Judging from the standpoint of religion and morality," says Harnack, "it must be admitted that the ethical temper which Neoplatonism sought to beget and confirm was the highest and purest which the culture of the ancient world produced." * Then there was the Greek conception of government, which was highly favorable to the Christian spirit—a government made up of free citizens," all equal, all alike." It is not strange, then, that the early Church was Greek rather than Roman. Says R. W. Church:

> It was Greeks and people imbued with Greek ideas who first welcomed Christianity. It was in their language that it first spoke to the world, and its first home was in Greek households and Greek cities. . . . Its earliest nurslings were Greeks; Greeks first took in the meaning and measure of its amazing and eventful announcements; Greek sympathies first awoke and vibrated to its appeals; Greek obedience Greek courage, Greek suffering, first illustrated its new lessons.†

Allen in his introduction to his fine work on *The Continuity of Christian Thought* says: "From the alliance of Greek philosophy with Christian thought arose the Greek theology, whose characteristics are a genuine catholicity, spiritual depth and freedom, a marked rationality, and a lofty ethical tone by which it is pervaded throughout."

* *History of Dogma*, vol. i, p. 336. † *The Gifts of Civilization.*

This Greek phase of Christianity was followed by what we are accustomed to call Latin Christianity. In the earliest days, when Christianity was nearest Christ, when it was freshest and purest, it took on Greek forms. All the while the Church in Rome was growing, and "in the course of the third century the Latin language was generally substituted for the Greek, and the process began by which the two Churches [the Latin and the Greek] were to grow more widely apart until all Christian fellowship between them should come to an end." * What was the essence of Latinism? It seems to us that no one has answered the question so well as Sir Henry Maine, who says, in a suggestive passage:

> It is only of the west that we can lay down that law was not only the mental food of the ambitious and aspiring, but the sole aliment of all intellectual activity. Greek philosophy had never been more than a transient, fashionable taste with the educated class of Rome itself, and when the new eastern capital had been created and the empire subsequently divided into two the divorce of the western provinces from Greek speculation and their exclusive devotion to jurisprudence became more decided than ever. As soon, then, as they ceased to sit at the feet of the Greeks and began to ponder out a theology of their own, the theology proved to be permeated with forensic ideas and couched in forensic phraseology.†

This idea of law seems to be the substratum, as it is the inspiration, of everything that distinguishes the Latin from every other form of theology. The Latin mind was saturated with this idea. Everything was under law; or, if not, it was regarded as having scarcely a right to exist. Law made necessary a lawgiver, and an executive powerful enough to enforce every law. Violation of law demanded strict and swift punishment. When, therefore, the Roman became a Christian it was perfectly natural for him to think of God as ruler rather than Father, one who dwelt away from man, great and lifted up, with intermediaries to accomplish his will. So it is quite true, as Archdeacon Wilson remarks in the Hulsean Lectures, that the "dominant thought [of the Latin theology] is the divine transcendence, the thought of God as the sovereign, ruler, and judge, remote from the earth in some sphere of light unapproachable; and of nature and man as something

* *Continuity of Christian Thought*, p. 93. † *Ancient Law*, p. 351.

alien from God, or alienated from him, the mere subjects of his laws." * The same writer goes on to say that it is this conception that is responsible for the dualism in the Latin system. "It sharply distinguishes the natural from the supernatural, the material from the spiritual, the sacred from the profane, the human from the divine. . . . It creates a passion for distinctions. It separates the Father from the Son, God's justice from his mercy, the gift from the gifts of the Holy Spirit. It defines everything." But the Latin conception of law had not only its influence on dogma, but also on Church government; so that it was not long before the whole machinery of the Roman system of administration was duplicated in the government of the Church, with the chief bishop acting as emperor and an innumerable company of officials to carry out his behests. Any other system of administration was simply unintelligible. Says Allen:

> The Church must have a visible center and a visible circumference; the terms of admittance and of exclusion must be exactly defined; the nature of the powers delegated to its officers must be exclusively determined; there must be uniformity of practice and uniformity of opinion as well; there must be stringent methods of securing obedience and subordination—all this and even more, if the Church was to be the kingdom of God, a power of God unto salvation.†

Under this *régime* the individual practically disappeared. Of course, so long as the incarnation was taught at all, the value of the individual soul could not be entirely obscured. But with a system of thought that put God away off in a seat of power and glory, to which the individual might not approach, making necessary a long roll of intermediaries—priests, bishops, and others—and with a system of government that almost wholly destroyed individual initiative, what could be expected but a diminishing sense of the value of the individual? Everything had to be sacrificed to the machine.

Such was Latinism in the beginning. It has changed in some particulars, but essentially it has not changed at all. Sometimes it works in secret, as in the High Church propaganda in England and America; sometimes it appears as an angel of light, proposing freedom to the individual, while it is

* *The Gospel of the Atonement*, p. 144. † *Continuity of Christian Thought*, p. 103.

forging its chains for his enslavement. Sometimes, where the State permits, it preaches its doctrines openly. But everywhere it is essentially the same. It has its head in Rome, surrounded by a retinue of guards and to be got at only after the most punctilious etiquette has been observed. It has its official class who carry the word of the Lord down from pope, through cardinal and bishop, to the humblest friar until it reaches the ear of the individual, and bear his petition back, unless perchance it is lost on the way. Spain is the embodiment in our day of Latinism gone to seed. The form is there, without that life which has made the Latin Church, in spite of its defects, a great power through the centuries. Spain very early in its history yielded itself wholly to the Roman idea. Under Spain the Inquisition was made a terror, not only to individuals, but also to nations who would not conform. Buckle in his *History of Civilization*, referring to Spain's treatment of the Moors, who by treaty on the surrender of Grenada were to enjoy well-defined rights, says:

> By torturing some, by burning others, and by threatening all they at length succeeded [in making converts of the Moors]; and we are assured that, after the year 1526, there was no Mohammedan in Spain who had not been converted to Christianity. Immense numbers of them were baptized by force; but, being baptized, it was held that they belonged to the Church and were amenable to her discipline. They were commanded, under severe penalties, to learn Spanish and to give up all their Arabic books. They were forbidden to read their native language, or to write it, or even to speak it in their own houses. Their ceremonies and their very games were strictly prohibited. They were to indulge in no amusements which had been practiced by their fathers; neither were they to wear such clothes as they had been accustomed to, their women were to go unveiled, and, as bathing was a heathenish custom, all public baths were to be destroyed, and even all baths in private houses.

Some years later, after the destruction of the Armada, the Archbishop of Valencia declared that it was a judgment of God upon the nation for permitting heretics at home.

> That they should all be slain, instead of being banished, was the desire of the powerful party in the Church, who thought that such signal punishment would work good by striking terror into the heretics of every nation. Bleda, the celebrated Dominican, one of the most influential men of his time, wished this to be done, and to be done thoroughly. He said that, for the sake of example, every Merisco in

Spain should have his throat cut, because it was impossible to tell which of them were Christians at heart; and it was enough to leave the matter with God, who knew his own and who would reward in the next world those who were really Catholics.*

It is said that not merely thousands but hundreds of thousands of these people "suffered death in the most frightful forms." It was through Spain that the whole population of the Netherlands was condemned to death for the crime of being Protestants. Says Motley:

Early in the year [1568] the most sublime sentence of death was promulgated which has ever been pronounced since the creation of the world. The Roman tyrant wished that his enemies' heads were all upon a single neck, that he might strike them off at a blow. . . . Upon the 16th of February, 1568, a sentence of the holy office condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics.†

It was Philip II of Spain who, when he heard of the terrible massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day, wrote a letter warmly congratulating the King of France. It was this same king who dedicated the whole English nation to death, and actually fitted out the Armada to accomplish his purpose. Spain's colonial policy has been of a piece with her policy at home. Whoever would not conform was subjected to cruelties too horrible even to recount. In Mexico, in Peru, in Florida, in Cuba, it is the same story.

Roman Catholic writers are agreed in representing Protestantism as dating back to Luther. But it goes back to Christ's rebuke to a disciple who, because certain ones would not conform, would have his Master call down fire from heaven. Protestantism, in essence, is the defense of the individual against the machine—a defense based on Christ's doctrine of the worth of the soul. Says Harnack:

For Luther freedom was dominion over the world, in the assurance that, if God be for us, no one can be against us. . . . That which is called the individualism of Protestantism has its root here [in the doctrine of justification by faith]; the Christian is through his God an independent being who is in need of nothing, and neither stands in bondage to laws or to dependence on men. He is a priest before God, taken charge of by no priest, and a king over the world.‡

* *History of Civilization*, vol. ii, chap. 8.
† *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, part iii, chap. 2.
‡ *History of Dogma*, vol. vii, p. 212.

Protestantism as a defense of the rights of the individual is dominant in Greek Christianity. It was the moving spirit in the sect of the Paulicians, whose founder was stoned for heresy in 684 A. D., but which had so increased that two centuries later 100,000 of them were put to the sword because they would not conform. It is witnessed to by the Cathari, those Puritans of the Middle Ages, who "laughed at transubstantiation, denied any mystical efficacy to baptism, and frowned upon image worship." It is embodied in that splendid Protestant, John Wyclif, who said that no man could be excommunicated by the pope unless he were first excommunicated by himself; in John Ball, in whose preaching Green, the historian, says England first listened to the knell of feudalism, and the declarations of the rights of man; in Luther, "who affirmed the supremacy of the human conscience as the highest earthly court of appeal;" in John Calvin, who, while he preached a limited salvation, "left the individual man alone in the presence of his God;" in Andrew Melville, who said to James Stuart, "I tell you, sir, there are two kingdoms in Scotland; there is Christ Jesus, the king, and his kingdom the Kirk, whose subject James VI is, and of whose kingdom not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member"—calling forth from James, when later King of England, the remark that a "Scottish Presbytery agreeth as well with a monarchy as God and the devil;" in Oliver Cromwell, whose triumph John Fiske calls "the most critical moment in history; in John Wesley, who wrote to his preachers, "Let every man enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself;" in the author of the Declaration of Independence, which, with its logical complement, the Emancipation Proclamation, is the expression of Americanism—freedom to be an independent, self-controlled, thoroughly developed personality.

This doctrine of the worth of the individual soul and its corollary, the right of the individual to realize his life, is an expansive doctrine. As John Fiske says, "In the body-politic this spirit of freedom is as the red corpuscle in the blood; it carries the life with it." It is one with those other great terms like "life" and "love," which are missionary as a matter of course, because the divine leaven is in them. Some

people see in our present policy a greed for empire. We cannot so regard it. To us it seems only the logical and necessary result of the principle of which America is the embodiment. In 1818 Henry Clay, interpreting the spirit which drove the Puritans to our shores, said there should be established on this continent a human-freedom league for defense against the crowned despots of Europe. In 1822 our country recognized the republics of Chile, Venezuela, and other South American States which had fought successfully against Spain. In 1837 Texas was recognized as free. In 1865 we drove the French from Mexico. Our policy touching the New World culminated in the co-called Monroe Doctrine, which asserts in brief that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European powers." This declaration, together with the warning of Washington to keep out of European complications, and the ready acceptance of European powers of the assumption that, if we would not permit them to control any part of this hemisphere, we must not interfere in their matters, have kept us almost wholly to ourselves. But the explosion of our battleship in the harbor of Havana awoke the deeper consciousness of our people to the cries of Cuba's enslaved sons. It was the nation, not the politician, that declared war against Spain—the nation moved by the Puritan spirit. We are in Cuba to train her sons in the lessons of self-mastery according to Christian ideals. We are in the Philippines to subdue the spirit of license, to persuade—compel, if you choose—the wild sons of that island to be free men. We are in China to preserve the ancient integrity of that empire from the vandalism of European powers. We are in the world to help all men to assume that liberty wherewith Christ has made every man free. The idea of individual liberty "has thus come to be more than national; it has become imperial. It has come to rule and it has come to stay.

W. E. McLennan

Art. V.—THE PLATONIC IDEA ELUCIDATED BY THE COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH.

Monistic philosophy views the universe as being one in origin as well as existence, and tending to one purpose. Whatever discords there be are only superficial, and change the general trend no more than the waves on the surface of the sea disturb the calm of its great depths. If this oneness be the true expression of that reality toward which the reason strives, and accounts best for all phenomena whether of matter or mind, we must look for such a correspondence of parts that all, however removed in space, time, or mode of action, will be mutually illustrative. The advance of science discovers unexpected and striking analogies between elements of thought and action the most diverse. The present era is one of tremendous progress in scientific discovery. Facts are established much faster than they can be classified in their natural order and importance. But, though the sum total of verified facts is greater than man's power to colligate them, still enough can be known to prove that they evidently belong to one system and are correlate with each other. Hence we are sure that if our intellectual force were sufficient, we could see the agreement and mutual support, even of those which seem directly contradictory.

And here the observation is pertinent that the so-called conflict between science and religion does not exist, save in the brain of him who is too narrow to see truth on all sides, or too faithless to trust Omniscience to work out his designs in his own time and method. The inmost consciousness of each honest thinker rests with unshaken confidence on the belief that the two domains of matter and spirit, and the two spheres of life, the present and the future, are counterparts of one system presided over by one Intelligence, and are moving on toward one common result. Hence the controversies of science on its own domain, as well as when it trenches on religion, arise because facts are not understood in their true re-

lations; and it often requires centuries of wearisome progress to discover that what were apparent contradictions are actually concords when seen in their mutual dependence as parts of a system embracing all reality. While viewed apart as *disjecta membra* they were repulsive because they argued a world of disorder; but when brought together bone to his bone, with each organ in its place, and covered with the garment design has woven, they become a body of wondrous beauty, fit dwelling place for Divine Intelligence. It may take ages before a new fact finds its place. Present knowledge may be able to discover a truth, and yet be unable to see the place which it is fitted to fill. And hence the meaning of prophecy, whether in its highest manifestation through divine inspiration, or the lower grade as seen in genius, is not fully grasped by him who is its medium to man. The revelation is only partially understood by the age in which it is given; for its meaning is so comprehensive that it may be drawn upon for centuries and never be exhausted.

The recent discovery of the composite photograph by applied science would seem to be as far removed from the abstract conception of the "idea" or "universal" as are any two products of human thought. The ideal system of Plato, the universal of the schoolmen, the existence in nature of a reality corresponding to a general name, have been the target for ridicule by all such philosophers as propose for their goal the facts of experience investigated by sense perception. No two things could be more diverse than the shadowy, unsubstantial abstractions by which we designate a class of objects, and the composite picture which is made by a number of photographs printed over each other. Here we have the shadows which the sun casts from several objects of the same size and kind upon the sensitive plate of metal or paper. There the mind forms a picture of several objects combined into one class by leaving out of view the specific differences and retaining only those common to all the objects. On closer examination, however, we will find a striking analogy between the two processes.

The doctrine of the idea that there is a reality to which the general name is given would have been laughed out of court by Aristotle's mockery and the modern materialist's contempt if it had not the power of an endless life. But somehow the theory is as lively as when Plato first elaborated his "Parmenides," and is accepted by all the greatest thinkers of the world, or at least by those who admit that there is something beyond matter and that phenomena indicate a hidden cause which eludes sense perception. In support of this view we propose to call science to the witness stand, and prove that the composite photograph renders the doctrine of ideas, or the existence of a reality corresponding to universal names, not merely possible, but true beyond controversy.

Now, it must be admitted that the existence of universals of some sort is the basis of science, and the *sine qua non* of the reasoning process. They are as necessary to the nominalism of Aristotle as the realism of Plato, to the classification of Darwin and Cuvier as to the calculus of Leibnitz and Laplace. For they underlie the axioms of geometry, the signs of algebra, the formulæ of chemistry, and the scientific arrangement of facts in botany and zoology. Hence those who deny their existence assume it even in arguments for their subversion. They are indispensable in all speculative philosophy from Socrates to Lotze; and are so ingrafted in the human mind and the expression of thought by language that they cannot be rejected without rendering connected thinking impossible. Plato, the profoundest thinker of the ages, was the first to formulate the doctrine of ideas to represent the reality lying back of the concrete things which to our senses are phenomenal. These are the forms, εἰδη or τύποι, after which as patterns all individual things are created. They are the models treasured up in the divine mind according to which the phenomenal world, with all its various parts, have an actual existence, so far, and only so far, as they participate in the originals. These are eternal and constitute the thoughts of the creative intelligence according to which God proceeded in forming the universe. They are

immortal, even as the mind which contains them; and, being constituent parts of his nature, are uncreated. Hence to think after God, that is, to think his thoughts, is to discern the unchanging verities which control the sum total of being, whether physical, intellectual, or moral. And just as the earthly temple erected at Sinai, with all its complicated rites and furnishings, was made after the type shown to Moses on the mount, even so in the revelation made through the transcendent genius of Plato, the τύποι became the patterns of all the philosophic temples which have been reared for man in speculative thought. *Teste David cum Sybillâ* here gives us another correspondence between the elements of truth, however diverse in themselves or in their mode of communication to men.

Plato saw that the doctrine of Heraclitus, πάντα ῥεῖ, would not answer as the basis of a philosophic system. For if all things are in constant flux, nothing permanent and remaining under one form, then no science would be possible. For conclusions made at one moment would be contradicted by changes occurring in the data in the next; so that even the endless enumeration of individuals, were that possible, would avail nothing, since they, too, would not continue the same. And if they remained in one stay, their number being illimitable, to classify them under the head of one of more qualities would be *contradictio in adjecto* unless we were permitted to employ an idea or general term which remains constant. And the *inductio per enumerationem simplicem* could never advance beyond the particular individual, because by it we are precluded from using a common type. This would leave thought helpless amid the richness of its materials because they could not be classified by means of any quality belonging to all. Plato saw by that discernment which looked down into the roots of things that the real object of knowledge must not be the phenomenal, the changing, the evanescent, but that which is permanent, unchanging, and real. And this can be nothing but the form or idea capable of being apprehended by pure thought alone, and which

imparts whatever of reality those things have which are constructed after its type. The things *in concreto,* the individuals, which share in this model become increasingly real as they increase their likeness to this type, which is the unchanging and eternal idea.

By this theory the classification of the sciences becomes possible. But the inquiry naturally arises, What is the nature of these ideas, and what their relation to the concrete individuals for which they stand? Have they a reality independent of the concrete material? and, if so, where and in what manner do they exist? Plato said they were the only things which have an actual existence; all else is phenomenal and unsubstantial. For the individual thing is only an impression of the senses, caused by the form, or τύπος, which presses upon our organs, thereby giving evidence of the presence of the reality grasped by the intellect. The concrete object has no permanence, no reality, but is only a sign by which the veritable thing is signified. Even the most permanent of all physical objects change. "For surely the granite mountain falling cometh to naught." Thus far Plato agreed with his early instruction received from Heraclitus. But he further maintained that there is something permanent and eternal, the world of ideas, apprehended by the intellect. For the individual object is constantly changing and being merely phenomenal, while it can make impressions on the senses, these impressions in turn are not realities, but serve merely as signs giving us notice of that which is the only true material of knowledge. The concrete object awakes the *a priori* powers of the intellect which discern beneath the sense perceptions, that are but shadows, the eternal realities which give the former their only signification.

Plato was above all things else a geometer. He would not permit one who was ignorant of the principles of this science even to pass beneath the inscription over the entrance to the Academy. And it is easy to see why this science appealed so strongly to his temper. For in this science the statements of principles are abstract, general, and absolutely reliable.

Every proposition and every figure in geometry is an imperfect phenomenal representation of an infallible truth. The primary data of the science make this clear. The geometer makes the sign of a point, draws the semblance of a straight line, a circle, a triangle, or any other figure. But he cannot make a point, a straight line, or any perfect figure. No draughtsman, however skillful, can make any of these things so as to conform to the requirements of his own definition. His attempts, even if executed with the most consummate skill, are only 'prentice work. But each person who possesses the mathematical spirit knows that there is in nature a straight line, which is the shortest distance between two points; which in turn are fixed in space by the intersection of two lines. He knows that underneath the definitions there is an undeniable truth, which, though beyond the power of sense perception to embody in matter or grasp in feeling, is yet apprehended by the intellect, and becomes an element of unlimited use in reasoning. Nay, more, he has in his mind's eye the abstract truth which lies at the basis of all his theoretical demonstrations or practical applications of this exact science. He sees clearly the truth of, say, the Pythagorean theorem of the square on the longest side of a right-angled triangle, lying back of the crooked lines and roughly made angles of the drawn figure. For there is such a general truth, exactly defined by the intellect. This is but imperfectly indicated by the figures, which are introduced to enable asses to cross the bridge separating between material things and the mental pillars which support them—a bridge, by the way, that the materialist is unable to cross. But these truths, and all others of geometry, are discerned intuitively by the boy Pascal, when he was constructing a geometry for himself, after his father had through mistaken solicitude prohibited Euclid, and by Newton when he was working out the profound problems of his Principia without the aid of a calculus or analytics. And when Laplace says, in more than one place in the *Mécanique Céleste*, when working out those problems so difficult that few can follow even where he has

pointed the way, "This equation evidently follows from the preceding," it is certain that he could by his subtle analysis discern the process in idea, though to carry it out in calculation would require six foolscap pages full of figures. For he had practiced generalization until he scarcely needed any external signs to aid him in the process of pure intellect.

We, of lesser mathematical powers, can see that this is the case with the signs of algebra, calculus, and quaternions, which grow more general and comprehensive, more abstract, if possible more incapable of comprehension by the senses, and hence more necessary to be grasped by the pure intellect. The savage holds up one hand with spread fingers to indicate five, and both hands to mark ten. From this act, partly concrete and partly abstract, the process of notation goes on retreating farther and farther from the concrete, until in the higher algebra we have nothing but pure forms, spiritual conceptions, with which the mind is compelled to deal if it follows a scientific process at all. These are the εἰδη, the forms, which must exist somewhere in nature to be the objects of thought. These have their counterparts in visible signs which are grasped with the same confidence, and for the same purpose, that man, in the Sphinx's riddle propounded to Œdipus, leans on his walking stick. The material truths of Heraclitus are ever in a state of flux; those of Plato are fixed and independent of sensible phenomena, grasped *a priori* by the intellect, and made the basis of all science. This can be seen most clearly in mathematics, and this is the reason why Plato and, eke, Aristotle, and after them the subtlest dialecticians of all ages, have had a secret belief, and often an openly expressed conviction, that the lines of proof in all departments of knowledge can in their last analysis be reduced to demonstrative certainty. Descartes taught this as a cardinal doctrine of his philosophy, and in his method applied it to practice. So Spinoza would establish an ethical and philosophical system by demonstrating his principles *de more Mathematico*. The explanation of this tendency on the part of the subtlest thinkers is not far to seek. For each species

of knowledge must start from first principles, axiomatic truths—so plain that they are accepted, so cogent that they cannot be rejected—as soon as their import is comprehended. These axioms cannot possibly have any concrete existence—*credat ethnicus Schopenhauer*—even when the materialist would reduce all things to matter and its modifications. For these axioms are ideas, eternal verities, which are the farthest removed from matter and cannot be represented to the senses, but are grasped directly by the pure intellect, and lie at the foundation of all departments of thought and inquiry alike. This truth was distinctly maintained by Leibnitz* when he said that the reason why we do not dispute about mathematical truths is that they do not appeal to our prejudices. "For if geometry were as much opposed to our passions and present interests as is ethics, we would contest it and violate it but little less, notwithstanding all the demonstrations of Euclid and Archimedes, which you would call dreams and paralogisms."

Other truths, and even those of mathematics when applied to concrete cases, are brought to our notice through the medium of sense perception. But this grasps not the reality itself, but the image, the idea, as this is conveyed to us through media both external and internal; and these, either distinct or obscure, give only a partial view of the reality because it is but imperfectly imaged by our senses. Thus, different phases of the same truth are seen, and have each a word allotted to convey their signification; whence arise so many synonyms that language illustrates the sarcasm attributed to Talleyrand, that "words were invented not to convey, but to conceal, our thoughts." Each synonym undoubtedly has some meaning attached to it, though not understood, perhaps, by him who uses it or him who hears it pronounced. The difficulty of attaching a fixed and clear meaning to a word increases as its application becomes more general, or, what is the same thing, more abstract, because it can be applied with nearly or quite equal propriety to any of the multitude of objects which are included under its wide significa-

* Crit. Locke, Entend. Humain, Liv. I, chap. ii.

tion. When the name is proper and denotes only one person or thing, while its intension, contrary to Mill's view, is at its greatest degree, still it refers to a concrete thing which submits to our senses. Hence, though we cannot grasp all the characteristics of the individual, yet seeing it before us we are sure of its identity, and know it to be the object to which the word applies. But the general term becomes more dim because the number of objects included under it increases, and the special features of each must be left out of view because our powers are not sufficient to retain them. Still, such terms mean something; and each person who uses them must have in his mind some signification which he attaches to them; else he would be absurd and his language be nonsense. But it is not the case that the abstract and generalized word does become more obscure; it is only the image perceived by the senses whose distinctness fades. For the clearest thinkers, the most rigidly scientific minds, employ such most. Science cannot dispense with these even in its rudest beginnings; and its progress is measured by their employment and increasing comprehensiveness. For the more completely reasoning deals with such abstract conceptions as are farthest removed from the concrete individual the more accurate the results of the logical process. This is confessedly the case in mathematics, where the results are infallibly true because the data are not the imperfect product of our senses nor warped by our interested prejudices. From this it follows that there must be something *in rerum naturâ* which corresponds with these general terms, else the results obtained by their logical employment could not be true. Multitudes of minds differently constituted employ them, and in every conceivable relation, and yet with the same certainty. For unless the terms employed by the calculation be true the outcome cannot be free from error; and the further the process be carried the more erroneous the result. Hence there must be some reality which lies at the basis of every general term. This is the Platonic idea, the true and only model after which all individual things are made, and which get what measure

of truth and reality they possess by virtue of their resemblance and participation in the originals.

No subject even in the philosophic world has excited so much controversy as the doctrine of ideas. It is the corner stone of the Platonic system; the *bête noire* of Aristotle and the peripatetics; the shibboleth which divided the schools of philosophy and theology during the age of the schoolmen. Moreover, it remains the crucial test to-day between a material and skeptical mode of interpreting the universe, and that which recognizes an immaterial power guided by design in nature embodied in a personal God who created and governs all things. The *Metaphysics* of Aristotle is a polemic against ideas, and the exhibition of a mean jealousy against their great expounder who had been his teacher and friend. From this time forward the doctrine of ideas was the rock which divided the streams of human thought, so that more has been written and said on this subject than any other that has ever claimed the attention of philosophic thinkers. The way a man looked at this subject determined his position as a philosopher and theologian. The idealist held that there is a reality which is the subject of thought and speech; that this is transcendent, lying back of sense impression; that it gives reality to what is phenomenal and is the substance which casts the shade. This is a realistic view, for it accepts as true a mind which is anterior and superior to matter; a force which is causative and creative and the author of all change; which gives life, activity, and order to that which otherwise would be without form and void. But how does this idea exist? We hold that photography comes to our relief, and shows in another and diverse part of nature precisely how this is possible. For the picture is a transcript in material things of all that is material in the original, just as the idea is the coordinate of all that is material in the phenomenal. There are two sets, model and copy, over against each other. But what are the attributes of the idea, and how is it made known to us? As the materialist admits nothing in nature but matter, and therefore accepts no knowledge save that gained through the

senses, he has neither room nor use for ideas. But while he must accept force or energy in some form as the cause of motion, and mind as the instrument of thought, yet he says that they are merely modes of matter, immanent in it, and evolved by itself out of itself. In this view, however, he sets at naught the commonest experience in machines; and surreptitiously introduces automatic action, that is, perpetual motion in material things. For experimental mechanics, as well as the intuitions of common sense, recognize the wire as something wholly different from the electric current, which may or may not pass through it; which discerns in gravitation a power acting even through interstellar space, where matter is believed not to exist; and in spiritual action some agent which by volition and design brings about such results as the material unaided never has displayed. The ideas of these powers are mental pictures, which as far as understood and can be expressed by words are used by us in reasoning about them just as the signs of algebra stand for the relations of abstract number and quantity.

But the original difficulty is not yet removed, and comes to the front with the question, How do ideas exist? Are they distinct from the agent through which they work? Can we think of them as realities apart from their names and the things for which they stand? Or are they merely fictitious, a nondescript attached arbitrarily to the name, and having no existence apart from it? If Plato be called as a witness—and he should be, for a parent is expected to know his own children—we will be told that they have a separate existence, and are the most real of all things; that they are eternal, unchangeable, the substance of all knowledge whether material or spiritual—nay, more: that they are the only things that are real, and all else is phenomenal and transitory; moreover, that there is a hierarchy of ideas. Beginning with the supreme idea in which all others dwell, and by virtue of which they consist, there is a gradual descent until we arrive at the individual, which is the faintest adumbration because it is only one of the many units which form the type. The class

has a separate and permanent existence, embracing like the composite picture the features of all the individuals embraced under it. Now, the supreme idea is creative, and works according to these models which constitute his thoughts and are the instruments through which the divine energy shapes the plastic material during the never-ending process of creation. When this, the divine energy, as the *summum genus*, has molded the plastic material into individuals, it groups them under their respective types, from the lowest under subaltern species and genera, until we rise by regression back again to the *summum genus*. For each division, type, or species there is an idea which constitutes its actual nature; and to be consistent there must be also a like reality back of and upholding each individual. Now, while it might be easy for those who believe in immaterial existences to understand how there could be an idea corresponding to each single thing, yet when we come to those corresponding to species however small, provided these contained more than one individual, the difficulty to the majority of thinkers has seemed insurmountable. For how could the same idea, type, or exemplar stand for many and comprehend their diversities in its own identity and exactitude? The case of a model, such as is lodged in the Patent Office, is different; for there, though there be a general resemblance, and in the case where the parts are made by machinery, as in the Elgin watch or the Baldwin locomotive, the correspondence of all the examples to the model would be almost exact, still there would by the necessity of human imperfection be some differences. But the case is reversed with the idea or universal. This must contain all the differences which are found in the several individuals. Hence, if it were the exact counterpart of one of a species, it could not be, say the opponents of this system, for another, unless they were identical. Here was the dividing line between nominalism and realism. The former said it was impossible for there to be an idea which represented many. For the representation must be complete, else it would not be its counterpart; and this could not be unless the different individuals

were identical, which is *falsus in adjecto.* The idea, to be a complete counterpart, must be in the individual and inseparable from it. But we have seen that this is not inseparable because in mathematics, and, in truth, in all kinds of reasoning, we employ signs for the thing signified; and the certainty of the results show the reality of the correspondence. But if there can be no idea of anything but the individual, there is no possibility of grouping, and hence there can be no science. Yet we see resemblances throughout nature, types under which individuals can be classified. Some features of resemblance are fixed upon wherein all agree; the other properties are neglected in the summary, though present in the concrete cases. These types as species are arranged again under higher classes by increasing the comprehension and diminishing the intension, till a second group, then a third, when finally we arrive at the highest order, the *summum genus,* which includes all subalterns classified under one attribute. But the difficulty seems to the nominalist insurmountable that there should be an idea corresponding to the higher species or genera, admitting that there might be for the single example. We may form an abstract conception of a type or picture corresponding with one thing only. But how can this be the case when there are more, even up to an infinite number? For if the counterpart resembles one completely —and it cannot be a counterpart unless it does—then it cannot be exactly like any other. So that we have the apparent contradiction of resembling one and more than one, though they be different. Here modern science comes to our relief, and Plato's doctrine, which has been the Gordian knot of speculative philosophy, is resolved and its truth completely justified by a recent application of Daguerre's discovery.

Photography is one of the grandest applications of nature's forces by man's art. Nature always does her work perfectly if we will only let her have her own way. She can transfer the features of the sitter fixed so firmly that he must needs be stationary; or of the cannon ball as it issues from the gun; or of the flash of lightning as it darts through space. She can

take the picture of the foliage, even to the points of the pennated leaf in the distant forest; or the star dust of the Milky Way, so accurate, so minute, so particular, that the greatest magnifying power of the microscope fails to bring out all the delicate tracery. Nature may be divided up into parts seemingly without limit, but still there is a remainder which may be subdivided without end, even after the process has gone beyond the power of our organs to discern. We can see the truth of this statement in every domain of thought whether it be in relation to measure, weight, time, or space—the division may be continued *ad infinitum;* so that we are no nearer the end when we have reached any degree of subtlety than when we were at an appreciable magnitude however large. For there is nothing great or small, which is finite, except relatively. The photographer's plate if properly prepared transfers with absolute exactness the picture which the sun creates. We have tried in the course of this paper to show several analogies between the εἶδος, or image which the mind perceives and acts upon in all its reasoning processes, and the photograph which contains the exact image of an object transferred to the sensitive plate. All persons who have a knowledge of the subject will admit that when the sun takes a picture, an εἶδος, of one person or thing under proper conditions the correspondence to the original is absolutely perfect. If this be not the case, the failure is due to man's art, not the sun's. We can see this picture. It becomes a cherished souvenir of the dear one who is removed from us in space or has completed his work sooner than we in time. We can not only see this with our eyes, but form a mental picture of it—make an idea out of an idea by repetition in thought or communication to others. Aristotle held that Plato's doctrine was absurd because it required just this act, which he declared an impossibility. And yet this is a fact, and admits of a clear illustration. Place two mirrors opposite each other, not absolutely parallel, but inclined at a very slight angle. Let an egotistical person like Paracelsus, Beau Brummel, or Cleveland stand between

them and he will see his delectable person multiplied almost to the satisfying of his self-love. This process could, under proper conditions, be carried as near to infinity as any of nature's movements when directed by our powers. The picture may grow fainter—just as the idea does in ascending from the particular to the general—at the extremities of the series of reflected images; but this again is owing to the imperfection of our prepared media—not the want of accuracy in nature's handiwork. But, to return to the image of Daguerre. Here is a picture of a person or thing, an εἶδος, or τύπος. Of this we can frame a mental picture, just as we are compelled to do in the case of anything about which we think. This becomes an actual existence, may be the subject of reflection, memory, reasoning—every mental action.

Again, by the process of composite photography we can get a second object thrown by the camera directly upon the first. This second will be as accurate as the first—that is to say, under the proper conditions, absolutely perfect. But now the two pictures become more complicated; and if our eyes are not sharp enough to discern each minute feature of one, *a fortiori* we cannot of the two. Let another and another be superimposed and the same truths as to the accuracy of nature, and of our inability to grasp and discern the differences, will hold good. We may discern in the first picture the marked features of Lincoln's face, sad yet humorous and kindly; angular, and, while showing superhuman power, almost startling from their plainness and their clearly defined personality. Then let Gladstone's face of remarkable beauty, strength, repose, and spirituality be depicted on the same plate. The two greatest statesmen of the modern world can be seen distinctly, yet modifying each other, and forming a compound overpowering in its fascination. Next, take Stuart Mill, with his face the beau ideal of pure intellectual beauty, exhibiting a mental grasp sufficient to embrace the universe of thought. The picture of the trio loses its individuality because we cannot divide nature on her subtle lines, and assign what belongs to each. But we can still see some-

thing of the personality of the three noted characters. Let this addition of faces be continued indefinitely, and we will yet be able to see only so much as will allow us to say, "This is the photograph of an Englishman." Then if Bismarck, with his coarse, hard, strong features; Schleiermacher, with his refined, spiritual look; Kant, with his sharp features, beardless chin, and eyes which sparkle with pure reason—when these are added we still can see enough to say, "Anglo-Saxon." But we have not arrived at our *summum genus*. Let the camera transfer Pascal, Campanella, Plato, and we can still see enough to say, "Caucasian." Then, if we continue the process and add Moses, Confucius, Rameses, we will still under the innumerable sun-written lines see enough to decide, "This is Man." And we must not forget that all the individual lines of feature belonging to the various faces which have looked into the camera have been transferred by the sun, and we could see them in the picture provided our sense perceptions were sufficiently subtle to take in and discriminate the well-nigh infinite fineness of the combination. The process might be carried down through animals, plants, organized being, if our senses did not reel in the effort to separate the particular from the general.

Each of these stages would give us a τύπος, an εἶδος, on the paper. We could see it, think about it when before our face, and form a mental image; eke, reproduce it, and recognize it again by memory. These are all facts which we know intuitively, though they might be impossible of verification in a concrete case. For the composite photograph is a true type, no matter how many individuals there may be combined in it, just as the photograph of a single person is of that person, but unspeakably more subtle in the sun printing, because of the multitude of separate pictures imprinted on the same paper. As we increase its complexity by additions we diminish the distinctness of its representation of each individual, because either our art is at fault in printing the picture or our senses are unequal to the task of discriminating its complicated structure. And it is well for us to bear in mind

that we can have a mental picture, can name, define, meditate upon, each of these photographs with the same facility. The measure of their generality does not diminish their actual reference to something existing in nature, and which may be made the subject of thought. The highest generality is as real as the individual picture, and differs from it only in embracing more both of objects and distinctive features. Unless, then, we deny the possibility of having a mental image distinct from the material object it represents, and which is assuredly outside of the organ which receives the image, then the εἶδος, or type, must be separate from the object which awakens it. To say nothing of immaterial things, of abstract conceptions, of mathematical axioms and geometrical lines, which are just as much objects of thought as conceptions gained through immediate sense perception—we are forced to admit that for each concrete thing we form a picture significant to us and treated as a reality. Otherwise there could be no thought either for the materialist or the idealist. For each thinks of something when he utters a word or employs a sign, and that something is different from the object to which it refers—even as the shadow is diverse from the object which casts it.

This explanation of the idea finds many illustrations, and shows that so far from this theory being absurd, as often held by materialists, it agrees with the facts of universal experience as well as the tenets of opponents who build better than they intend. That it is impossible for the general idea, or that of the *summum genus*, to contain in itself all the features of each individual embraced under it is falsified by facts. When we look at an object close at hand we get a clear conception of its form and special features. Remove it farther off and it becomes more indistinct to us. Yet the object does not change. It retains all its distinctive features, but our sense organs are not vigorous enough to discern them. The house on the hill which at close quarters can be seen by us in all its minute parts fades in the distance to a white speck. At a greater remove the hill on which it stands

sinks to a level with the outlines of the horizon. Removed still farther from us as we stand upon a mountain we can see nothing but the blue outline, shading away until the sky and horizon meet. So individuals, species, genera, melt into obscurity, while we descend the logical tree down to organized and unorganized matter. There they meet under the name of substance, and cannot be distinguished by us though the εἶδος, form, of each retains its constituent parts sharply defined in themselves. They are in fact scarcely discriminated by our senses, and only kept apart by name because the line that divides nature has no breadth to our conception. For the subtlety of nature, as Bacon has said, far exceeds the subtlety of reasoning; though he would have been more correct had he said "sense perception" instead of "reasoning." For the senses fail to discriminate when the intellect by names and signs can continue its processes of reasoning with perfect accuracy. But however insensibly nature shades off between things that differ as inferior species, yet there is a division between such things as are indiscernible by the sense processes. For we can demarcate each thing by words to a degree of accuracy exactly proportioned to the progress of science. For the task of science is to separate in thought and to mark by words the precise distinctions between objects as they exist in nature; that is, to make our sense and word interpretation agree precisely with what things are in themselves. The struggling of our imperfect ideas to reach the pure εἶδος of nature is the never-ending work of science and the goal of earthly discipline.* Science is constantly approaching this goal, but can never reach it. Moral culture in this life is struggling to reach its ideal, but comes far short of it in time; and will find it the work of unending ages under a higher development.

Darwin deserves unlimited credit for his untiring industry and patience in collecting facts both from observation and

* Plato, "Phædo," 81 B.C. Τὸ δὲ τοῖς ὄμμασι σκοτῶδες καὶ ἀειδές, νοητὸν δὲ καὶ φιλοσοφίᾳ αἱρετόν, τοῦτο δὲ εἰθισμένη μισεῖν τε καὶ τρέμειν καὶ φεύγειν, οὕτω δὴ ἔχουσαν οἴει ψυχὴν αὐτὴν καθ' αὑτὴν εἰλικρινῇ ἀπαλλάξεσθαι.

experiment. His facts are in the main trustworthy—always so except when he has a pet theory to establish; and then if the facts do not conform to his interpretation of nature, "so much the worse for the facts." But he is not always happy in his theories. And when his theories were found to be correct they were so in a sense which he perhaps did not comprehend, and certainly did not have in mind. For they prove a doctrine diametrically the reverse of what he wished to establish. For example, there was no doctrine on which he prided himself more than on "pangenesis," that is to say, there is a germ inside of a germ, even to the beginning of *development;* for as to *creation* he would have none of it. Accordingly, the fruit or animal of to-day was found in the apple which grew in the garden of Eden; and the lion which now roars in the Nubian desert was already in the one which walked the plank up into Noah's menagerie. Yea, verily, man of the present generation was actually present in the protoplasm which was common to man, beast, fowl, fish, ascidian, plant, star dust, incandescent gas—or such other gas as the Darwinian system delights in as the self-acting originator of all things. We have as the beginning of the universe a composite photograph, an εἶδος which contained not representatively, but actually, the germ, complete in all its minute parts, of every creature of every kind that has lived or shall live till the end of time. One who as a strict scientist can believe this need not shrink back from any difficulty, nor charge those with absurdity who accept Scripture miracles. But in the application of pangenesis the first man, to go no farther back, that is, the creature which shook itself loose from the grosser elements of the *homo troglodytes*, and suddenly passed the dividing line and became *homo sapiens*, contained in himself the genus which in time developed into each several member of the whole human family. We can scarcely accuse Darwin of plagiarizing from a book he probably never read; yet how strangely is his theory like the statement of a much-neglected author which says that Levi "was yet in the loins of his father [Abraham] when Melchisedek met him;" or that

from another part of the same forgotten book, "The tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself." The wise man has said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and surely Darwin's pangenesis is not new, but old as the Bible. And though Darwin either superciliously ignored its existence, or intended to establish a theory which he thought to be in contravention to its teachings, yet he is found to be in complete harmony therewith. For the doctrine of original sin which is taught by the Mosaic and Christian legations, and agrees with individual experience as well as the verdict of all history, requires that the human family were really present in our first parents in order for all men to be held judicially accountable. For the same character somehow crops out in each individual, and therefore shows that he was present and participated in that act which "brought death into this world and all our woe." Pangenesis would account for this doctrine scientifically; and "the sibyl" would then be made, *nolens volens*, "to testify with David."

But there is a still loftier sense in which the correspondence between the composite photograph and the Platonic idea receives illustration, and in turn gives support to the system of revealed religion. This is emphatically a representative system, in which a supreme type stands for and actually contains within himself all the subordinate individuals. As the first man contained in himself the germs of all his posterity, who were in succession influenced by the trend which his conduct was adapted to give, and thus affected their destiny so that they became subject to evils as the result of misconduct, and hence was the representative of the ruin, even so the ideal man was the type, the representative, of recovery. In the divine plan for man's redemption from sin and its consequences there is a Representative who shall be both able and willing to fulfill the obedience which all men owed to the divine law, and by suffering the penalty in their room deliver them from the consequences of their conduct. In the Platonic philosophy the idea stands as the type of a class, and, as we have shown, actually contains not only the general but the special

characteristics of every individual embraced under it; so in the mediatorial scheme the man Christ Jesus stands for and contains within himself all the specific differences of each one for whom he acts as Mediator. The doctrine of the Academy was cordially welcomed by the Christian fathers, who saw in it an exact counterpart of the revealed truth. So strong was this correspondence that it has always influenced the Church. The orthodox, the evangelical, the devoted element in Christianity has felt an irresistible sympathy with the idealistic system of philosophy; so that nearly all the leading doctors of the Church, from Athanasius and Anselm to Calvin, Wesley, and Shedd, have been unqualified idealists. And no wonder; for this view fits in every particular with the vicarious plan upon which Christianity is founded. Christ the ideal Man is the τύπος, the εἶδος, of the human family. He not only assumes their nature and becomes subject to the law which punishes their sin, but he actually contains within himself every feature of their character as well as every personality. They are one in Him; and therefore he, by virtue of this oneness, is treated not merely as their vicar, but as actually summing up in himself their identity.

The great difficulty, from a philosophic point of view, as well as moral and legal, has always been the transferrence of responsibility by which one who in his own person is innocent could justly be treated as guilty. But by the assumption of humanity, and so in a moral relation standing at its head, the Mediator becomes the type, the image, the transcendent reality of the whole human family. The first man by pangenesis is the representative of the entire succession to influence them for evil and superinduce their misery; the Second Man contains within himself not merely forensically, but in scientific reality, the entire human race for the purpose of enduring their deserved punishment, and thus secure their deliverance from the consequences of their transgression. How this can be done transcends our knowledge. Yet this is not strange. The processes of nature which pass before our senses escape our most careful scrutiny when we seek the cause and mode

of their action. But the inconceivability of an action is not the measure of its veraciousness. At any point of inquiry into the ultimate causes of phenomena we are met by barriers which we cannot pass; and so we must content ourselves with the measure of knowledge which we, under our present limitations, are permitted to gain—which at each step of progress is far more than we can fully utilize.

And if this be the case with such matters as confront us in ordinary experience, we must not expect less difficulty in the profound mysteries of the divine government. There, as in material nature, we must accept the fact as made known to us by the responses of experience and revelation, and wait for the time and strength to receive a higher enlightenment. For as is said in that profound passage in the book of Job,* "God hath declared with reference to the secrets of wisdom, that they are in double folds"—that is, there is a type or idea lying over against the material thing that our senses grasp, while the former is the reality with which the mind comes in contact, and which it uses in all its processes of reasoning and intuition. Conformable to this, the teaching of Revelation is the doctrine of the idea in philosophy. The εἶδος, idea, sign, is the coordinate of all material phenomena; the reality on which science is built; the basis of reasoning and knowledge. This can neither be denied by materialists nor dispensed with by such as admit a spiritual nature. The idea represents the forces which control the world in its activities, physical and moral; and gives the only satisfactory solution of those questions which have occupied reflecting minds in all ages. It is the composite photograph which embraces all the truths of nature under general principles with which we must deal in every species of reasoning; and sees in the ideal Man the representative of all who are united to him by deliverance, as they had been to their first parent in condemnation.

* Job xi, 6 (Hebrew original).

James Gordon.

Art. VI.—THE FAITH OF TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson was six years old when the field of Waterloo was won. The shock of nations and the crash of battle were to be followed by the greater changes which are wrought in silence. Evolution may have its occasional revolution in which the outward form readjusts itself to the long-accomplished inward fact, but the great movements upward are slow and silent. After Waterloo came the greater Wellingtons, the mightier Napoleons—the great thought leaders of a new age, the emperors of the mind. The stars looked with fair favor upon Tennyson's natal year—1806. In that year was born Mendelssohn, the Tennyson of music. It was the birth year of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the queen of English song. In that year Gladstone, the uncrowned English king, was born. It was the birth year of Abraham Lincoln, freedom's prose poet and America's immortal patriot; and in the same year was born Charles Darwin, the creator and destroyer. "Never alone come the immortals;" and Dr. Holmes writes to Tennyson that he is proud of his coevals, "Darwin, Lord Houghton, Gladstone, Mendelssohn, and the laureate whose 'jewels five words' long sparkle in our memories and will shine 'till universal darkness buries all.'" Tennyson's age was an age of great thinkers, and its triumphs are the triumphs of thought.

I. Our first step shall be to consider certain conditions under which the convictions of Tennyson were formed. Hint has already been given of the political genesis of his faith. The battles of bravery and brawn were to give place to the battle of brains; the contests of force to those of ideas; military revolution was to yield to reformatory evolution. The period of Tennyson's activity marked the beginning and progress rather than the consummation of English reforms. He witnessed the rise of the Chartist, or Liberal, party. The public interest was intense. Vast meetings were held, bringing together great multitudes. One authority asserts that one of these assemblies numbered 200,000 people. A monster petition bearing a million signatures was rolled into Parliament in a huge tub. Six points in that petition have since been em-

bodied in English law. The list is interesting: (1) Universal suffrage; (2) annual parliaments; (3) secret voting—vote by ballot; (4) abolition of property qualifications for a seat in the House of Commons; (5) payment of members; (6) equal electoral districts. It will also be recalled that the repeal of the corn laws took place in 1846; and this is but a partial list of the victories of peace. It is evident that the period of Tennyson's literary activity was filled with most stirring public changes and was marked by the birth of the "social conscience." These social movements gave to his faith a deeply human and sympathetic element, and yet, notwithstanding the fact that he has furnished a message of unfailing human interest, he is not recognized as a social prophet, as is Massey or Morris. Yet woven through his work there is an earnest sociologic message, and it is surprising that not more is made of it. He cries:

> Ah when shall all men's good
> Be each man's rule, and universal peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land?

In "Locksley Hall" he denounces the ills of the social order in words like these:

> Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
> Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

The laureate's sociology is broad and comprehensive, and often takes on a national type. He is indeed a patriot poet. He is a cultured Kipling, and rejoices in the "far-flung battle line" of English power. Kipling has made a plea for a song for all English-speaking peoples—a saga for the Anglo-Saxon—which will unite the steady rhythm and defiant march of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" with the whirl and skirl of the "British Grenadiers." But why not adopt Tennyson's lines in "Hands All Round" as our Anglo-Saxon saga?

> Gigantic daughter of the West,
> We drink to thee across the flood!
> We know thee most, we love thee best,
> For art thou not of British blood?
> Should war's mad blast again be blown,
> Permit not thou the tyrant powers
> To fight thy mother here alone,
> But let thy broadsides roar with ours.

> Hands all round!
> God the tyrant's cause confound!
> To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
> And the great name of England, round and round!

We will no doubt fight shy of the proposal to let our "broadsides" roar with English cannon—at least until the African war is over. This poem, however, shows the world-wide application of the sociologic and fraternal spirit. The heart of every true poet interprets, if it does not lead, the spirit of his age, and the current social and political struggles of his times form one source of Tennyson's faith.

It had also a scientific genesis. As profoundly as the social movement affected Tennyson, the scientific spirit and progress moved him even more. He is the poet of science. It had long been supposed that there was a feud between science and poetry. In an early sonnet Edgar A. Poe arraigns science for her lack of friendship for the muses, and ends by calling her a vulture whose wings are "dull realities." Tennyson utilized the poetic possibilities of that larger world revealed by scientific discoveries. It was a greater poetry than known before, because it touched the great world rhythm. Its measures are along the sublime lines of cosmic law. The mystery and marvel of the universe are increased, and the scope of poetic interpretation is almost infinitely advanced. There was also a personal inspiration in Tennyson's close relations with scientific men. Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, were personal friends. He was in touch with the scientific leaders of his age, and did much, as we shall presently see, to accomplish the double reconciliation of science and poetry and science and religion.

Equally interesting is the religious genius of Tennyson's faith. His home life in the English rectory, his association with the leaders of religious thought, and especially such men as Robertson, Kingsley, and Maurice, gave to Tennyson's message not only the flavor of the new science, but also of the new theology. The religious world was passing through as great a transition as the political and scientific. G. Willis Cook points out that the eighteenth century was marked by skepticism in philosophy, classicism in literature, courtly formality in social

life, and deism in religion. He further observes that from these elements a reaction followed under the influence of Methodism, the French Revolution, German idealism, and the growth of naturalism. These blended reactions led to the great literary era of the first half of the nineteenth century. Besides these general elements there was the seething contention in the English Church, when Maurice expressed his conviction that the real struggle was soon to be not between popery and Protestantism, but between atheism and Christ. Tennyson makes one of his characters, Ulysses, say, "I am a part of all that I have met," and elsewhere declares that each man is "a whole van full of people." So that, without doubt, we may be able to trace in the faith of Tennyson its triple primogeniture in the political, scientific, and religious movements of his age. Tennyson reveals rather than leads. He interprets rather than pioneers. His faith is the present faith of the cultured classes in England and America.

II. Having glanced at the sources, our next step shall be to consider certain characteristics of Tennyson's faith. In the first place, as to formal expression, it is vague and indefinite. This quality, as Stopford Brooke observes, is necessitated by his art; definite doctrinal statements are alike abhorrent to poetry and true religion. Tennyson did not use the old formal statements; neither did he invent a new dogma. He keeps mind and heart open. His creed outlines are indistinct. He gives his faith plenty of margin. In this he expresses the scientific spirit. It is now better understood that the religious sense results from the apprehension of that "power not of ourselves which makes for righteousness." Scientific discoveries have enlarged our knowledge of the universe, and have correspondingly deepened our devotedness. But the ever-enlarging vision implies an ever-growing faith, and it follows that it cannot have a distinct definitive limitation. It must be pliable to the steps of progress. It is a living reality, not a dead definition. But while Tennyson's faith is thus vague in outline, it is not wanting in substance; on the other hand, it is intense in its reality. The storm cloud shaking the world with its thunders is real, but no eye can trace its borders. The starry heavens are a golden reality, but they have no limit.

With Tennyson faith is a life moving under the law of progress which touches all living things, and not a dead dogmatic finality. He believes in "faith beyond the forms of faith." Like his passing of Arthur, after his "last weird dim battle in the west," there is an impression of indistinctness and mystery suggestive of eternal progress:

> And there-with-all came on him the weird rhyme
> From the great deep to the great deep he goes.

This suggests the second characteristic. Tennyson regards creeds as transient in form and inevitably subject to change. He reverences the abiding substance, but esteems of little value the passing form. He prizes the scientific principle of continuity, but sees in its steady progress the necessity of credal change. As a consistent evolutionist he never throws aside the essential substance of the creeds—that would violate the law of evolutionary unity; neither can he be held by the paper handcuff of an outgrown form from which the life, the unifying and vitalizing principle which he prizes, has passed away. He reverences the life—the permanent element—but believes the form of its expression is transient and passing:

> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Again he writes:

> And slowly answered Arthur from the barge,
> The old order changeth, yielding place to new
> And God fulfills himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

But Tennyson's faith is reverently rational. He rests his confidence upon a double foundation—the revelation of man's own heart and the answering revelation which comes from without and above. He believes in a self-revealing supernaturalness which transcends but does not contradict reason; and when these two unite their witness is the perfect and eternal truth. He traces the profound instincts of the heart to their external complement, and when the cry of the soul finds answer in the outward supernatural revelation, whether found in the traditions of the past or in the new and discovering present,

he is ready to trust this double-attested verity. The outward and inward warrant gives certainty. Doubt is banished by this double Gospel.

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore,
That tumbled in the godless deep,

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

One other characteristic should be noted. Our great poet's faith was well tried and tested, and was finally triumphant. Like his beloved Hallam he had met and laid the specters of the mind. He certainly understood Browning's paradox when he says:

You must mix some uncertainty
With faith, if you would have faith be.

The record of that struggle is found in many of Tennyson's poems. "The Two Voices," "The Vision of Sin," "The Higher Pantheism," "Vastness," "Despair," "Merlin and the Gleam," and the "In Memoriam" make a part of the long list. The "In Memoriam" is the most notable of these "struggle poems." As another has written, that poem is:

The story of a soul at strife
That learned at last to kiss the rod,
And passed through sorrow up to God,
From living to a higher life;
A light that gleams across the wave
Of darkness, down the rolling years,
Piercing the heavy mist of tears,
A rainbow shining o'er a grave.

It has been truly said that the poem is "a repertory of the doubts and faiths of the age, but after the storm came peace, and nature's eternal miracle is made the symbol of the soul's palingenesis." It is a long and tiresome struggle, but the clouded brow of doubt at last becomes radiant with peace. The poet has seen upon the gravestone in Clevedon Cemetery "a silver flame stealing along the letters of Hallam's name," and gilding them with the mystic glory of immortality, and his soul finds deep content.

III. In broad outline Tennyson held three elemental convictions—a belief in the divine personality, an assurance of the immortality of the soul, and a confidence in the progress of mankind. To say that Tennyson believed in the personality of God is more significant when it is remembered that probably the most subtle and powerful attack of skeptical thought in our day has been made upon this doctrine. The personality of deity is questioned upon the ground of the greatness of the universe and the difficulty of personalizing the infinite. On the other hand, human personality is under attack, not so much as to its present actuality as to its future permanency—the doubt of immortality. In both phases of the discussion Tennyson is the devout and doughty champion of personality. He believes profoundly in God as a person, and this is more significant since there is a trace of pantheism in some of his earlier poems. In his *Memoirs* his son says: "A week before his death I was sitting by him, and he talked long of the personality and love of God. He said, 'I should infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth with a God above than the highest type of man standing alone.'" Jowett asked him to write an anthem for Balliol Chapel, and he responded with two stanzas, entitled "The Human Cry:"

Hallowed be Thy Name—Halleluiah!
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!
Hallowed be Thy Name—Halleuiah

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;
We feel we are something—that also has come from Thee;
We know we are nothing—but thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy Name—Halleluiah.

To his son Tennyson declares, "Take away belief in the self-conscious personality of God, and you take away the backbone of the world."

Another element in the great poet's faith is his confidence in the permanence of human personality. Immortality naturally involves the question of origin. What is Tennyson's view of the beginning of the soul? He holds, with Wordsworth, the judgment that

Trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.

Out of the vast abyss of infinite being a spark is smitten into conscious human life. The birth of the poet's eldest son is celebrated in a sublime poem, "De Profundis:"

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirled for a million æons thro' the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous, eddying light—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
. . . . . .
Thou comest, darling boy.

Here is man's divine origin, and the law of spiritual heredity assures the soul of its unending life. In this same poem it is declared that personality is itself a greater marvel than its permanency:

Who made thee, unconceivably thyself
Out of his whole world-self and all in all—
Live thou . . . and find
Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought
Not matter, nor the finite-infinite,
But this main miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the world.

With great power Tennyson presents the familiar argument for the future life based upon the incompleteness of the present. He hints that without it there is no ground for responsibility or basis of morality. His position is far more logical than that of George Eliot, who makes earnest pleas for duty even though the only reward be a brief mnemonic immortality. There is but little inspiration to membership in the "choir invisible" if the stream of life is but nearing the Niagara of endless nights. Tennyson also emphasizes the intuitional argument, which Lowell touches upon when he declares:

Perhaps this longing to be so helps
Make the soul immortal.

He receives the witness when, "like a man in wrath," the heart stands up and answers, "I have felt." And from the intuitional our poet passes to its complement and counterpart, the religious argument, which finds its highest expression in the Prelude of the "In Memoriam." The Prelude is indeed the

conclusion of the great poem, and here we may find a blending of the two arguments. Tennyson declares that man thinks he is not born to die, and to this is joined his conviction as to the divine purpose:

> Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
> Thou madest life in man and brute;
> Thou madest death; and lo, thy foot
> Is on the skull which thou hast made.
>
> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
> Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him, thou art just.

That is, the intuitional would not exist without the objective reality, since God is too just to tantalize the soul with the vision of immortality and then end all in the gloom of an eternal tomb. A brief poem, written after the now familiar "Crossing of the Bar," gives the same message:

> Spirit, nearing yon portal at the limit of thy human state,
> Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,
> Nor the myriad world, his shadow,
> Nor the silent "Opener of the Gate."

It now remains for us to consider Tennyson's confidence in the progress of mankind. He is an evolutionist, and is optimistic, as all good evolutionists are. He believes that the good will eventually triumph, though it is a long journey from the ape to the angel. In confidence of the final outcome he writes:

> O, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroy'd,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete.

IV. We are indebted to this leader not only for these great messages, but also for the art of right attitude toward present problems. Tennyson inspires a ready welcome for new truth as well as a deeper confidence in the tested treasures of the past. He has shown that truth is ageless, that the eternal

verities are as fresh as the new-found fact, and the new fact should have the same reverence as hoary age. His conservatism is the conservatism of true progress. He would teach us to repose in the essentials of the faith of our fathers, and at the same time give welcome to every discovery their sons may make, lifting our faces to the future and adopting his motto, "Follow the gleam." The poem carrying that theme is the poet's spiritual biography, and the gleam is the high ideal which inspired this personal and literary life.

When his hour came Tennyson feared not the "silent opener of the gate." He fought well his own "dim weird battle in the west," and, like Arthur, he passed in peace. Shortly before he died he said, "I want the blinds up. I want to see the sky and the light." "The sky and the light," he repeated. Then he thought he was walking with Gladstone in the garden, showing him his trees. Later Dr. Dabbs told him of one of the villagers, ninety years old, who, dying, had so pined to see his old bedridden wife, as old and helpless as himself, that they carried her to where he was lying. He pressed his shrunken hand on hers, and in husky voice said, "Come soon." Tennyson murmured, "True faith." Only a little while before he himself had shouted, "Hallam." The full moon filled the great landscape and the poet's room with tender light. As the end drew near the silence was broken by the voice of the poet's son chanting the lines of his father's prayer for the Iron Duke:

> God accept him,
> Christ receive him;

and as the words were spoken the spirit of Alfred Tennyson passed beyond "the sunset and evening star."

L. W. Barnes.

Art. VII.—THEOSOPHY AS A PHILOSOPHY.

In discussing theosophy we are dealing with a system notable for its claims to antiquity and universality. It represents itself to be the true interpretation of the old philosophies of India, Greece, Persia, China, Phœnicia, Peru, Mexico, and other lands, for the reason that its doctrines are the basal ones of these philosophies. It professes to explain the famous old-time mysteries—the Eleusinian of Greece, the Cabirian of Samothrace and Troy, the Dionysian of Thrace, those of Isis in Egypt, and the pre-Vedic of India. It claims to interpret the symbols of divine wisdom hidden for ages from the common people in the forms of the cross, the circle, the triangles, the square, the number seven, the wheel, water, and fire. A knowledge of it, in the estimate of its disciples, will unloose the knottiest problems of human life, will solve the mystery of evil, and will give the clear insight that reads the creative reasons of the varied forms of life. As to its origin, Madame Blavatsky says: "Whither can we turn to trace the doctrines of theosophy to their very root better than to the old Hindu wisdom? We say it again: Archaic occultism would remain incomprehensible if it were rendered otherwise than through the familiar channels of Buddhism and Brahmanism, for the former is the emanation of the latter, and both are the children of one mother, the Lemuro-Atlantean wisdom."

Theosophy is a very flexile pantheistic system. The name is said to have been coined by Ammonius Sanas, the distinguished Neoplatonist of the third century, and means "divine wisdom." Its advocates speak of it as the philosophy and the religion of the seers and saints who lived before, in, and after the morning of our human world, and of its doctrines as the only sure basis of scientific, metaphysical, ethical, and spiritual truth, and as including the grandest mathematical certainties in the chronology of the universe. They aver, also, that its teachings are one with mathematical astronomy in the changes of the planets, the sun, and the polar star; one with the mathematics and astronomy said to be found in the famous pyramid of Gizeh; one with the commentaries of Confucius and

Lao-Tze; one with the doctrines of the Persian Zend-Avesta; one with the moral teachings of Buddha and the philosophical views of Kapila; one with the learning and spirit that induced the magi to travel westward in search of Him born King of the Jews; one with the Neoplatonism of the early Church which sought to spiritualize Greek and oriental mystics; one with the mysticism of Swedenborg and Boehme; and one with the speculative dreaming of Emerson when he slipped from the bonds of formal logic, which part of mental science is said to be as much below theosophic spiritual insight as sensation is below logic. And, in fact, in one of its fundamental features theosophy very forcibly reminds us of a peculiar but unacceptable theory of the relation of the Deity to the physical forces, which finds local acceptance in our modern philosophy, and has a strong pantheistic trend, and which speaks thus: The atoms of chemistry are active elemental forms in nature of the basal activity called God; the physical elements are only forms of the present activity of the Infinite; matter in its modes of motion is simply a manifestation of the immanent God.

In strong contrast with Western philosophy is the system of cosmic chronology held by theosophy. Compared with the mathematical astronomy of this occult wisdom, Sir Isaac Newton was a schoolboy mathematician. The great periodic movements in stellar, solar, and terrestrial history are measured, and can be stated, in exact periods of years. The great geologic cataclysms are mathematically periodic, and hence predictable like the changes of the moon and eclipses. We are told by one of their mahatma teachers, speaking of the sudden continental elevations and subsidences of the miocene times, that "everything comes in its appointed time and place in the evolution of the rounds; otherwise it would be impossible for the best seer to calculate the exact hour and year when such cataclysms, great and small, take place." The beginning of our solar system, that is, the first creative tremor in the form of an out-breathing impulse, began just 1,955,884,479 years ago. Man in his lower form, when the human monad received the soul impulse, began 1,664,500,999 years ago; since the time when, by a sudden rush or gush of the spirit force, man passed from his hermaphrodite or bisexual condition to his present

monosexual one, 18,618,739 years have passed; and our solar system will end 2,364,115,121 years hence. These dates refer to 1899 A. D., and are for our small solar system. But the great eon of the stellar universe, the hundred years of Brahma's age from his birth to death, a mahakalpa, is 311,040,000,000,000 years. So, too, it is said that Atlantis, spoken of as the last great island of the Atlantean race, and as the evolutioned predecessor of our Aryan peoples, was suddenly submerged in the Atlantic just 11,461 years ago. And Australia is the remnant of a great continent whose animal and human inhabitants belonged to the post-Lemurian race and were drowned about 700,000 years ago. The number seven is also notable in theosophy. It names seven planetary chains in our solar system, each chain having seven globes or planets; there are seven orders of beings, each making seven rounds on each globe in each of the seven great rounds which fill out a Manvantara, or special form of existence; in each minor round on a globe a race passes through seven sub-races, each sub-race being divided into seven branches or families. Of these our present race is on its fourth great round, and is in its fifth race—of which the old Aryans were the first sub-race, and we, the white Western Aryans, are the seventh and last sub-race, while the Teutonic peoples form one of the seven branches of this sub-race. The present stir of the Anglo-Saxons is the customary periodic prelude to the passing, by some great geologic catastrophe, into the next sub-race. Also the human monad passes, in the course of its evolution, through the seven great kingdoms of nature—which one may term the atomic, and also the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, the human, the soul, the spirit. In each of these kingdoms the human monad passes through seven evolutional changes on each planet, or ninety-eight in one round. Man is composed of seven elements or principles—the physical body, the astral, or seat of sensations, the vital, the animal, the human or intellectual, the Buddhistic or rational, and the spiritual. So, also, every plant, mineral, animal, has, active or embryonic, the seven principles. Thus the unbroken thread of existence, woven by the impulses of the infinite One, continues in its seven-knotted series onward through trillions of years.

The question here arises, Who were the founders or ancient authoritative exponents of theosophy? Mrs. Besant has described them as being:

> Teachers, masters, adepts, mahatmas or great souls, who form a brotherhood consisting of men and women of various nations who, by patient study and purity of life, have acquired exceptional but wholly natural powers and knowledge; they are great in their powers, great in their wisdom, great in their self-sacrifice. They are the custodians of a body of doctrines handed down from generation to generation, increased by the work of each. Into this vast collection of cosmological and historical facts no new statement is allowed entrance until verified by repeated investigations. This forms the secret doctrine, the wisdom-religion, and of this, from time to time, portions have been given out and made the basis of the great philosophies and of the great religions of the world.

It is affirmed that to these teachers the secrets of nature were laid open; that they could go out of their bodies, pass up and down through the earth, and see all things, and read the hidden records in the geologic strata relating to the six days of creation, with the histories of progressive forms of life, of planetary changes in Mars, Mercury, and the moon; that they have attained to a spiritual culture which transcends the reason as much as the reason transcends sensation; that by this spirit the memories of the manifold phases of evolution in their past lives are recalled, and that they can, hence, interpret the onward movements of nature through the mineral, plant, animal, man, soul, spirit. Of such were Noah, Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Confucius, Plato, and others. Abraham is spoken of as a notable astronomer and mathematician to whose teachings the outlines of the six days of creation in Genesis are partly due, as well as the figure-symbols in the signs of the zodiac, just as Solon and Lycurgus, having learned the secret wisdom in Egypt, laid the legislative and scholastic foundations of Greece.

Having noticed the nature and claims of theosophy, we now consider it as a philosophy. Matter may be called, theosophically, the shadows of spirit, or spirit-action taking forms. It is defined rather by figures of speech than by scientific terms. A piece of work is only a group of forces, a set of arrested tremors, held in peculiar, mutual equilibrium; a regular crystal takes its shape from the immanent mathematical

powers of spirit; a plant performs its functions by a life-principle, which is another term for a self-differentiation of spirit in a special plane of action. All these forces are forms of the varied differentiations of the One, self-differentiated for the purposes of manifestation until they shall be self-integrated at the close of the day of Brahma, some trillions of years hence. The basis of theosophy is thus not an intelligence, using purpose and plan, but a blind impulse from within which is called "Father;" space thus impulsed or "vibrated" is "Mother." Says Mrs. Besant:

> The universe comes into manifestation by the outgoing of the Great Breath of the One—the first, substance beyond our imagining; the second, spirit-matter, dual; the third, being as conditioned. From these three, in endless gradations, in endless combinations of gross and subtle, in endless varieties of consciousness, all things come forth; hence every part of the universe, from loftiest spiritual entity to tiniest molecule in grain of sand, has life, has consciousness, has form: No spirit without form, no form without spirit—such is the law in all manifested worlds.

In opposition to this, Western philosophy speaks of the passage from ontology to cosmology as a creative outgo of intelligence and free will, and the sober mind in a sound mood will very decidedly reject the theosophic doctrine of evolution, and will rest only in a rational conclusion based on a premise of the foregoing kind. We have a world of the manifested and the conditioned, including man with intellect, free will, moral powers, and rational intuition; and we accept the world thus conditioned as a fact resting for its existence on an intelligent power, a personal will. Serious, philosophical sentiment has never rested, and never will rest, in any explanation of the system of things until it has reached a free and intelligent personality as the primal cause; and therefore theosophy must be set aside as at variance with true philosophy.

There is also in theosophy a contradiction that impairs it seriously, and this is found in the doctrine of free will. Theosophy is at base a thoroughly fatalistic pantheism, but it is also emphatic in its doctrine of the human free will. It concedes to man the power of choice in regard to his destiny. He can make a wise or unwise use of his natural powers; he

has the power of a contrary choice; he can accept or reject a motive, and therefore is a responsible being. Their doctrine of karma is mainly a question of free will. "The free will power is limited, it is true, by natural law, but it can provide that the seed sown shall be such as will yield a bountiful harvest. We must work out our own salvation. You may build or destroy." * Now this universe is, theosophically, the eternal existence, unfolding itself, "breathing out a universe which is subtilest spirit at the core, physical manifestation at its outermost manifestation. It is the One robed in garments becoming denser, and having reached the point of densest materiality, it [the present human race] begins a slow return, evolving the spiritual forces which had been involved during the densifying process." † Matter in lightest and densest forms; consciousness in sensation; thought in judgments; the reason in dealing with axioms; pure spirit in its high form of instinctive intuition—we are here speaking theosophically—all these are only self-differentiations of the primal One. Such a system has no logical place for the ethical distinctions of right and wrong, no logical ground for the virtues and vices as opposites with regard to human choice, no place for the free will as above described, and as setting itself in active opposition to the supreme; for thereby the unity is broken into a hostile dualism. With this conflicting dualism of free will and fate, theosophy, as a philosophy, is badly shaken.

Again, the theory of heredity takes a very peculiar form in theosophy and is closely connected with the doctrine of reincarnation. This is the theory of the successive births of a soul on the earth or some other globe, after its previous deaths. The soul, after some thousands of years in Devachan, wakes from its long sleep and seeks a body adapted to its condition; and in this search it is attracted to the appropriate body by a natural affinity. If on the earth there is a plague-spot where thieves, harlots, drunkards, ruffians, and others whose lives are a yielding to the baser, brutal impulses, are gathered, and where the sanitary conditions are those of a slum, then the soul which had gone out from the like of this will be drawn irresistibly to the place where there is an opposite bad body

* H. S. Ward. † Mrs. Besant.

in the womb of a bad mother. And if there is a place of the opposite kind, the good soul is irresistibly attracted to some good body in the womb of a good mother. No good soul can pass into a bad body, nor a bad soul into a good body. The inexorable laws of karma forbid it. And all about us are souls thus drawn toward the appropriate bodies. So also "the blind or crippled child, as regards his physical frame, may have been the potentiality, rather than the product, of local circumstances. But there would have been no crippled or blind child born unless there had been a spiritual monad pressing forward for incarnation and precisely adapted by its karma, or soul condition, to inhabit that body blind or crippled potentially." * We shall not discuss this peculiar theosophic feature of the doctrine of heredity, but will relegate it to the domain of romance.

The ethical element of theosophy is essentially the same as the Christian. Its fundamental doctrine is styled "human brotherhood," which is stated to mean that everyone born of woman is entitled to equal rights and privileges without distinctions of race, creed, caste, or color. It teaches that in the search for truth, in educational systems, in ecclesiastical matters, in political privileges, all are equal; that in a theosophical association the slave from a rice field and the son of a king are to be received on the same footing; that a life devoted to the service of man is the truest service to God. In theory it is biblical, but in kindness to the poor, sick, homeless, and aged, and in other modes of relief for the ills of human life, it is so far below the Christian that it seems a very different system. Yet its theory is of a much wider application than the Christian, for it includes plants and the lowest of the animals. Mrs. Besant writes thus:

> Man should cooperate with his divine teachers in evolving especially the vegetable and animal kingdoms. One would imagine that people who talk as much as we do about brotherhood, and love, and kindness, and compassion would be pained at the way our younger brothers flee from us. At our approach butterflies and birds fly away, rabbits scuttle off to their burrows. Looking over the vegetable kingdom, we see classes, the members of which live for a few months, but the longest lived develop a kind of dawning personality.

* Sennett's *Esoteric Buddhism.*

Many people are agents of destruction wherever they go; they pull flowers they do not want, and throw them away again; they switch off the heads of others. They thus inflict discomfort and pain on these lower forms of consciousness. Why should trees be broken and flowers pulled and flung aside to gasp out their lives on the dusty highway? Children should be taught their duty to plants, so that they would range field and woods with senses alert to all the silent appeals for help.

But we consign this part of ethical theosophy to the realm of pleasant romance and leave it there.

To the scientific aspects and claims of theosophy we shall only briefly refer. It does not deal closely, nor in detail, with the physical sciences nor with the psychological, although Mr. Sinnett identifies the human will with the animal desires. Nevertheless, the wild dream-spirit, the boastful assumption based on ignorance, seems at times to dominate. Mrs. Besant says:

We find in India the beginnings of astronomy, geometry, medicine, with psychology, carried to a point unapproached in modern times. In China, Egypt, Chaldea, Greece, science flourished, and in all these lands applied science left triumphs of engineering skill at which our *punier* modern world still looks with amaze. For in science, as in religion and in philosophy, esoteric philosophy is the complete body of truth.

In truth, when we read the "science" of theosophy a feeling comes over us as of one wandering in the dim twilight, or we feel like smiling as broadly as theosophists do when they refer to Darwinian evolutionists seeking for the missing links between man and ape. In history, also, our most advanced scholars are like school children compared with the mahatmas, one of whom assures us that the present "rush" of the Japanese into the life modes of advanced Western civilization is only a "caricature," and will soon pass away, for the Japanese, like the Chinese, are only degenerate remnants of the old Atlantean, or fourth, race of men. And that mahatma knows, for he has read under the ocean depths the records of the past races of men and animals; he can prophesy with definite mathematical statements the progressive changes of man for the millions of years to come. When Mr. Sinnett stated that of the seven planets of our chain Mercury and Mars are visible, while the two in advance of Mercury and the two

beyond Mars are invisible, Madame Blavatsky learned from a mahatma that this Earth was the only planet visible to us; the other six he could see, but we cannot, for our senses are always functionally adapted to the globe in which we happen to be. Or, again, we had supposed our terms "lunatic" and "lunacy" had reference to a superstitious belief in the active influence of the moon, and that the phrase "man in the moon" was a sort of jocose slang; but we get a hint of their true import when Mrs. Besant says, "Though it is true that animals will not pass into the human stage in the present cycle, yet they may be helped up to the point which we had reached when we left the moon."

Our conclusion regarding theosophy as a philosophy and a science is the following: While we admire its philosophic spirit, enjoy its speculations, heed some of its fertile suggestions, most heartily wish we could understand and work such a superb system of mathematics as its teachers profess to know, yet as a philosophy it is in part a failure, in part a dream, in part a romance, and in part a vagary.

S. D. Hillman

Art. VIII.—A RUSKIN MOSAIC.

John Ruskin's death at Brantwood, last January, seems almost like the closing in of the century. It is more than fifty years since he wrote his *Modern Painters*, which, according to his own description, "declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with or subjection to that." Here is the kernel of his teaching as an art critic. Himself a preacher who had missed the pulpit, he sought to "attach to the artist the responsibility of the preacher." He dwelt with emphasis on the contrast between his two friends Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti:

> To Rossetti the Old and New Testaments were only the greatest poems he knew; and he painted scenes from them with no more actual belief in their relation to the present life and business of men than he gave also to the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Vita Nuova." But to Holman Hunt the story of the New Testament, when once his mind entirely fastened on it, became what it was to an old Puritan, or an old Catholic of true blood—not merely a reality, not merely the greatest of realities, but the only reality. So that there is nothing in the earth for him any more that does not speak of that; there is no course of thought nor force of skill for him but it springs from and ends in that.

He looked on Hunt's "Light of the World" as the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world had produced. In an earlier number of this *Review** we saw how Ruskin reached religious anchorage after many a storm. He was able in 1877 for the first time in Oxford to speak boldly of immortal life.

We may venture, under the shadow of his loss, to turn some pages of the library bequeathed us by the great literary artist, in order to learn what he gained from those Bible readings with his mother at Herne Hill which have become historic. He says in *Praeterita*: "To that discipline—patient, accurate, and resolute—I owe not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains and the best part of my taste in literature."

* January-February, 1895.

The one hundred and nineteenth psalm, which his mother made him commit to memory, he described as "now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God." Ruskin would have been ready to take the position held by John Bright, who once told Mr. Gladstone that he would be content to stake upon the Book of Psalms, as it stands, the great question whether there is or is not a divine revelation. Ruskin felt that the first half of the Psalter contained "the sum of personal and social wisdom. The first, eighth, twelfth, fourteenth, fifteenth, nineteenth, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth psalms, well learned and believed, are enough for all personal guidance; the forty-eighth, seventy-second, and seventy-fifth have in them the law and the prophecy of all righteous government; and every real triumph of natural science is anticipated in the one hundred and fourth." He sums up under seven heads the gist of Bible teaching. It contains the stories of the Fall and the Flood, founded on a true horror of sin; the story of the patriarchs, "of which the effective truth is visible to this day in the polity of the Jewish and Arab races;" the story of Moses; of the kings; of the prophets—"virtually that of the deepest mystery, tragedy, and permanent fate, of national existence;" the story of Christ; the moral law of St. John, and his closing Apocalypse of its fulfillment. Then he asks, "Think if you can match that table of contents in any other—I do not say book, but literature. Think . . . what literature could have taken its place, or fulfilled its function, though every library in the world had remained, unravaged, and every teacher's truest words had been written down."

But loyalty to the Bible is not the only test of Ruskin's hold on the great realities. His noble note on St. Paul's benediction (2 Cor. xiii, 14) shows how he felt the power of that word "grace" which Dr. Dale said he longed to see restored to the Christian pulpit. "By simply obeying the orders of the Founder of your religion," Ruskin reminds us, "all grace, graciousness, or beauty and favor of gentle life will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest. The grace of Christ exists, and can be had if you will." The lovely letter written to some young girls who wished to know the rules of

St. George's Society is full of simple loyalty to Christ. "St. George's first order for you, supposing you were put under his charge, would be that you should always, in whatever you do, endeavor to please Christ—and he is quite easily pleased if you try." How beautifully Ruskin joins that zeal for pleasing Christ with joyful and hearty obedience to parents and superiors. The girls are given the following cautions:

> Keep absolute calm of temper, under all chances; receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is likely to provoke you, thank him for it the more; as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And, remember, it does not in the least matter what happens to you—whether a clumsy school-fellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The one thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind, at this time of your youth, is crystallizing like sugar-candy; and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently.

All the world knows Ruskin's belief in thoroughness. His mother, with her Spartan discipline, swept away the gorgeous Punch and Judy show brought by his pitying Croydon aunt. She taught him the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind. He never ceased to preach that doctrine. "In order to do anything thoroughly well, the whole mind and the whole available time must be given to that single art." He tells us in *Praeterita* how he once watched some men engaged in bricklaying and paving: "When I took the trowel into my own hand I abandoned at once all hope of attaining the least real skill with it, unless I gave up all thoughts of any future literary or political career." It was his great *dictum* that "no truly great man can be named in the arts but it is that of one who finishes to the uttermost." The vine leaves of Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," in the National Gallery at London, pointed the moral, and he was careful to show that in Turner's painting of "Ivy Bridge" the veins are seen on the wings of a butterfly not above three inches in diameter, while in one of the smaller drawings of Scarborough, in Ruskin's own possession, the mussels on the beach were rounded, and some even shown as shut and some as open, though none were as large as the type of this article.

The duty of self-renunciation and of absolute devotion to the Master in heaven breathe in Ruskin's letter to the young girls. Every morning, just after their prayers, they are to say to themselves, "Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be my disciple." "That is exactly and completely true; meaning, that you are to give all you have to Christ, to take care of for you. Then, if he doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if he takes anything from you, you know you are better without it." How much easier the grace of resignation would be if we could learn that lesson. What Christ intrusts them with they are to make as useful as possible. "Looking on yourself, indeed, practically, as a little housemaid set to keep Christ's books and room in order, and not as yourself the mistress of anything."

But the finest passage in this letter deals with the absolute surrender of the life to Christ. It is a searching comment on "No man can serve two masters." He says:

> Most people think if they keep all the best rooms in their hearts swept and garnished for Christ, with plenty of flowers and good books in them, that they may keep a little chamber in their heart's wall for Belial, on his occasional visits, or a three-legged stool for him in the heart's counting-house, or a corner for him in the heart's scullery, where he may lick the dishes. It won't do, my dears. You must cleanse the house of him, as you would of the plague, to the last spot. You must be resolved that, as all you have shall be God's, so all you are shall be God's; and you are to make it so, simply and quietly, by thinking always of yourself merely as sent to do his work, and considering at every leisure time what you are to do next.

Prayer was a real thing for Ruskin. His publisher, Mr. George Allen, was originally a joiner who attended the Working Men's College, where Ruskin taught and lectured. "He chose me," says his old friend, "or, rather, chose my mother's maid, Hannah; for love of whom he came to the college. I hope he still looks back to his having been an entirely honest and perfect working joiner as the foundation of his prosperity in life." For forty-three years Mr. Allen worked at Ruskin's side. This is his testimony: "He was a great man in the highest sense; a grand man in heart, as well as in intellect. He never did a mean action, and his goodness to others was measureless." They spent the Easter Day of 1863 together in

the Savoy. Ruskin saw a peasant kneeling in prayer at the roadside, and went to kneel beside him because he thought it might console and strengthen the Savoyard. He told Mr. Allen, "When I reach the Alps I always pray." He would find a quiet corner among the glorious scenery and pour out his heart in praise and adoration. In *Fors Clavigera* he said:

> The day will be ill spent in which you have not been able, at least once, to say the Lord's Prayer with understanding; and if, after it, you accustom yourself to say with the same intentness that familiar one in your Church service, "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open," etc., you will not fear during the rest of the day to answer any questions which it may conduce to your neighbor's good should be put to you.

As to the relation between God and the praying soul Ruskin has this fine passage:

> The whole confidence and glory of prayer is in its appeal to a Father who knows our necessities before we ask, who knows our thoughts before they rise in our hearts, and whose decrees, as unalterable in the eternal future as in the eternal past, yet in the close verity of visible fact bend like reeds before the foreordained and faithful prayers of his children.

Ruskin had no sympathy with that disdain of lowly life which some have cherished. For him nothing was common or unclean. He claimed that a great intellect took in Straw Street in Paris and the seventh heavens in the same instant. So he writes:

> The higher a man stands, the more the word "vulgar" becomes unintelligible to him. Vulgar? What, that poor farmer's girl of William Hunt's, bred in a stable, putting on her Sunday gown, and pinning her best cap out of the green and red pincushion? Not so. She may be straight on the road to those high heavens, and may shine hereafter as one of the stars in the firmament forever.

No man lays more emphasis on conduct than Ruskin. He has a fine picture, in his description of St. Mark's at Venice, of the way in which generations that were ignorant of letters scanned the sculpture of a mediæval church. "The old architect was sure of readers. He knew that everyone would be glad to decipher all that he wrote; that they would rejoice in possessing the vaulted leaves of his stone manuscript; and that the more he gave them, the more grateful would the people be." With that hint we followed him to Amiens

Cathedral, where Christ stands in the center of the great façade. Ruskin calls it the Sermon on the Amiens Mount. Here the worshiper who enters may learn what the Lord's life is, what his commands are, what his judgment will be. Christ does not bear his cross. "The pure, joyful, beautiful lesson of Christianity" is that he once died, but lives to die no more. The mourning prophets, the persecuted apostles, the martyred disciples, do bear their cross, but Christ wears his crown. He "holds the book of the eternal law in his left hand; with his right he blesses—but blesses on condition. "This do, and thou shalt live. Nay, in stricter and more piercing sense, this be, and thou shalt live. To show mercy is nothing, thy soul must be full of mercy; to be pure in act is nothing, thou shalt be pure in heart also." That is a searching passage. Ruskin believed that the cure for doubters was action. He advised them "to take the Sermon on the Mount and act out every verse for a year, that being little enough for a trial of religion." If any man wills to do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine. Upon this point Ruskin says:

> Any man—not the man who has most means of knowing, who has the subtlest brains, or sits under the most orthodox preacher, or has his library fullest of most orthodox books—but the man who strives to know, who takes God at his word and sets himself to dig up the heavenly mystery, roots and all, before sunset and the night come, when no man can work. Before such a man God stands in more and more visible presence as he toils, and teaches him that which no preacher can teach, no earthly authority gainsay. By such a man the preacher must himself be judged.

Ruskin's philosophy of living is summed up in a passage from *Modern Painters.* Men's proper business in the world is: "First, to know themselves and the existing state of the things they have to do with; secondly, to be happy in themselves and in the existing state of things; thirdly, to mend themselves and the existing state of things, as far as they are either marred or mendable." The same maxims are put more briefly in *The Stones of Venice:* "It is required from buildings, as from men, that they do their practical duty well and be graceful and pleasing in doing it, which last is another form of duty." He did not believe that God made his children to be miserable.

It may be proved, with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in the world without working; but it seems to me not less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written, "In the sweat of thy brow"—but it was never written, "In the breaking of thine heart"—"thou shalt eat bread." And I find that as, on the one hand, infinite misery is caused by idle people who both fail in doing what was appointed for them to do and set in motion various springs of mischief in matters in which they should have had no concern, so, on the other hand, no small misery is caused by overworked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves and force upon others of work itself. Were it not so, I believe the fact of their being unhappy is in itself a violation of divine law, and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now, in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or, rather, knowledge, that so much work has been done well and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it.

There is a fine sagacity in these words. The foundations of life are laid in happy work. It is a law that Ruskin delighted to apply to all ranks and conditions; to the common workman; to the mother with her family; to children as well as parents; to peasants, princes, saints, and artists. For all he had a word of inspiration.

Such work Ruskin knew was only possible when men lived in the sight of God. His *Stones of Venice* was written with the express purpose of showing that "the moral history of a people is written indelibly on the material works of their hands, and that with the decline of faith came the death of popular art." He has taught us that lesson from the capitals on the ducal palace in Venice. One of them was decorated with figures of the eight virtues. Faith lays her hand upon her breast as she beholds the cross; hope is praying, whilst above her a hand is seen emerging from sunbeams—the hand of God according to that word of the Revelation, "The Lord God giveth them light." Above it is the inscription, "*Spes optima in Deo.*" This work was imitated by the next century workmen. Hope was still praying, but to the sun only; the hand of God was gone. They forgot to see God's hand in the light he gave.

Few men knew the strain of doubt and disappointment more keenly than Ruskin, but his faith came out of the crucible purified. He said:

> There will come a time when the service of God shall be the beholding of him, and, though in these stormy seas, where we are now driven up and down, his spirit is dimly seen on the face of the waters, and we are left to cast anchors out of the stern, and wish for the day. That day will come when, with the evangelists on the crystal and stable sea, all the creatures of God shall be full of eyes within and there shall be "no more curse," but "his servants shall serve him," and "shall see his face."

In the light of that hope Ruskin saw the demand for absolute loyalty to duty and to conscience.

> You cannot serve two masters; you must serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the devil, and not only the devil, but the lowest of devils—"the least erected fiend that fell." So there you have it in brief terms; work first—you are God's servants; fee first—you are the fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve him who has on his vesture and thigh written "King of kings," and whose service is perfect freedom, or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written "slave of slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.

Such is this Ruskin mosaic with its glorious Bible truths, its scorn of sloth, its zeal for purity and truth and honor. What high thoughts this seer has put into the minds and hearts of youth all over the world. Ruskin is a noble part of our great century, and gifts like his are not lost by death. His own faith in the resurrection is ours also. "For all human loss and pain there is no comfort, no interpretation worth a thought, except only in the doctrine of the resurrection; of which doctrine, remember, it is an immutable historical fact that all the beautiful work and all the happy existence of mankind, hitherto, has depended on or consisted in the hope of it."

John Telford

Art. IX.—XENOPHANES.

To the responsive, sympathetic mind of the thinker the universe is both question and answer, problem and solution. Both form of question and spirit of answer are determined by the quality of the thinker's mind; the terms of the problem and the statement of the solution are in characteristic expression of the thinker's own thought. This is the key to philosophy and to the biographies of philosophers.

Xenophanes, born in Colophon, on the shore of Asia Lesser and the bank of the cold-flowing Ales, near the city of Ephesus, was banished in the early years of his manhood to the far west, and dwelt in Sicily, Elea, Lucanian Italy, and there continued his question-asking and his rhapsodizing, stating his problems and his solutions of them. In his native Ionia, with its galaxy of free cities—Ephesus, Smyrna, Clazomenæ, Erythræ, Colophon, and Miletus—other thinkers had dwelt—Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Heraclitus, and Anaxagoras; but, though the same sky-dome heaved its hemisphere above them by day and by night, and the same Ægean ebbed and flowed blue-green at their feet, and the same men lived around them, other answers were given to the world's questions and, perhaps for sake of peace, Xenophanes was banished. He could not accept their teachings; their solutions of problems were not his. He went into exile—a young man of twenty-five—and, in his journeying, chanting, as he went, his hymnic philosophy, he came at length to Elea, to his fellow-Greeks there. Thus arose two schools of thought, two philosophies—Ionic and Eleatic. Yet were they neither Ionic nor Eleatic; for, though the aspect of nature tells on mind, place, not mind, determines philosophy.

Xenophanes, "melancholy and austere," probing mysteries in Ionia, as in Elea, saw beneath the omnipresent, universal mysteries the deeper meaning of the world's essential unity. Gazing at the heavens, staring at the stars, he said, "They are one, and the one is God!" Where others saw gods with human form and human fault he saw the formless, faultless God, yet not as the Hebrew prophet saw him—the God of

Sinai, tabernacle, temple, and the holy hill. He, however, though sloughing off an "anthropopathic, anthropomorphic polytheism," does not appear to have found the immanent God who is in the cosmos, but is not the cosmos, while the Hebrew, clinging to anthropopathism and anthropomorphism, passes through them to the Jehovah who creates the world and, therefore, is not the world. Xenophanes was a monotheist. Very definitely he says, "There is one God, greatest among gods and men, neither in shape nor in thought like unto mortals. . . . He is all sight, all mind, all ear. . . . Without an effort ruleth he all things by thought. . . . He abideth ever in the same place, motionless, and it befitteth him not to wander hither and thither." He had thought his way out of a self-contradictory polytheism, yet had not thoroughly cleared his mind of ambiguity in his conception of God, for even yet it is not quite clear that he was not both polytheist and pantheist, believing in a God supreme among the lesser gods and identified with nature.

He regarded existence—being—as the foundation of phenomena, yet maintained that the essence of God is "neither finite nor infinite, neither moved nor unmoved." It cannot, of course, be finite, for, if it be finite, it has boundaries, and beyond them is the other god. It cannot be infinite, for, he argued, only nonbeing, nonexistence, is infinite, as having neither beginning, middle, nor end. He grasped only part of the truth of man's origin and destiny, for—though he declared, "From earth all things are, and unto earth all things return"—he did not understand that there is in man a "spirit," and that "the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Unable to reconcile these contradictions that pressed upon him, he is now regarded by acute historians of philosophy as neither a philosopher nor a skeptic. He was an agnostic. "No man hath certainly known, nor shall certainly know. . . . All things are matters of opinion. . . . The gods did not reveal all things to mortals in the beginning." Freed from polytheism—if he had, indeed, become a monotheist—he had not attained positiveness of belief. He was still a "guesser at truth." He had lost hope of positive knowledge, or perhaps he had never hoped to know. He rejected the ancient

myth, was sure that that was not knowledge, and became a monist; but of monism he was not sure enough to propose it as a sufficient substitute for the superseded myth. In the domain of observation, however, it was possible for him to form a true conclusion, and anticipate a science; as, when finding shells and fossils of marine animals on the mountains and in the quarries of Lucania, he inferred that the mountains had risen out of the sea and that the strata had once been beds of oceans. Voltaire was not so wise as this, for he said, "The seashells on Spanish mountain tops were borne thither by superstitious Catholics, in their pilgrimings to the shrine of old Saint James."

Xenophanes—thus thinking at problems, if not always thinking them out—founded his "school"—not the "Xenophanic," but the so-called "Eleatic," his greatest pupil being Parmenides, who, when an old man, if the story of Plato is true, visited Athens, and conversed with the young Socrates, giving to him, perhaps in an apparently chance meeting, that definite bend to philosophy which determined his destiny and made Plato possible. From Plato to Xenophanes was only a hundred years, from Plato to Emerson two thousand years. Yet Emerson is the son of Xenophanes, through Plato's line. Across the centuries, and under alien skies, mind finds its fellow-mind, and the master and his disciple meet. Xenophanes, Parmenides, Socrates, Plato, and Emerson—each "melancholy and austere," though not with repellent melancholy and austerity; each uttering with whatever variation of sense the formula, "one God," yet missing him in definitions whose terms negative each other; each recites the formula, "one God," as Moses, Isaiah, Jesus, John, utters it, yet misses the shrines of the one God; ever asking questions and drawing subtle lines between "knowledge" and "opinion" and disavowing certitude. Sincere? Yes, one and all, sincere. Xenophanes was "thoroughly in earnest," as one writer of his life-story says, yet wandered from "tryst to tryst," "mocked and eluded." Following truth, he was never at rest in truth, because he sought to discover the boundaries of the infinite; unconsciously he wished to elevate himself to the place of that other God whose existence he had declared im-

possible. He sought to find the light of light, the flame of fire, the soul of the Spirit, the core of heart, the innermost of essence, the definition of the last word, the analysis of the ultimate, the quality of the simple element, the animus of the Life that was and is and is to be.

There are limits to knowledge. This was one of the dicta of Xenophanes. No one more surely realized it; yet was he disloyal to his own dictum. The electrician knows that in the dynamo or by the dynamo one form of "energy" is converted into another. He points to the place and says, "There the 'conversion occurs'; I do not know how." And, for a while at least, he must be content with his limitation of knowledge, content to do his duty to his dynamo; that done, he knows it will convert one form of generated energy into another which he calls "electricity." So the thinker may reach, at last, the limit of knowledge—to know that, beyond it, there is a Some One from whom, in whom, and to whom he lives. At this mystic point in personality there is the conversion of God to Man, of the Spirit eternal to the spirit immortal; but how that conversion occurs one may not know, even as there are yet secrets of physical birth.

After sixty-seven years in exile Xenophanes fell into his grave. His "school" lives on and has its pupils, though many who distinguish between "knowledge" and "opinion" do not know his name and do not imitate their master in that sincere loyalty to "knowledge," however limited, which made him an exile, chanting his protests in rhythmic rhapsody against mythology and imbruting athleticism, and so exposing himself to the bitterness of popular dislike.

Four hundred and ninety years after he died there was born in Bethlehem one who, uttering no definitions of the finite and infinite, probed no implacable mystery, was oppressed by no vast toils nor dark despair, but lived a life serene in its purity, implicit and unquestioning in its faith in the "Father," and did the common task, making it uncommon by perfection of love and unconscious ease of measureless power. It is this that glorifies the life of Jesus Christ; this health of heart; this sanity of the intellect; this freedom from the disease of mere philosophy or impertinent and incorrigible skepticism; this

acceptance of the inherent mystery of things as an essential factor in the education of the human spirit—a mystery not to be removed as if it were a curtain veiling the shekinah, but rather recognized as the manifestation of the other life, as, indeed, the physical organism with its mysteries manifests, yet veils, the spirit.

Xenophanes was the antetype of the nineteenth century. Breaking with superstition, catching vague glimpse of God, he yet was an agnostic. Uttering the sentence, "He who, without an effort, ruleth all things by thought," he also said, "No man hath certainly known, nor shall certainly know. . . . All things are matters of opinion."

While knowledge and high wisdom yet were young,
Through Sicily of old, from tryst to tryst,
Wandered with sad-set brow and eloquent tongue,
The melancholy, austere rhapsodist.

"All my life long," he sang, "by many ways
I follow truth, whose devious footmarks fall;
Now I am old, and still my spirit strays,
Mocked and eluded, lost amid the all."

That was mind's youth and ages long ago,
And still thine hunger, O Xenophanes,
Preys on the hearts of men, and, to and fro,
They probe the same implacable mysteries;
The same vast toils oppress them, and they bear
The same unquestionable hope, the same despair.

G. M. Hammell.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

THERE is a literary cult of pessimism carried on by agnostics and atheists, promulgating a grim and grisly, sour and sinister, dismal and dolorous, set of doctrines. Its literature is deadlier than the poison of asps. It even has a laureate whose name is Thomas Hardy, and who has set its creed to verse, with results as soothing as the filing of a saw or the ululation of a tethered hound. This cult of irreligion and despair provokes the just and proper irony of Zangwill, who suggests for it a creed and a programme:

> Its creed shall be godless and immoral, its thirty-nine articles shall exhaust the possibilities of unfaith, and its burden shall be *vanitas vanitatum*. Man shall be an automaton, and life an hereditary disease, and the world a hospital, and truth a dream, and beauty an optical illusion. These sad tidings of great sorrow shall be organized into a State Church, with bishops and paraphernalia, and shall be sucked in by the infant at its mother's breast. Men shall be tutored in unrighteousness, and innocence shall be under ecclesiastical ban. Faith and hope shall be of the seven deadly virtues, and unalloyed despair of man and nature shall be a dogma it were blasphemous to doubt. The good shall be persecuted, and the theists tortured, and who say that there is a balm in Gilead shall be thrust beyond the pale of decent society.

ONE of the most strenuous, energetic, and eventful General Conferences ever assembled in Methodist history closed its work in Chicago, a little after noon on May 29th, having dealt decisively with many subjects. Our Church moves forward now into the new quadrennium with eager, anxious, prayerful, hopeful spirit, to observe, as it pushes the Master's business on, the as yet largely conjectural effects of the new order. However keen, sagacious, careful, the prevision of individuals and councils, time and experience alone can test and prove the wisdom or unwisdom of measures, methods, orders, or changes of any kind. For adequate discussion of the General Conference's work at large the exigencies of this number do not offer space. Of two particular actions, however, which especially relate to the REVIEW, it is natural for these pages to contain a brief record.

One is the action by which the METHODIST REVIEW was made

a part of the required reading for our young ministers during their four-years' course of study; the other, the reelection of the present editor of the REVIEW for another quadrennium, in obedience to which order we proceed, under the scrutiny of the Church, and we trust with a sober sense of the magnitude of our task and the greatness of our responsibility, to investigate our capability for improvement in the sphere where Providence has placed us. And may the only wise God, our Saviour, prevent this editorial pen from error and unwisdom, and, if possible, make it potent for good to those whom it is appointed to serve.

THE Church earns contempt and invites ruin when it lies back on assumed infallibility, and declines to answer questions or discuss difficulties, merely repeating without variation, like a parrot, the phrases it learned a long time ago. It can command respect and save itself only by listening patiently to the questions, frankly acknowledging difficulties, seriously facing problems, and taking up higher and harder and wider tasks as progress brings them on. Only by fronting its foes and fighting, with suitable weapons and by modern methods, every fresh battle to which the long roll summons it can Christianity "carry off from the great debate of comparative religions the prize of the world's allegiance." Some recently published words of Professor H. S. Nash are true, wise, and weighty enough to claim the space we give them:

After the fourth century the dogma of ecclesiastical infallibility was in full possession of the Church's mind. And ever since the Reformation, in those branches of the Church that have disowned that arrogant dogma, the mental habits begotten and bred by the dogma still survive. No wonder! For men are born to exercise infallibility as sparks are to fly upward. . . . Every student who would fane see the truth with clear, unclouded gaze knows in his heart that his own tendency to infallibility is the deadly foe of the intellectual life. . . . Infallibility is the Church's curse. It carries with it an incapacity to see and interpret facts of a larger measure or of a different order from those already under this hand. In dealing with new and critical opportunities it is tantamount to conventionalism, which entails a certain intellectual snobbery, a make of mind that cannot open itself to new facts upon their own level; but, if it touches them at all, does so with mental condescension. Now, no fact, not even the humblest, will ever open its heart to him who condescends to it. . . . Every form of conventionalism has its attendant frivolity; and the infallible Church has sometimes carried frivolity, the lack of mental seriousness in the presence of grave problems, to a high pitch. The Church cannot escape the law that holds good of the individual reasoner who is unable to attain mental purity except in relation with great problems. Philosophy begins in

a deep sense of mental difficulties, accompanied by a joyous confidence in the truth that lies behind them. The Christian reason, taken away from the cleansing presence of difficulties, given a false air of finality, becomes frivolous and unclean. The Church's mind must be purged through problems, through the consciousness of those great new facts in the social and historical order of things which she has hitherto seen only from afar. Thus shall her mental habits come to correspond with the task which history is now challenging Christianity to meet. . . . Thus will she clear up her own mind and come to a deeper knowledge of her Lord and his ways. The individual reason is saved by problems; philosophy, the coherent intellectual life, is created by wonder. The Church's reason is to be purified and saved by problems. The profession and parade of infallibility has long dulled the Christian reason. Infallibility, seriously believed in and practiced, makes strenuous knowledge impossible, and puts austere and merciless self-examination out of the question. The Head of the Church is purifying his Church by sending mighty problems against her, problems that beat the drum at her very doors. Christianity must come forth, light-armed and eager, leaving behind as mere baggage much that the past held dear, and claiming no authority save that which inherently belongs to the power to create and inspire manhood.

BISHOP NEWMAN.

John Philip Newman was born in New York city, September 1, 1826, and died at Saratoga, July 5, 1899, aged seventy-three, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the death of Bishop Newman one of the most superbly ornamental figures that ever took its stately walk through Methodism disappeared from the high places of our denomination. Of him one might say, as Julia Ward Howe wrote of Chief Justice Chase—"a stately man, very fine looking, and rather imposing." The marble bust of him which stood in his Saratoga home is of almost Websterian dignity, though somewhat more courtly and less rugged, and suggesting rather Professor Agassiz, whom he resembled in stature, features, and shape of head. In attempting to speak of Bishop Newman's personality and career one is almost impelled to grandiloquence by sheer force of the instinct which makes the singer use tones to suit his theme and the painter choose royal colors to match an imperial subject.

With John P. Newman, as with multitudes of boys, real life began when he was about sixteen years old. At that critical, sensitive, and poising age—life's April or opening time—a stranger passing on the street flung at him the solemn awakening sentence, "God wants your heart." The stranger was Ezra Whithey, a Methodist layman. The unexpected arrow struck and quivered

in the center of the boy's soul. To the God who wanted his heart he soon surrendered it, joining the Church at once, and before long, under deep conviction of duty, setting out to prepare for the ministry. Lack of means prevented him from obtaining any adequate education, and with nothing beyond a short course in Cazenovia Seminary, he entered prematurely and poorly prepared on his ministerial career by joining the old Oneida Conference. But the future was to prove that in the raw, awkward, untrained, and untaught youth were most remarkable elements of eminence and influence. And very early there must have arisen in him some towering aspiration, some sense of his power, and some weighty realization of his great responsibility to stir up every gift that was in him and make the most of himself for God and for humanity; for as his ministry progressed he gave himself with increasing diligence and mental industry to the formation and maintenance of studious habits and to persevering self-discipline, so that he gradually reduced his uncouthness and licked his crudities into shape to an extent which in the course of years resulted in dignity and grace, a cultivated elegance of manner and delivery, an elaborate rhetoric, a highly trained memory, and an orderly arrangement of ideas.

He first became conspicuous in Albany, where his preaching was the sensation of the town, drawing governor and legislators as listeners and to some extent as friends. Still larger popularity attended his earlier pastorates in the city of New York, where he attracted constant crowds to his ministry. He made his next mark in New Orleans, whither, after the close of the war, he was sent to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church, and where he bore himself with tact, with courage, and with a superb personal dignity which not even the Southerners themselves could exceed. From New Orleans, when his work there was accomplished, he went to the then newly organized Metropolitan Church in Washington, and began there one of the most phenomenal careers, extending through three pastorates, and including the chaplaincy of the Senate, that the capital city has ever witnessed. The title of "court chaplain" has not, in our day, certainly, if, indeed, ever, been so completely and indisputably won by any other Washington pastor. He gained marvelous influence over numerous prominent and influential public men. President Grant, who attended his church, became his ardent and devoted friend for life, and the White House welcomed

him with love and admiration. His preaching, from first to last, drew and held many able and distinguished men—congressmen, cabinet ministers, supreme court judges, military and naval officers and other distinguished officials—many of whom he magnitized into firm and fast personal friends, whom he knew how to grapple to himself with hooks of steel.

His next extraordinary distinction was his appointment, at the end of his first Washington pastorate, by President Grant as government inspector of United States consulates, which commission took him on a journey round the world, clothed with national authority to examine, question, criticise, and report on the character, capacity, and conduct, personal and official, of all United States consuls, accompanied by his wife as his official secretary. This work he did with marked ability and scrupulous fidelity, with results which greatly improved the consular service in many places, and to the entire satisfaction of Congress and the administration.

His subsequent pastorates in Metropolitan Church, Washington, and in Central Church, New York city, continued without abatement his career of popular success. The least fortunate incident in his history was an experiment in acting as pastor of a Congregational church in this city, while retaining membership as a local preacher in our communion. Yet, in spite of this strange and awkward episode, the crowning distinction of all his life came to him here in the very same city in his election to the bishopric in 1888, by a General Conference of which he was not a member, his election being assisted, if not accomplished, by outside pressure exerted on the body from the host of influential friends and admirers, whom his long popularity had accumulated as an enthusiastic personal following.

As a bishop he was at his best, doubtless, on grand occasions, in stately public functions, and where his own supremacy filled the hour and the place. His large self-confidence and practiced self-control gave him a composure which could hold itself solid and unperturbed under the most trying circumstances and in the face of a storm of criticism that was like a rattling fire of Maxims and Krag-Jorgensens. He showed himself capable of learning by experience, and it is reported that in the latter part of his episcopal career, while yet his powers had not begun to fail, his presidency in the chair at his Conferences became often admirable for firm, calm, gentle, steady mastery, for a less lofty

and more acceptable and influential dignity, for confidence-inspiring wisdom of utterance and bearing, for approachability and patience, for all the qualities which win the approval and appreciation of Methodist Conferences, and invite affectionate respect. To a perceptible degree, advancing years mellowed and responsibility subdued or held in check some of his most pronounced peculiarities.

As in all his pastorates, so in his other places of service and residence, episcopal or other, he commanded an immediate, widespread, and lasting popularity. In Saratoga, which was for many years one of his homes, he preached and lectured season after season to packed audiences, which included the most distinguished visitors to that resort. At Round Lake, also, summer after summer he was the one central, eloquent, and regnant figure. In Omaha and San Francisco, as resident bishop, he made an unusual sensation by his sermons, lectures and addresses, and courtly impression in social circles, and was a model of grand suavity, urbanity, and paternal dignity in his official intercourse.

Bishop Newman's fame was of the superb and sumptuous sort. His conspicuous public career, made showy by its glittering associations, exceptional distinctions, and exaltations, and lit by the glamor of a dazzling popularity, had something of the nature of a spectacle, while its advancing success, from stage to stage, made it, in a worldly way, a sort of triumphal march. Of a florid and lavish temperment, and richly endowed with a decorative imagination, he was an artist in profuse panegyric, as is seen essentially in his various tributes to his bosom friend, the great general of the war for the Union, and yet far more amazingly in his phenomenal funeral eulogy of young Leland Stanford, Jr., which seemed like a king's palace built for a boy's playhouse.

While his lot was cast and his life moved on amid much splendor and pomp and adulation, and his affiliations leaned strongly to the prominent and the powerful, who chose him as their favorite friend, yet, under these lofty affinities he cherished mindful and generous sympathies with the poor and the plundered and the oppressed. He befriended the negro, and the freedmen owed him many a word of advocacy and many a helpful deed. His own early struggles and lack of preparation gave him a tender sympathy with young men preparing for the

ministry and he was a generous helper of many such, only requiring that the student have piety, poverty, pluck, and brains. As for his grand and famous friends, he himself has told us that he made his intercourse with them religious and pastoral, as became a Christian minister. How faithfully and frankly he dealt with them in private about their souls, when once he had gained access to their hearts, not a few of our annual Conferences have heard with fullness of detail from his own lips; and the story of his spiritual fidelity is confirmed by his friends and parishioners. From the beginning of his acquaintance with General Grant he virtually became his private chaplain for life, a shepherd, and a bishop to his soul, preaching to him for years, baptizing him in his last long, painful illness, and helping him to suffer and to die in submission, in faith, and in hope.

Bishop Newman was a perfectionist. The race he ran was for no common goal. He was ambitious to excel. And the noblest value of his life, now that it is ended, is as a stimulating and inspiring example to all, especially to disadvantaged beginners, by reason of his high aspirations, his resolute, patient, and plodding perseverance, his manly determination to do his best and make the most of his powers, his intense concentration of effort, his willingness to live laborious days, extended often far into the night, that he might prove himself a workman needing not to be ashamed. To his success in striving toward perfection, testimony is not wanting. Referring to his presence as a delegate in the first Ecumenical Methodist Conference, which met in London in 1881, *The Christian Advocate* says editorially:

> To that body he read The Invited Essay on "Scriptural Holiness." This composition still marks the highest plane attained by him as a writer, and was heard with delight both with respect to its style and delivery. The bearing which to strangers, at least, seemed like ostentation disappeared, and, imbued with the theme, impressed by the grandeur of the occasion, and thrilled by the knowledge that where he stood Wesley had preached Christian perfection, his noble appearance and voice, modulated by an influence higher and deeper than art, made a presentation not to be forgotten. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, a rhetorician and orator of the school of Edward Everett, said as he closed, "That was a perfect piece of work."

His sermon before the second Ecumenical Conference, held in Washington in 1891, is also spoken of as a marvel of accumulation and memorizing as well as of studied and sustained delivery. The Christian perfection in love and in purity of

heart, which, at the beginning of his ministry, he had vowed to seek, he professed to have found while on his journey round the world as inspector of consulates. For his work in the pulpit or on the platform he prepared with diligent care, giving minute and artistic attention to the details of rhetoric, articulation, pronunciation, and gesture, achieving thus a fascinating, magniloquent, and semi-olympian eloquence. He had a life-long and eager ambition for knowledge, and considerable power of acquiring it, and specially cultivated some favorite lines of study, though the lack of early education and scholarly training affected somewhat the accuracy, discrimination, profundity, and fullness of his learning. His nearest and most constant intellectual stimulant and help was his wife, a woman of keen intelligence, education, and ambition. He was the author of a number of books, the best of which is one on Palestine, published after his travels in that land in 1860. A company of five ministers, traveling through the Holy Land in 1873, had among them three books, Thomson's *The Land and the Book*, Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, and John P. Newman's *From Dan to Beersheba*, from all of which they continually read for information and illumination on the events, localities, and persons of history. It was the judgment of that party that for carefulness, trustworthiness, practical usefulness, and interest Dr. Newman's book was not inferior to the other two, notwithstanding their remarkable advantages. The volume must have cost him hard study and great labor.

The General Conference of 1896 observed some diminution of vital force in the splendid physique of Bishop Newman. The first decided break in his health came while he was holding the New England Conference, at Worcester in April, 1898, when he was found sitting on the side of his bed breathing stertorously and almost unconscious. From that time until the spring of 1899 he had no official work. Early in April of that year he held the East German Conference at Poughkeepsie. The last sermon of his life was there on Conference Sunday morning. After speaking about twenty minutes he paused as if strength were failing, and said slowly, "If I should fall dead on this platform, sing over my prostrate form, 'In the Cross of Christ I Glory.'" He opened the Wyoming Conference at Kingston on April 12, and presided with manifest weakness of body and mind, until, on the third day of the session, his work fell from

his feeble hands, and resigning the Conference into the charge of Bishop Joyce, the sick and trembling bishop withdrew from public sight with a sweet and kindly farewell smile on his face, like the soft light of a nobly industrious day when its sinking sun is near to vanishing and men turn to watch its disappearance.

About three months later he died peacefully in his Saratoga home, on July 5, 1899, after eleven years of service in the episcopal office to which he was elected at the age of sixty-two. Thus passed from mortal sight a unique individuality, the most imposing embodiment of courtly dignity and lofty stateliness and grace ever seen in episcopal ranks in our communion.

"THE COSMIC CHILL."

A RECENT volume of "Religious Discussions and Criticisms from the Naturalist's Point of View" makes it appear that the standpoint of a naturalist does not afford a cheerful outlook, but rather a shivery, shuddery, shocking sort of view. This naturalist finds the universe to be, for the heart and hope of man, "a great void," the contemplation of which gives the normal man a "chill." Amid heights and depths enormous, vastness immense, he sees our helpless lives embosomed in a world of blind, titanic vital forces from which there is no escape. And this practically infinite universe, the naturalist says, is "going its own way with no thought of us." This is the discovery that "sends the cosmic chill with which so many of us are familiar in these days."

The naturalist sees that we are shocked at his report, and remarks that "the world is not yet used to the open air of this thought—the great out-of-doors of it; we are not hardened to it." He explains that we are hothouse plants, too tenderly shielded, and that it is because we have been so long housed in our comfortable religious creeds, and surrounded with their warmth and light, that we experience "the cosmic chill" when we are suddenly turned out-of-doors by the eviction papers which scientific atheism serves on us. This observant naturalist, watching the habits of the human race, notes that "every man builds or tries to build himself a house of truth of some sort to shelter him from the great void." Naturally enough every man does this, for the exposure is intolerable. The great void sendeth forth its ice like morsels. Who can stand before its cold? Some

shelter from the merciless drive of its infinite wind, and the pelt of its elemental storms is a dire necessity. The impulse to find a refuge or build a shelter implies no high degree of intelligence. The frozen brain of the Laplander has wit enough to build a hut against the bite of the insufferable air ; and it is pathetic to see how even the dumbest brutes, caught in the fierce blizzard's cruelty, will huddle in the lee of any hill, or rock, or tree, or building. If, as the naturalist reports, there is no shelter, no shadow of a Great Rock, for the human soul, then is our lot terrible beyond endurance.

Our naturalistic nomad, with not so much as a tent, moved by the misanthrophic wish to make his fellow-men sharers of his own homelessness, sets out as a missionary for the propagation of misery. His book is a vehicle in which he rides about on his errand of eviction to apprise his neighbors that they must abandon their homes. He carries tools with him to knock their houses down about their ears, in case they are unconscionably slow in vacating under his orders. He informs us naively that he finds they "object to being turned out of doors." He apparently wonders that they do not enjoy being homeless, shelterless, and naked. The poor, sensitive souls really suffer. What wonder if, like evicted peasants on an Irish moor, they should sit outside on their household goods, wringing their hands and wailing hopelessly, "Where are we to go ? What is to become of us?" The keenest sufferers among the evicted, our naturalist observes, are women, whom it seems his doctrines disrobe as well as dispossess. They are so delicate, he says, that they "cannot face the chill of the great cosmic out-of-doors without being clad in some tangible faith." The poor, shivering creatures plead piteously for something to shield their frost-bitten nakedness. Nevertheless, he sees no help for them. His theories allow them not so much as a rag for their comfort. For them, as for all, there is nothing but stark exposure to "the great void," and the universe's icy indifference, and "the cosmic chill." Imagining that science has stripped men and women of the garments of faith and conviction, in which they have been wont to wrap themselves, our naturalist writes (in exceedingly clumsy English) : "What mankind will finally clothe themselves with to protect them from the chill of the great void, or whether or not they will clothe themselves at all, but become toughened and indifferent, is more than I can pretend to say."

For himself he says that the longer he lives the less he feels the need of any garments of religious faith or any shelter of truth for his supposed soul. He has become quite accustomed to living under Professor Clifford's "empty heaven" and upon his "soulless earth." "The cosmic chill," however, seems to be much on his mind, his teeth chatter occasionally with an involuntary shiver, and the description of his sensations reminds us of the experience of a man who is freezing to death, his sensations of cold passing into numbness and insensibility, succeeded presently by delirium, in which the victim has comfortable dreams the while the congealing blood is settling purple under his finger-nails.

On the whole the apostle of the great void thinks it probable that future generations will be so robust that they will be able to endure the extreme exposure and the bitterly inclement weather which mere naturalism gives us. Severe as life in the open is, he believes we will, in time, get used to roughing it. At any rate, whether we can stand it or not, live or die, there is nothing else for us, he says. His words are, "We must face it, and still find life sweet under its influence." Nevertheless, sometimes the naturalist shows signs of feeling an intelligent sympathy with those who are reluctant to leave the shelter of their homestead and the shadow of its rooftree; who, as he puts it, "cleave to the shelter of the old traditions." He writes wistfully, "Probably the bravest among us do not abandon them without a pang. The old church has a friendly and sheltering look after all, and the white monuments in the rear of it where our kindred sleep—how eloquent is the silent appeal they make!" No wonder a pang smites the spirit of the unbeliever as he looks on those headstones graven with records of the immortal faith of those whose bodies rest beneath, for among them is one which bears the name of his own sainted father concerning whom he himself writes: "As an old man he died in the faith he had early professed. It was sufficient unto him while he lived, and at the last it did not fail him. Father always spoke of his approaching end with perfect assurance and composure. He looked upon it as some journey he was about to make, some change of scene that was to come to him, and which need give him none but happy anticipations. . . . He no more doubted these things than he did his own existence." An eloquent appeal, indeed, must such a godly old man's monument make to his disbelieving

and denying son, whose pride in being more knowing than his father was suggests that scientific knowledge is not wisdom, and reminds us of Tennyson's line,

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

Fortunately the naturalist's book contains some happy, perhaps hopeful, inconsistencies. If he is saved, it will be by the warmer, better, and nobler side of his inconsistencies, a bright gleam of which is seen in the following: "I cannot tell what the simple apparition of earth and sky means to me. I think at rare intervals one sees that they have an immense spiritual meaning, altogether unspeakable, and that they are the great helps after all." How a man, who looks into the face of Nature and says, "There is no God," can gather spiritual meaning out of a spiritless universe, or get help by gazing into the heartless, heedless, untenanted heavens, is as incomprehensible by us as it is inexplicable by him; but if he shall be saved at the expense of his intellectual consistency or by sloughing off his atheistic notions, there will be joy in heaven.

In our naturalist, as in Darwin and Spencer, we see the limitations of thought produced by a strictly scientific education or habit of mind and the atrophy which ensues from a disuse of the higher spiritual faculties. By believing in the exclusive light of the scientific method in the Court of Reason, George J. Romanes also passed into agnosticism and even for a time into positive materialism. It was then that he published his *Candid Examination of Theism*, the processes and conclusions of which brought him only sadness of spirit and distress of mind. The reader of that wall-eyed argument sees its author visibly shivering in "the cosmic chill" as he lays down his misguided pen and turns with a shudder from the horribleness of his own conclusions, confessing his horror in the following statement:

Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the "new faith" is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of "the old," I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and, although from henceforth the precept to "work while it is day" will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that "the night cometh when no man can work," yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, at such times I shall

ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible. For whether it be due to my intelligence not being sufficiently advanced to meet the requirements of the age, or whether it be due to the memory of those sacred associations which to me at least were the sweetest that life has given, I cannot but feel that for me, and for others who think as I do, there is a dreadful truth in those words of Hamilton, that philosophy having become a meditation not merely of death, but of annihilation, the precept *know thyself* has become transformed into the terrific oracle to Œdipus:

"Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art!"

In this confession of Romanes, as in our naturalist's discussions of religion, is matter enough to make us fly back from dallying with skepticism when we see on the brink of what an awful abyss it sports, a gulf the only adequate description of which is furnished by Holy Scripture in its phrase, "the bottomless pit." Surely, if there were little positive evidence to make a man believe, he might well let himself be driven back to faith as an alternative to the unspeakable and intolerable horror of existence as unfaith pictures it; and in so doing he would be entitled to rank as a wise man, since in a universe the contents and fortunes of which the naturalist must at least admit to be debatable, he who jumps to the worst of all possible conclusions or accepts the most painful and degrading of alternatives is a suicidal fool.

What worse could a man do than propagate such a doctrine as this: "In the light of modern astronomy one finds himself looking in vain for the God of his fathers. In his place we have an infinite and eternal Power whose expression is the visible universe, and to whom man is no more and no less than any other creature." The naturalist's great void is no more interested in us infinitesimal human insects crawling about on this earth-globule than in a swarm of aphides pasturing on a rose-leaf. It is impossible not to note the condemnation pronounced upon such teachings by their own legitimate and probable, if not inevitable, moral effects on character and conduct. Surely they empty life of noble incentives. The doctrine of the worthlessness of man is calculated to make men worthless. If man is but a beast, what reason can there be why he should not be exhorted to live like one? Why vex and strain himself with vain and absurd efforts to climb out of bestiality? Surely he cannot break the bounds to his nature. Strive as he may, the ape and the tiger will not die in him. Why should they? What is he but own brother to the tiger and the ape?

Since the naturalist's doctrine has despoiled and desecrated

existence and disgraced man of all his dignity, he ought to be neither displeased nor surprised if in his lifetime his fellow-men shall say among themselves, when he passes by, "There goes the man who thinks himself a beast;" nor can he expect his open graveside to be dignified with any sacred and lofty words, inasmuch as the only ritual warranted by his creed would be, "Behold, he is buried with the burial of an ass."

He does us a service who makes us feel the horror of the dreadful doctrine so coolly and stoically propounded by mere naturalism. The effect of the shock of such theories should be to settle us on our foundations. Like the oak in the tempest, let us grip the ground with all our roots and work them down to a deeper hold. Let us make men see the sharpness and narrowness of their dilemma. This is no case of *in mediis tutissimus ibis*. Men delude themselves who think that some midway position is tenable—that in the *corps legislatif* of belief they can sit with the right center or the left center. There is no center; nothing but the extreme right of warm evangelical Christianity on the one side, and on the other the extreme left of agnosticism, "the great void" and "the cosmic chill," the blackness of darkness and the abomination of desolation for evermore. So Romanes said at last, "It is Christianity or nothing," and fled back for shelter and peace to the warmth of the Church's fireside and the comforting glow of the dear old faith. Great, indeed, is the responsibility resting on those who are set to tend the Church's altars; for the world is warmed by its altar-fires, and if they die down, "the cosmic chill" creeps in and numbs all hope and cheer, all courage, aspiration, and noble endeavor. Tennyson, when he feels the winds of eternity filling his sails, sings, with the good cheer of Christian faith,

> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crossed the bar.

He is a child of God and an heir of immortality. The naturalist, faithless and forlorn, drifts on his uncharted and unpiloted way at the mercy of unreturning currents which set toward the frozen pole, with no music more comforting and no fellowship more fraternal than the crunch of icebergs in a bitter ocean gouging and grinding each other in an arctic night. He is the hapless, helpless, and accursed victim of a hideous and scandalous universe. His only gospel is "the great void" and "the cosmic chill."

THE ARENA.

JOHN WESLEY'S WORK REVIVED IN ENGLAND.

JOHN WESLEY'S work was many-sided. He was not only the stirring evangelist and Christian organizer, educator, and propagandist of good literature, but was profoundly interested in civic and political questions, and was a social reformer, a painstaking philanthropist, and a propagator of religious music. Methodism has not distinguished herself in maintaining the leadership in all these particulars, while it has always been a revival Church, and has walked in the van in regard to some social questions, such as slavery and intemperance.

English Methodism of to-day, however, is, in a most surprising manner, taking a very advanced position in all the lines above suggested. This has arisen largely from the Church's attempts to meet the new conditions of life and reach the unchurched multitudes in the great centers of population. The great Wesleyan city missions which have arisen during the past sixteen years are the movements that occupy the best thought and prayer of the Methodists of England. Their aggressive, many-sided work has won the admiration of all denominations. Some of these institutions possess in a remarkable degree all the characteristics we shall speak of, and still others are as worthy to illustrate the work. The gratifying thing is that there are so many of these enterprises that we are embarrassed as to which ones to choose.

Evangelism. The best known characteristic of the Methodist movement in the eighteenth century was its intense evangelism. The greatest human factor in this result was lay workers, a great number of whom were raised up and thrust into the field. Wesley's "helpers" became his preachers. To-day the Joyful News Mission, under the direction of Rev. Thomas Champness and his wife, is a resurrection of Wesley's idea. Mr. Champness has been a missionary in Africa, and returned home to England more than thirty years ago with broken health. His physical condition compelled him to go to country circuits. To meet the religious destitution of the country districts he found that more religious workers were absolutely necessary. But the country was too poor to pay for additional helpers. To bridge the difficulty Mr. Champness conceived the thought of taking some of the brightest young men and women of the country parishes and training them as lay helpers. For many years this thought burned in his breast, but for lack of means he was unable to bring it into realization. When the means came it was from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Champness had become the editor and publisher of a halfpenny paper, *The Joyful News.* To his surprise and delight the paper was a success from the very first issue. Like John

Wesley he found himself "growing rich unawares." He felt he ought not to use this money for himself. For a time he gave the profits to the connectional fund for worn-out preachers, but one day said to himself, "Why not now train young and live preachers, and send them forth into the country villages to save the lost?" He did. The result has been that during the past fourteen years about four hundred and fifty different men and women have been supported, trained, and employed, for longer or shorter intervals, as evangelists in all parts of England, and in India, China, Africa, and other missionary lands. To-day there are about seventy-five regularly at work under the support and direction of the Joyful News Mission, and twenty more are in training at the home in Rockdale, England. Of course the support of such a work could not entirely come from the profits of the paper and the book business built up out of it. But from the grateful thank offerings of the poor and the approving offerings of the rich sufficient means have come in to develop the movement to its present effective proportions. It comes the nearest to a genuine "work of faith" we have ever met. Mr. Champness has been compelled to give up his pastorates and devote his whole time to the superintendence of the mission. It owns no real estate, and has no other support than the $5,000 to $10,000 profits arising from the publication of the *Joyful News* and the freewill offerings of the people. The receipts and expenditures are published every week. The evangelists are not sent to a circuit, except on the request of the preacher in charge. Mr. Champness always makes the appointments. Many thousands have been brought into the Church in the country districts, while many of the workers themselves have entered into the regular ministry all over the world. The Joyful News Mission of Thomas and Eliza Champness is the nearest approach to the evangelism of John Wesley we have ever seen.

Civil Activity. The last letter John Wesley ever wrote was to Wilberforce, to encourage him in his great political effort to liberate the slaves. In his published letters we find others to the leading political men of his time, offering suggestions on public affairs. In the threatened civil war with the "Pretender," Wesley acted for a little season as army chaplain, and afterward frequently met the Methodist voters separately to urge them to exercise their right of franchise faithfully and above the suspicion of bribery. The most prominent forum in England to-day, where political questions receive the public criticism of a religious leader, is St. James Hall, London. The speaker is Hugh Price Hughes, the well-known superintendent of the West London Mission and ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference. His utterances are quoted in all the daily papers. On a recent Sunday, when he was speaking of "overcrowding in tenements," it was afterward learned that many of the leading landlords were anxiously listening to him through the gramophone at their homes several miles away. On another occasion, recently, one of the greatest political leaders of England sent to Mr. Hughes to have a seat reserved for him, as he had failed to get into the hall on two preceding

nights on account of the crowds. Mr. Hughes is a born radical and agitator. In the last Wesleyan Conference he felt compelled to take the conservative, rather than the extreme, side on the temperance question, the position of the radicals being that "no publican or brewer should hold official positions in the Church." In this reform, as in others, his friends expect to see him swing into his customary position of leading his Church and country by at least twenty-five or fifty years.

Social Christianity. The first week of each year, toward the last of his life, John Wesley used to solicit subscriptions from the wealthy Londoners to provide food, clothes, and shelter for the wretched poor. These necessities were distributed at City Road Chapel. He also organized and encouraged his workers to seek out the distressed and to supply their needs. He established the first public dispensary in England, and turned his chapels in Bristol and London into workshops where the poor were given an opportunity to earn their living. By thus ministering to the physical wants of men he said he hoped to attract them to the Church and reach their souls. The modern Methodist pioneer in this form of work is the Manchester Wesleyan Mission. Fifteen years ago its great leader, Rev. S. F. Collyer, was sent to the Oldham Street Chapel, Manchester. The membership—only forty—were so discouraged that they thought it wise to disband. Instead of that the new pastor, through his faith and enterprise, has built a great Central Hall on the spot where the old chapel stood; has erected a shelter and rescue and industrial home that cares for sixty women; is now completing another to accommodate two hundred and fifty men; has a preventive home for young girls in the country; has a rest home for the overworked and convalescing; and has taken two other discouraged chapels, torn them down, and in their stead built great halls with all the modern appliances for religious and social work. He has also two or three other chapels he will in time likewise transform; and, besides all this, the mission rents the two largest auditoriums in the city—Free Trade Hall and Grand Theater—and fills them full every Sunday night with persons who come to listen to the Gospel music and the sound Gospel preaching. Each Sunday night in its various stations the mission preaches to more than fourteen thousand people. Under the inspiration of this great movement a similar work has sprung up in all the great cities of England. It differs naturally under the peculiarities of its various superintendents and the demands of the respective cities. Some give their chief attention to preaching, as Rev. J. W. Chadwick, of Leeds; Rev. Thomas Jackson, of Edinburgh; and Rev. T. Marcom Taylor, of Glasgow. Others give much more attention to social and philanthropic work, as Rev. J. W. Wiseman, at Birmingham, and Hugh Price Hughes, J. W. Wakesley, Peter Thompson, and H. T. Meakin, of the West, Central, East, and Southeast London Missions. Never since the days of Paul has there been such an aggressive movement to leaven with social Christianity the great cities as now exists among the Methodists of England.

Philanthropy. John Wesley did not overlook the orphan or the widow. He began an old ladies' home, and both he and Whitefield supported orphanages. We doubt not that, if his followers had been as zealous in such good works, there would not have been so much wasteful friction and divisions in the Methodist fold. The Methodist successor of John Wesley in this phase of philanthropy is T. B. Stephenson, D.D., LL.D., ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference. He, with Mr. Alfred Mager, a cashier in a London bank, began this work a generation ago. They were soon joined by Mr. John Pendelbury, who has continuously superintended the London work, while Mr. Mager has developed the remarkable country work near Bolton. The history of this great movement reads like a fairy tale. Upward of four thousand children—boys and girls—have been rescued by this home from poverty, suffering, and vice. To-day there are more than eleven hundred in residence at the several branches. More than three thousand are now useful and honorable citizens in various parts of the world. Some have reached positions of honor and trust, as those of clergymen and teachers. The methods are: (1.) A home life. Not more than twenty-five dwell in the same house at one time. Devoted Christian workers are appointed over each home. This is the divine method. God "setteth the solitary in families"—the method, I need scarcely say, advocated to-day by the leading specialists in children's work. It is only a question of a few years before the "barracks system" will be gone. (2.) Efficient education. The greatest care is exercised that each one shall receive the best education he is capable of. Several have been passed on into the highest schools. (3.) Industrial training. Some are put on farms, others at trades. Whenever the boys or girls leave the home they are prepared to earn an honest living. (4.) Christian teaching. In receiving children the creeds of their parents are not considered, and in training them the home seeks but to make them Christians. There are daily worship and regular Bible teaching. This home is regarded by many experts as the best in appointments, the best managed, and the most successful of the many orphanages in England.

London, England. E. J. Helms.

"NESCIENCE OF GOD."

The writer has read with interest the former articles on this subject, and thinks that Dr. Breckenridge, in the *Review* for July, 1899, has the stronger position, and the one in accord with both reason and revelation. In twelve places the inspired writers speak of God as "repenting" of some act of his own. If he did repent, he did not know before of the result of that act; otherwise he is placed in the position of saying that he was sorry that certain acts resulted as he knew they would. It may be said that the word "repent" does not have the same meaning when applied to God as when referring to man; but the same word, *nácham*, is applied to both.

Dr. Terry speaks of the nescience of God as inconsistent with a perfect being. Such a being is one "having all the qualities requisite to its nature and kind." Does Dr. Terry attempt to measure the perfection of God? May it not be as consistent in God to limit his omniscience as his omnipotence? And has he not done the latter in his dealings with man? Otherwise the doctrine of free moral agency falls to the ground. The writer quoted fails to make a distinction between God's knowledge of his own plans and the future contingent acts of free moral agents. God knows the end of his own plans and purposes (Acts xv, 8) from the beginning, and can bring them to pass through the agency of the voluntary acts of men; but to me it seems unreasonable to assert that he knows what every free agent will do or think. If so, man is not "a disappointment to God," as is so often asserted. In Jer. xxxii, 35, we read: "And they built the high places of Baal, which are in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to cause their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire unto Molech; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my mind, that they should do this abomination, to cause Judah to sin." This statement is preceded by a "Thus saith the Lord." Jonah was commissioned to say, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown," but it was not. Did God know the city would repent, and, if so, why was the positive declaration made? Again, when David was at Keilah he learned that Saul was coming down to capture him. He called for the ephod, and it was brought by Abiathar, the priest. Then David asked the Lord if Saul would come down, and the Lord said, "He will come down." He then asked if the men of Keilah would deliver him up to Saul, and the Lord said, "They will deliver thee up." Then David left the city, and Saul did not come down.

I have carefully read the texts referring to God's omniscience and foreknowledge, and have failed to find a single passage which asserts that God knows the future contingent acts of a free agent. This is not inconsistent with his perfect nature. To know is to be certain that something is. Something that is not, and may never be, is unknowable, and even omniscience cannot know an unknowable thing. God's plans and purposes *are*, and he sees and knows them from their beginning to their fullest completion; but the future contingent acts of a free agent *are not*, and may never be, and hence are unknowable.

It may be asked, If God did not know of the fall of man, why was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world? For the same reason that railroad cars are provided with axes, saws, and sledges, and steamboats with life-preservers and small boats—to meet emergencies which the companies are doing their best to prevent. So God, knowing the possibility of man's disobedience, made provision for an evil result which he did his best to prevent, failing because he had so limited his omnipotence that he could not compel obedience. To my mind there is but a hairbreadth between the opposite view and the baldest Calvinism.

Keyport, N. J. H. J. Zelley.

THE ITINERANT'S CLUB.

THE PROLOGUES OF ST. PAUL.—I. TO THE ROMANS.

It is usual in all writings, whether in prose or poetry, to begin with a prologue, or introduction. The same is true in the realm of oratory. The reason for this habit is not difficult to find. The prologue serves to avoid abruptness, which is abhorrent to the refined taste, and also to form a bond of union between the writer and his readers, or between the speaker and his hearers. It is only in impassioned speech or writing that one is justified in abandoning this method which has come down to us through the centuries. The mind needs to be gradually led forward until the subject is unfolded in its fullness. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." An enumeration of the choicest writers in our literature would show how universal this custom has been. Examples of it to a greater or less degree abound in the sacred writings, and these prologues afford a subject of study which has not been considered with the critical care warranted by its importance.

It is evident that an introduction must in some way relate itself to the treatise which follows by some recognized organic union. It cannot be entirely isolated from the train of thought which is to follow, and it ought naturally, in some measure, to anticipate it. The prologues to St. Paul's epistles have much in common, yet each is so different from the other and so related to its own particular epistle that one could not be substituted for the other without a manifest sense of unfitness. This shows the care which the apostle took in his letters, which have been handed down to us as the expression, under divine inspiration, of his ripest thought upon Christian life and duty.

Although the Epistle to the Romans is not the earliest of Paul's letters, it affords an illustration of the subject we are now considering. The question has been raised by critical students of this epistle as to whether it was an occasional message, intended to meet some important exigency in the history of the Roman Church at that time, or whether it was an elaborate and formal production in which the author undertakes to set forth the great scheme of Christianity for his own age, and also for subsequent ages. The latter is the view of the writer of this paper. The introduction harmonizes with this view. The sacred writer proposes, in general outline, to state the content of the Gospel which underlies his theological conception, and also his own relation to it.

A brief analysis of the first seven verses of this epistle will fitly illustrate the point under consideration. Paul first gives a description of himself as "a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the Gospel of God." We may well note here his designation of himself, under the terminology of the Old Testament.

The leaders and prophets of the old covenant were designated as "servants of God." He thus joins himself with the great ancestors of his people, the word "servant," in its relation to religious leaders, being in the Hebrew conception not one of shame, but of dignity. He next describes himself under the New Testament view as an "apostle"—one sent out from God, an ambassador of God. Not content with this, he designates himself as separated from the mass of mankind, or possibly from his own people, to proclaim the Gospel of God. What more fitting introduction for one who is about to write an epistle freighted with the choicest thoughts of Christianity?

The next point in his prologue is a description of the Gospel as something which had been promised in the sacred writings of the Jewish people. He at once shows them that it was not new, in the sense that it had not been anticipated before, but that its roots were found in the writings acknowledged to be "holy" by the Jewish people. The prophets of his race had spoken concerning this Gospel, had foreannounced "good tidings" which were to be to all people. Not satisfied, however, with the statement that the Old Testament Scriptures announced good tidings, Paul proceeds to a concrete statement, namely, that this Gospel foreannounced by the prophets had a definite communication concerning his Son, Jesus Christ, and then sets forth the twofold nature of the Son, "who was born of the seed of David according to the flesh, who was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead." We may not enter into the critical discussion of this passage. It is sufficient to say that it sets forth the human and the divine aspects of the person of our Lord. The commentators on this passage clearly attest this interpretation.

The apostle next affirms the relation of himself to Jesus Christ, "through whom we received grace and apostleship." He had received this apostleship in order that he might proclaim an obedience which springs from faith to all nations. He is writing to the Roman church, composed of Jews and Gentiles, and he anticipates the discussion of the world nature of the salvation he proclaims by affirming that he had received divine favor and apostleship in order that he might be the bearer of the divine communication intended for all people, in all parts of the world, included in which was the church in Rome, to which the letter was addressed. We may well note here that as he, in the opening sentence of his introduction, designates himself as a called apostle, so he designates the Roman Christians as "called to be Jesus Christ's." It is a wonderful statement in its bearing on the whole doctrine of salvation. His call to be an apostle was from God. Their call to be Christians was alike from God. Neither his apostleship nor their salvation was self-originated. All God's ambassadors are called. All Christians are such as have accepted the divine call and thus entered the kingdom of God.

We may now briefly recapitulate the steps in the apostle's prologue with which he introduces his great letter: First, a description

of himself; second, a description of the Gospel; third, a setting forth of the person of his Lord as at once the Son of God and the seed of David; fourth, his own divine call to apostleship; fifth, the purpose of his calling, to proclaim an obedience which springs from faith; sixth, the world-wideness of the apostolic commission; seventh, that in his apostolic mission was included Rome; and then, eighth, with his usual formula of greeting, he concludes his prologue as follows: "Grace to you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." The elaborateness of this introduction seems admirably to fit a letter so world-wide in its significance and so profound and subtle in its argument as that to the Romans. This prologue seems to embody the essence of that which is to follow, namely, a salvation wrought out through faith in Jesus Christ, the divine Son of God, who gave himself for our sins.

Perhaps the force of this prologue will appear more fully from a paraphrase of these verses as given in Sanday's *Commentary:* "Paul, a devoted servant of Jesus Christ, an apostle called by divine summons as much as any member of the original twelve, solemnly set apart for the work of delivering God's message of salvation; Paul, so authorized and commissioned, gives greeting to the whole body of Roman Christians (whether Jew or Gentile), who as Christians are special objects of the divine love, called out of the mass of mankind into the inner society of the Church, consecrated to God, like Israel of old, as his own peculiar people. May the free unmerited favor of God and the peace which comes from reconciliation with him be yours! May God himself, the heavenly Father, and the Lord Jesus Messiah grant them to you! The message which I am commissioned to proclaim is no startling novelty, launched upon the world without preparation, but rather the direct fulfillment of promises which God had inspired the prophets of Israel to set down in holy writ. It relates to none other than his Son, whom it presents in a twofold aspect: on the one hand, by physical descent tracing his lineage to David, as the Messiah was to do; and on the other hand, in virtue of the holiness inherent in his spirit, visibly designated or declared to be Son of God by the miracle of the resurrection. He, I say, is the sum and substance of my message, Jesus, the Jew's Messiah and the Christian's Lord. And it was through him that I, like the rest of the apostles, received both the general tokens of God's favor in that I was called to be a Christian, and also the special gifts of an apostle. My duty as an apostle is among all Gentile peoples, and therefore among you too at Rome, to win men over to the willing service of loyalty to him; and the end to which all my labors are directed is the honor of his holy name."

A careful study of this paraphrase will show differences between the rendering of certain passages and the implications involved in the preceding analysis. Space does not allow that minute examination of particular words and phrases so necessary to an exhaustive treatment and thorough comprehension of this prologue. We may

simply call attention to matters of interest which the young preacher may well consider in his special studies. He would do well to investigate the origin of the name "Paul." Then to note also the fullness of meaning involved in the phrase "according to the spirit of holiness." At this point the commentators differ widely, but the outcome of his investigations will show that the general import of the phrases "according to the flesh" and "according to the spirit of holiness" is in harmony with the statement given in the analysis. A critical study of the text also becomes very important in connection with the words "to all that are in Rome," since the words "in Rome" are omitted in some manuscripts. In short, it seems as if Paul in the prologue to this great epistle has given the substance of his Gospel which he afterward proceeds to elaborate with such wonderful subtlety and dialectic power. This passage would afford a fitting subject for a sermon on the great central concepts of Pauline theology, and also of Paul's personality and his relation to the world which Christ came to redeem.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF DR. STORRS.

WE recently noted the retirement from his pastorate of the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y. After a service of fifty-three years he laid aside his work and became *pastor emeritus*. He then lived to see the selection of his successor and the entrance of the latter upon his work, after which, in the fullness of his years and honors, he quietly passed to his reward. His death has called forth recognition from all branches of the Christian Church; and he leaves to posterity a record of a noble life spent in the service of his church, his city, and his country. In many respects his career serves as a lesson to our younger ministry.

First, he won success without resort to any sensational methods. He had faith in the appliances of the Gospel as they have come down to us through the centuries, and followed normal methods in the accomplishment of his great work. The visitor to his church would be struck by the absence of everything which savored of any attempt to win popular applause. Neither his sermons nor his services were out of the ordinary order. They were also in good taste, and were always such as to commend them to thoughtful Christians. He has taught young ministers the lesson that a man can fill an important pulpit for over half a century and maintain his hold upon his people to the last without resort to the artifices supposed by many to be essential to ministerial success. Whatever he did was well done, but in harmony with usual lines of procedure.

Again, his life should teach young ministers the value of thorough culture. Perhaps it is safe to say that Dr. Storrs was among the most finished speakers and orators of his time. His diction was choice, his style classic. He brought to his work a thorough collegiate and theological training. He also spent two years in the

study of law, which profession he abandoned to enter the ministry. He was all his life a close student, especially a student of history and of the Church, and was also devoted to literature. His writings will be regarded as classics in the departments which he touched. His broad culture made him available upon important occasions as a speaker, and he was often called upon to represent his city and great public interests. On great occasions he never failed to meet expectations. His preparation was always ample, and some of his finest productions were those in which he was called in a representative capacity to speak for the interests of the Church or for the city. Brooklyn has been proud of him as one of her most eminent sons, and all classes join in respect to the memory of one so highly honored and so deeply loved.

Another lesson from Dr. Storrs's life is the power to hold an audience for many years through extemporaneous address. For years he was a slave to the manuscript, but over thirty years ago he abandoned the manuscript and spoke without notes through the remainder of his life. It has been held that this is not possible in a permanent pastorate. He has demonstrated otherwise. His extemporaneous efforts, however, were the fruits of careful study and ample preparation. He brought beaten oil into the sanctuary. His language was as carefully selected as if written, and yet it was his claim that he spoke entirely without notes and without committing to memory. His little book on extemporaneous preaching has been widely read. And while no one will assume that the extemporaneous method is the only one, or that it is the method for every preacher, Dr. Storrs has proved that it is possible to hold a cultured audience for many years without resort to manuscript.

He has also demonstrated the power that comes from concentration of effort in a single place. He was called to different churches, but ever remained in his own field. He was never dazzled by the opportunities for changes that were presented to him. He was always Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn. But by being a citizen of Brooklyn he became a citizen of the world. Men can best become universal by having a locality in which they work and a definite sphere in which they labor. He had no title save that of the pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims—an admirable illustration of the fact that great influence and wide fame may be achieved in that calling which by many is not regarded as a road to public recognition. To a Methodist minister, it may be said, this is denied. Yet what a city is to a minister of another denomination the Conference is to the Methodist minister; and by staying in the same Conference many men among us have achieved wide fame and influence.

A further lesson which the young preacher may learn from the life of Dr. Storrs is that the power of a great preacher and pastor is not limited to the congregation which he serves. There are waves of influence that go out from his life and teachings which do not stop till they reach the uttermost parts of the earth. It is true that a

great congregation with abundant wealth and intelligence affords a field of unusual opportunity to accomplish these results. For it is said that Dr. Storrs's congregation during his pastorate had contributed a million and a half of dollars for charitable purposes, and the usefulness of the congregation in other directions was probably equally great. But a minister without a large congregation may thus accomplish great results through others. It becomes the minister, therefore, in estimating the possibilities of usefulness to take into consideration not only his direct but indirect power for good. Dr. Storrs's morning congregation was large, but strangers who visited his church in the evening were often surprised that with a pastor so able the church was only partially filled. Still it does not follow that large audiences are invariably accompanied by great power in the pastor. Only he who holds his people by strength of personality and vigor of utterance, whether the congregation be large or small, may achieve success in the Master's service.

It has been noted also by the students of the career now under consideration that, while Dr. Storrs was abreast of his age in all the great movements of human thought, he yet held firmly to those great fundamental truths which have been the heritage of Protestant Christendom. He has been truly reckoned as a conservator of the doctrines of our faith. He believed that the old Gospel was still "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," and that the new methods of interpretation had not proved themselves sufficiently to justify the abandonment of the old paths. He must stand, therefore, as a representative of conservative Christian scholarship and methods. An editorial in a recent secular paper strongly sets forth his general position: "Dr. Storrs was a man not of the modern type. He was one of the last of the race of the Puritan preachers, and illustrated, as nearly as it could be illustrated in our day by a man alive to the conditions of present society, the position of the eminent eighteenth century New England clergyman in a community which deferred to his leadership. He had the unquestioned precedence which few men even of those who began the ministry with him were able to command outside of small towns, and he did his work with much of the old-fashioned dignity and conservatism both of thought and conduct which must have characterized the long line of his clerical ancestors. The new theology, the higher criticism, the institutional church did not attract him, and he pursued his thinking and his preaching with a calm indifference to many generally accepted conclusions of scholars which no man less intrenched in the divinity that hedges about accepted eminence could have maintained. At the same time Dr. Storrs was not a fanatic; he was a brilliant conservative." It may be well, therefore, to remember that the two great Brooklyn preachers who have recently passed away—Dr. Storrs and Dr. Behrends—were thorough exponents of the harmony that must always exist between profound scholarship and unyielding faith in the Holy Scriptures.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY AND ANTIQUITIES.

THE study of chronology has always been a puzzling one, and never more so than when applied to Egyptian antiquities. Yet great strides have been made during the past dozen years in this direction. Gap after gap has been filled up, link after link has been found, so that now the long chain reaching back into hoary antiquity is becoming more perfect every year. For nearly a century Egyptologists have suggested dates which have surprised both the friends and foes of revelation and have caused most men to shake their heads in wonder at the credulity of overzealous archæologists and those unable to distinguish the historical from the legendary.

Account for it as we may, there has always been a belief that the first ruler of Egypt was Mena, or, as the Greek historians called him, "Menes." The discoveries of the past few years, however, have made it perfectly clear that Mena could not have been the first to reign over Egypt, since the civilization which prevailed in his age presupposed centuries upon centuries of culture and growth. The story of Egypt, whatever the origin of the Egyptians might have been, must have commenced at least two thousand years before Mena, the so-called founder of the first dynasty.

The earliest documents for the study of Egyptian chronology are, first, the lists found on tablets of Abydos and Karnak and in a tomb at Sakkara containing the names of seventy-five, sixty-one, and forty-seven kings respectively. The list found at Abydos begins with Mena and ends with Seti I. The tablet from the tomb at Sakkara is less complete, and commences with Mer-ba-pen, the sixth king of the first dynasty. Besides these three great lists, there are a large number of shorter ones, which, in one way or another, furnish important dates; these latter are found for the most part in private tombs, but are none the less true or reliable for that reason. The next great document is the so-called Turin papyrus. Unfortunately this venerable manuscript is much mutilated, and consequently of proportionately less value. It is probable that it once contained the names of all the rulers from Mena down to the close of the Hyksos period, or to about 1700 B. C. To these must be added, thirdly, the history, written in Greek, by an Egyptian priest named Manetho during the reign and at the suggestion of Ptolemy II (Philadelphus), 286-247 B. C. The original work of Manetho has been lost, and all that we now possess of it are a few extracts in later writers, as in Josephus (see *Contra Apion*, i, 14,*ff*.) and in Eusebius, who in turn takes his *data* not directly from Manetho, but from the great work of Julius Africanus, entitled Πενταβιβλίον Χρονολογικόν,

being a history of the world from the creation (according to him 5499 B. C.) to 221 A. D. Now, this list, given by Eusebius and containing not only the dynasties, but also the number of the years of the reign of each king, is, as Budge observes, one of the most valuable documents which has come down to us; for Manetho, by his position as priest and his knowledge of the ancient Egyptian language, used the ancient literature in a way no other writer seems to have done. Let us be thankful that we have these valuable excerpts from his works, and cherish the hope that some untiring archæologist may yet discover the original book or papyrus.

As already stated, it has been quite usual to make the history of Egypt begin with Mena; but there has been no agreement as to the exact time when this ancient monarch reigned. While Mariette gives 5004 B. C., Wilkinson thinks 2320 B. C. nearer the beginning of his reign. Brugsch gives 4400 B. C., Lepsius 3892 B. C., Petrie 4777 B. C., and now comes the latest of writers on Egyptian chronology, Fleay, who thinks that Mena began his rule 2929 B. C. These various dates and differences of opinion are not difficult to explain. The chief reason, of course, is that we have insufficient *data* for a scientific calculation. But Egyptologists also proceed from different standpoints; for, while one class holds that all the kings of the several dynasties ruled in regular succession in one unbroken line, another assumes that some of the dynasties were contemporaneous and many of the reigns coincided and overlapped each other.

But to return to Mena. Though the date of his reign may never be discovered with absolute certainty, yet that he lived at least four thousand years before our era will be doubted by few who have kept themselves informed regarding the latest finds in the valley of the Nile. Much has been done during the last quarter of this century which must compel us to change our views concerning the beginnings of Egyptian history. Even twenty-five years ago it was quite common for a certain class of critics to treat Mena, and indeed the twenty-five kings of the first three dynasties, covering a period of 779 years, much in the same way as the heroes of Greece and Rome, as purely legendary, "having no better historical foundation than the primeval kings of Ireland." This has changed, for now the very tomb of Mena has been discovered at Negada. And, if the most learned Egyptologists are to be trusted, the very name of Mena has been deciphered upon a small ivory plate which, besides, is literally covered with representations of the funereal objects offered to the king. The tomb of Menes, measuring fifty-four by twenty-seven by four meters, and the multitude of articles therein discovered, bear eloquent testimony to the civilization then prevalent. The external ornamentations, though not elegant or elaborate, are yet of such a nature as to make it certain that Mena was not the first link in that long chain of Egyptian rulers. A learned German, Dr. Borchardt, well versed in Egyptian antiquities, and who has carefully examined the various articles found in Mena's tomb which are now deposited

in the Gizeh museum, expresses himself thus: "The skill with which ivory-carving was done in that early time is indeed amazing. Reclining lions, hunting dogs, and fish are so skillfully reproduced that one asks how many centuries of development must have preceded before the art of carving reached this perfection. A number of feet taken from the legs of small chairs and other similar furniture, and made in imitation of bulls' legs, show such a fixity of style, and at the same time such a freedom of execution, that no archæologist without the report of the excavator would dare to proclaim them the oldest dated works of Egyptian art."

These words are interesting, and will prepare us for the more recent discoveries, which, as Professor Flinders Petrie has ably shown in a recent work, prove clearly that the age of Mena was preceded by at least two well-defined and distinct civilizations. Indeed, this great English Egyptologist tells us that, no matter how far back we may go, we are always surprised at the perfection of Egyptian art. Even in the remotest predynastic times objects in copper, silver, and gold meet us. So, also, various articles carved in alabaster and modeled in clay and paste. He is also of the opinion that some system of hieroglyphics was practiced from the earliest ages, at least sufficiently developed to mark different articles belonging to different persons, though there are no hieroglyphic monuments, even of a few words, belonging to the predynastic ages.

In view of the finds of Professor Petrie at Negada, in 1894-95, of De Morgan in the same place two years later, and of still later ones —not only by reputable and authorized explorers like Amelineau, Petrie, and others, but also by private individuals, mere speculators, digging simply for gain—Egyptian scholars are now taking new courage, and believe it quite possible to have a more scientific chronology. The London *Athenæum* in a recent number says editorially, "We have now to recognize that the art, language, literature, religion, and mechanical skill of the Egyptians are older by many tens of hundreds of years than Menes."

Had explorers in Egypt for the last fifty years—or from the time of Young and Champollion—paid the same attention to the classification of the objects discovered as has been paid to such during the past ten years, the chronology of Egypt would have been on a much firmer basis to-day. What Herodotus said, nearly five hundred years before our era, has never ceased to be true as far as archæology is concerned, namely, that Egypt "contains more wonders than any other land, and is preeminent above all other countries in the world for works that one can hardly describe." This superabundance of articles is the one great reason why the chronology of this ancient land is not more clearly understood. Instead of examining each object where found and noting the exact location and the circumstances of the discovery, the explorers have seized the larger and more exquisite specimens to the neglect of things very much more ancient. But now Egypt has a large number of trained exca-

vators who are not only trying to unearth new treasures, but are also bending all their energies upon a proper classification of those already discovered. The art of classifying Egyptian antiquities is progressing well, and, as new discoveries are being made almost every month, it will be easier for those studying them from the standpoint of chronology to verify the conclusions already accepted. From this time on every object can be examined at the time it is discovered, and not, as too often in the past, taken out of a promiscuous pile in the lumber room of some museum.

From a recent address by Sir John Evans, the president of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, we learn that the Egyptian government has allotted the English explorers a large area in and around Abydos, one of the most fertile spots in the whole of Egypt for antiquities belonging to every period of Egyptian history.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

THE episcopal address to the General Conference is in every way a model, and no part of it more so than the paragraphs entitled "Doctrinal Fidelity." This portion is both scholarly and evangelical, advanced enough for the most liberal and sufficiently conservative for the most pronounced champion of orthodoxy. Our bishops firmly believed that the permanence and growth of the Christian Church are inseparable from fidelity to the truth as revealed in Christ Jesus, our Lord. They rejoice that the teachings of our Church are in the main everywhere unchanged, and that the essential Christian verities as received from the fathers are firmly held and positively proclaimed both at home and abroad. They emphasize the fact that the reverent spirit of Methodist theology "has nothing in common with the destructive spirit of much recent criticism," whose tendency, if not its aim, seems to be the overthrow and not the conservation of the faith. The bishops unqualifiedly recommend a serious and patient study of the Bible in the following words: "It [the Church] believes in scholarship honestly directed to learn more than has hitherto been known of the divine word and the divine works. It believes that more light is yet to break forth from both. It contemns sciolism, self-sufficiency, love of novelty, the iconoclastic spirit in biblical studies; it welcomes truth, even new truths, if duly tested, confirmed, and found serviceable to the life of the soul."

The words of Dr. Thomas Allen, fraternal delegate from England, are also very reassuring. He says: "The controversy in regard to the sacred book is not so acute as it was ten years ago. There is a calmer temper on both sides, a better understanding of the methods of investigation which are pursued, and a disposition to look at facts and to accept new knowledge. The critics are less dogmatic than they were, . . . and on the orthodox side men are finding out that neither science nor criticism has shaken the foundation principles of their holy religion, and so the spirit of panic has gone."

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

ONE OF OUR NEW PROBLEMS.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago many Christian people in the United States held it to be providential that, since we were not sending missionaries in reasonable numbers to evangelize the heathen, these heathen had taken to coming to our own shores; that God had thrust upon us the privilege and duty of evangelizing those who came to us; that many would return to their own land to propagate our faith; and that much information about the Christian religion would filter back to China or other lands from these immigrants to our shores. And the last expectation seemed reasonable enough. Protestant spiritual life had thus flowed back to northern and western Europe through converted Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Swiss, and Germans. As for China, it is still proving true that letters from former converts in our California Chinese missions tell of their Christian activity in their own land, and even of extraordinary revivals succeeding their efforts. In the case of Japanese students, in our schools on the Pacific coast, the proof is also abundant of the reflex influence of Christian instruction. We are told that some of these former students are found in the parliament of the Japanese nation; some are leading merchants; some the authors of books and some the editors of journals; some the managers of great industries; while some are teachers, pastors, and evangelists.

We have not, however, measured up to our responsibilities to the Chinese who are permitted a residence in this country. There was a temporary wave of enthusiasm over the new opportunity when Chinese immigration first set in on the Pacific slope. It is, however, needless to trace the incidents which checked this immigration and the corresponding missionary opportunity. Ten Chinatowns, each with from five hundred to a thousand Chinese, upon the California coast, are without a mission solely because the money for their support has not been forthcoming. If we now had the overwhelming numbers in the United States which, unrestricted, would have come to our shores, is there any assurance that we would have measured up to the duty of evangelizing them?

But now a wholly new phase of this matter has appeared, with the extension of our possessions to Hawaii and the Philippines. What are we to do with the twenty thousand Chinese in Hawaii, and the seventy thousand in Luzon? How can we help the thirty-three thousand Japanese in Hawaii, and soon a possible duplication of that number? They are now under our flag, and our obligations are accentuated, while in Hawaii the Congregationalists and the Methodist Episcopalians are the sole agencies from the United States

which are helping the Christians of Hawaii to deal with these new problems.

There has not been shown any misapprehension of the possible reflex Christian influences on China and Japan through the evangelization of the immigrants from these lands. That being true, there is now renewed in a different form the old proposition to have the heathen sent to us for Christianization, and by the reflex influence thus to reach the people in their home land. Whether or not we did wisely in resisting the coming of the Chinese to our shores, it remains a fact that what seemed a providential door of access to them in our midst, instead of the more costly method of sending workers to their own land, was suddenly closed, but now in an indirect way has been reopened. In Hawaii we may work among the Japanese with no fear of a fickle nationalism stopping us with parliament action. In Luzon there will be no *literati* to oppose us. If, strategically, the geographical situation of the Philippines reduces the distance of China from three thousand to five hundred miles, why do not the changed social and diplomatic relations also become factors in our opportunity? Whatever we may or may not do for the Malays and Tagals, and for half-breeds of the Philippines, why not give a moment's thought to the new form of the old opportunity, which we so readily attributed to divine Providence, of sending the Chinese to school under our own flag?

THE GAURANGA REFORMERS OF INDIA.

Missionaries have always to consider the forces to which they are opposed. In the case of the ancient religions these are pretty well comprehended. But the pressure of Christianity on these has become so great that the followers of those faiths are giving repeated evidence of realizing the acuteness of the conditions. It is the ever-varying phases of these false faiths that we now have in mind. Thus the Calcutta Missionary Conference recently gave a long session to the consideration of the new Gauranga cult, the result of their analysis being that, like all other sections of Reformed Hinduism, it is really Krishnaism. There is something noticeable in the extent to which these corrupt heathen religions are obliged, in the presence of Christianity, to attempt to explain away the vice which has been popularized by their legendary literature. The story of the free-love of Krishna is familiar to all who are acquainted with the Bhagavat-Gita and others of the most popular religious books of the Hindus. But now the attempt is made by educated and so-called reformed Hindus to lift the whole into the plane of allegory "illustrative of the spiritual unification with God by love." Others try to cover its sensualism by asserting that it is intended to show that Krishna as God was above all carnality, though deep in love; but others insist that Krishna was a live paramour, not only in sentiment, but in gross action.

But those who attempt to explain the Krishna story as a spiritual allegory have trouble enough with his encouraging a civil war, his slaughter of his enemies, and the final destruction of his own race. The Krishnaites, moreover, rose to a subtlety that Western folk will scarcely comprehend, who defend the story of Krishna and Raddha as a true type of religious love, because the love of a husband for a wife or of a wife for a husband is based on self-interest, while that of a lover for her paramour is disinterested, since he may cast her off at any time. They cannot disguise the fact that the practical result of this story is to lower the common morality, and yet these reformed Hindus still attempt to lift the nation out of the cesspool of the vilest licentiousness by allegorizing the corrupt life of their national hero; and, marvel of marvels, they have a great following in this effort to renovate a worship which they know will not stand the light. The concession which is implied to the higher morality of Christianity is sometimes recognized, and we have an illustration of this in an instance of a Hindu preacher noted for his skill in antagonizing Christianity who is reported to have "burst into a rhapsody of India's future glory in terms that indicated that Christ would reign supreme in the land." But the missionary, none the less, has to face these ever-varying phases of the false faiths which the Christian religion meets.

It is noteworthy that these so-called reformers of Hinduism in their efforts to save their religion from the deadly attacks of Christianity should find themselves supported by some women from England and America. Mrs. Besant is not only proclaiming the Hindu religion, but is endeavoring to raise an enormous sum of money to found and endow a college at Benâres in which Western sciences are to be taught along with Hinduism. One American lady preaches the merits of worshiping the murderous Kali, and still another woman, who calls herself a countess, preaches Buddhism in India. But, withal, educated Hindus have lost whatever faith they had in idols, and wince under the attacks of Christianity. Any attempt which may be made to metamorphose Hinduism will not save it. Internally, it is in a state of collapse; externally, it is preserved by the complex and powerful socialism called caste.

ALLEGED OUTRAGES IN THE CONGO STATE.

It has long been known that much of the Congo State administration has in some particulars been a burning shame to Christendom, and has needed a radical overhauling. The most flagrant crimes have been committed on the Upper Congo in the name of the government, and the worst forms of heathenish cruelties have been practiced by an armed force of cannibals, equipped with the regular army rifle and sent against an unarmed population to execute demands of the State which are affirmed to be in themselves absolutely indefensible. Here are some twenty-five millions of popula-

tion who are receiving an object lesson in murder, robbery, and slave raiding, in the name of a so-called Christian State, which puts into the shade the worst forms of cruelty in the heathen States of Africa or Asia.

There is said to be a vicious system of tribute imposed in rubber and ivory, which the people are certainly unwilling, and possibly unable, to pay; and the State keeps at Luluaburg a well-armed lot of tribute collectors, recruited from cannibal races, who are sent out to exact the specified tribute. When the people do not return the amount exacted they are punished by murder, by the burning of their villages, and by slave capture; in other cases many are deliberately maimed by the cutting off of their right hands. If this "inhumanity of man to man" is not stopped, and stopped at once, the cause of civilization will be permanently damaged, and the acceptance of Christianity by the people in this section of Africa will be indefinitely delayed.

An American missionary on the Upper Congo River, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who has lived on the Congo for ten years, recently transmitted to the British government through Reuter's agency statements which he is thought to be abundantly able to verify by actual witnesses, and which confirm the worst rumors hitherto circulated, but till now supposed to be founded on secondhand native stories. This missionary declares that since the mission was established at Luebo in 1892, on the Upper Kassai, they have been cognizant that the worst offenses were committed in the interior by the Zappo Zaps, a cruel people, known to be cannibals, from whom the government at Luluaburg has recruited its collectors of revenue. He says: "These barbarities are perpetrated on innocent and harmless people, whose only crime is that they happen to live in the border of the Congo Free State, are unarmed, and cannot successfully resist these hordes of plunderers who are armed and sent out by State authority."

This all assumes additional importance at a time when, within the so-called "spheres of influence," the Africans are to be impressed with the justice and humanity of Christian governments. So that, while it is not fair to decry a State for accidental miscarriage of justice, nor to deny them a hearing, any more than we would if they were individuals, it is in no local light that these measures should be reviewed. England has just dissolved the Royal Niger Company, and taken all Nigeria directly under the crown; Germany, France, and the rest hold seven ninths of Africa in their grip. It is of the utmost importance to the evangelization of Africa that even-handed justice shall prevail in these protectorates. Missionaries may not dictate to governments by whose leave they occupy fields of Christian toil; but they must speak out in the presence of giant abuse which is perpetrated by these governments, especially when the ultimate purpose of the governing power is designed to be benevolent, but flagrantly fails of being that in the incidents of its daily administration.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK.

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

Julius Boehmer. This scholar is a pastor and an adherent of the conservative wing of German theologians. But his conservatism springs from an intellectual conviction based on thorough study, not from an emotional prejudice in favor of beliefs long cherished. He has recently given to the world a study of the command of Christ in Matt. xxviii, 19, under the title of *Das biblische "Im Namen"* (The Biblical Expression, "In the Name of"), Giessen, J. Ricker, 1898. He inclines to the genuineness of the passage, though he does not give this feature of his work as much attention as we could desire. He devotes his chief energy to the attempt to discover the source and significance of the expression, "In the name of." He assumes what he does not prove, namely, that the phrase is simply transferred from the Hebrew. Hence he subjects the Old Testament to a rigid scrutiny to discover what the meaning of the Hebrew equivalent is; and he reaches the conclusion that in the Old Testament the phrase, "In the name of Jahweh," signifies, "In the fellowship," "In the possession," "In the association of the name of Jahweh." The "name of Jahweh," in the Old Testament, indicates the inner nature of Jahweh. The expression could be often replaced by the word "person" without change of meaning. At first the significance of the discussion is not apparent to the casual reader. But when it is considered that it is a part of the attempt to settle the question as to the origin of the religious ideas and terminology of the New Testament, and even of Christianity, the importance of the subject will be seen at a glance. The ordinary conception of the relation of God to the Jews and of Judaism to Christianity renders it exceedingly difficult to disconnect any part of Christianity from the providential preparation for it among the Jews. The theory is that the Jews were God's peculiar people in such a sense as that no other nation had any of God's guidance religiously which could contribute to the Christian system. But this theory is not demonstrable either from the Old or the New Testament, nor from a comparison of Christianity with the religious thought, practice, and language of the Greek-Roman world in the time of Christ and the apostles. And, after all, this is not a question to be settled by our preferences, but by an appeal to the facts. Did the Gentile world have any worthy religious ideas? If they did, they, as truly as the Jews, must have gotten them by divine revelation, or else revelation is unnecessary. Now, it has been proved by Professor Deissmann, of Heidelberg, that the phrase, "In the name of," was current among Greek-speaking peoples, and that it expressed a relation of adherence to another. In this case, at least, Greek custom furnished part of our Christian terminology.

Karl Dunkmann. The problem of the freedom or the bondage of the will still continues to engage thoughtful minds. Whether it will ever be settled to our entire satisfaction is doubtful. The vast majority of us believe in the freedom of the will because we feel ourselves free. But Dunkmann has not been able to satisfy himself so easily. In a recent book, entitled *Das Problem der Freiheit in der gegenwartigen Philosophie und das Postulat der Theologie* (The Problem of Freedom in Current Philosophy, and the Postulate of Theology), Halle, M. Niemeyer, 1899, he has not so much contributed to the solution as to the clear understanding of the difficulties of the problem. Undoubtedly one source of the difficulties just mentioned is the fact that we all approach the subject partly from the standpoint of philosophy and partly from that of theology. As Dunkmann says: "The philosopher sees no good reason for entering into the theological aspect of the subject, and the theologian is obliged to look at the philosophical aspect of it as but a preliminary question, for which he can find no suitable place either in dogmatics or in ethics. To this must be added that theology, on account of the varying aspects which the problem takes in the light of sin, grace, and providence, has felt no necessity for regarding the problem from all these standpoints combined, but has been content to look at it now from the standpoint of sin, now from that of grace, now from that of providence." Dunkmann holds that since the kernel of all philosophy is a view of life, and since theology also has its view of life, it is possible to frame a doctrine relative to human freedom which will satisfy both philosophy and theology. This may be a possibility; but it will become an actuality only when it is settled that we have a true theology and a true philosophy. Philosophy cannot admit the fact of freedom in any comprehensive sense while it is obliged to acknowledge the influence of heredity and environment; and theology, as long as it holds to the current theories of sin, grace, and providence, must equally deny all true freedom. The strange fact in connection with it all is that for all practical purposes philosophy and theology are compelled to suppose that man is free and responsible. Primarily the fact of our consciousness of freedom is mightier than any facts of heredity, environment, sin, grace, or providence. Every man is conscious in his own breast of a power to rise superior to all obstacles; and one can change the effects of heredity and environment. As to sin, grace, and providence, it is altogether possible that we have held hitherto to an erroneous conception of them. Philosophy and theology will unite in the assertion of human freedom, as soon as they determine to make largest use of none but the most evident and indubitable facts.

Friederich Loofs. This is not the first time that this writer's name has been mentioned in this department. He is rapidly rising into prominence in Germany and America as a constructive radical in biblical criticism. The term "constructive radical" is, perhaps, novel, but it is the proper

designation of a class. Radical critics are not all destructive. With some of the radicals the conclusions of the critics are so thoroughly established as no longer to need defense. To their minds it is idle to discuss the question whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, whether there was but one Isaiah, whether Daniel was written during the captivity, whether the scientific and historical utterances of the Old Testament are to be unhesitatingly accepted as correct. All of these questions they answer in the negative, with the unquestioning assurance that they thereby answer truly. But of these radicals there are some who use their doctrines to prove the large amount that the Church has been compelled to yield of what she once taught, while there are others who employ the same doctrines to show how much remains to the Church of her old and most cherished beliefs. They utilize every favorable opportunity to point out that all the old doctrines retain every feature that made them religiously valuable. Hence we designate these men as constructive radicals. Loofs is one of the best of his type. He has remarkable ability in the popular putting of these newer views in the interest of faith. And he believes that in Germany, at least, the time has come when the pulpit should under proper circumstances handle these new views of the Bible. The more intelligent portion of the German congregations is aware of the fact that the science and history of the Bible are no longer regarded as wholly trustworthy; but not that the religious revelation remains untouched. To make the latter known Loofs regards as the duty of the pulpit. He himself has several times set the example. Three of his sermons were published in 1899 under the title, *Die Schöpfungeschichte, der Sündenfall, und der Turmbau zu Babel* (The Scriptural Account of Creation, the Fall of Man, and the Tower of Babel), Freiburg i. B., J. C. B. Mohr. Doubtless these sermons contain much that would be offensive to many hearers, but, on the other hand, as examples of the method of treating the Bible in the light of the more recent views of its origin and inspiration they are worthy of all commendation. The fundamental principle of Loofs seems to be that the preacher of the Gospel, be he also professor of theology or not, has for his first duty the building up of the people in the faith of Jesus Christ and in the holy living appropriate thereto. If every preacher will keep this principle in mind, he may be trusted to preach even on this controverted theme.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Die Entstehung des Volkes Israel (The Origin of the Israelitish People). By B. Stade. Giessen, J. Ricker, 1899. The Germans believe in the mission of the small book as well as of the large. Would that our American scholars had a similar confidence! In twenty-four pages Stade has summed up the principal positions now held by the critical historians relative to the origin of the people of Israel. Stade holds that the traditional view of that origin is out of analogy

with all other national origins, and in contradiction to certain portions of the Old Testament and the Egyptian monuments. Of the four "sources" of the Pentateuch he thinks the oldest, the Jehovistic, not only the most natural starting-point for all investigation of the history of Israel, but the most reliable, as well. According to this source Jacob and his sons were nomadic shepherds dwelling in the land of Goshen, which lay between the borders of Egypt and Palestine. They did not dwell in the residence of Pharaoh, as the Elohistic document teaches, nor in the best of the land, Rameses, as the Priestly document has it. They never dwelt in Egypt proper, though some of them may have become subjects of Egypt and may have been regarded by Rameses II as his slaves. There is no doubt as to the existence and work of Moses, though Stade holds that both are somewhat overgrown with legend. In the name of the ancient Sinai-God, Jahweh, who was originally the tribal god of the Kenites, but who subsequently became the god of a confederation of Hebrew nomads, the Levite, Moses, appeared as the deliverer of the oppressed in Goshen, whom he led through the Red Sea. The destruction of Pharaoh in the sea, according to Stade, rests upon legend. The success of the deliverance was the proof of the power of Jahweh, and produced the faith of the delivered tribes in him. They went to Kadesch, overcame the Amalekites, which was regarded as a victory of the national god, Jahweh, and then passed on to Edom and Moab. In the east Jordan country they began to adopt the agricultural industry. There also the names "Hebrew" and "Israel" arose. It is impossible to determine how long they remained either at Kadesch or in the east Jordan country. The conquest of the country west of the Jordan was but slow; at first including only the hilly portions of the land. The Tel-el-Amarna inscriptions show that at that time the rulership of Egypt was weak, which accounts for the rising rulership of the Hebrews in Palestine. Later, during a period extending into the time of the kings, those portions of the land which had remained Canaanitish were conquered. The various elements of the Israelitish people united in a single State, and Jahweh became the god of the land, banishing Baalim. This process was aided by making Jahweh the god of battles among the Israelitish people. The book is interesting and consistent, even though we may not be able in all respects to accept its conclusions.

Serubbabel, Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der messianinschen Erwartung und der Entstehung des Judenthuns. (Zerubbabel. A contribution to the History of the Messianic Hope and of the Origin of Judaism). By Ernst Sellin. Leipzig, A. Deichert, Nachf., 1898. This book is an attempt to throw light upon the period between the dedication of the second temple, in 516 B. C., and the appearance in Jerusalem of Ezra, in 458, or of Nehemiah, in 444 B. C. Three questions press for answer: (1) How was it that the legal system of the time of Ezra and Nehemiah

grew up in the sixty years in question? (2) Why should the hopeful second Isaiah have been so soon followed by the despairing Psalmists? (3) What caused the two diverse currents of legal and spiritual piety to flow together? Briefly summarized Sellin's answer is that upon their return to Jerusulem Zerubbabel was, at the suggestion of the prophets, elevated to the dignity of king, and with him it was expected that the Messianic kingdom would begin. This plan ended in a frightful catastrophe. Zerubbabel suffered the death of a martyr for his people; Jerusalem was again laid waste; the new temple was desecrated. The words of the prophets had proved deceptive, and the Messianic hope was shattered. But reflection on this judgment of God, leading to despair, on the one side, and the ray of hope rekindled by a single great genius, on the other, make the origin of Judaism clear. Of course all this somewhat remarkable historical scheme demands evidence in its support; and the author admits that this evidence is not direct, though he thinks it sufficient to establish his position. He argues, first, that the fact that, subsequent to Zerubbabel, Jerusalem was placed under the jurisdiction of Samaria looks like a punishment for insurrection; second, that, since Nehemiah i, 1, ff., cannot refer either to the destruction of the walls of Ezra nor to that of 586, it must refer, as Ewald thought, to the destruction of the walls built by Zerubbabel; third, Rehum's letter suggests an insurrection of the returned Jews and a consequent devastation of the temple; fourth, the reinstitution of the temple service by Ezra leads to the same conclusion; fifth, the priestly code, which marks the fall of the hope of a personal Messiah, indicates some kind of a preceding catastrophe; sixth, that the prophetic announcements had proved deceptive is probable from the fact that the prophets suddenly fell into discredit with the people. The argument which these points constitutes is certainly ingenious and in some respects convincing, especially in the absence of any other explanation of them. Nevertheless, they are far from conclusive, since it seems very unlikely that, had there been such a catastrophe as Sellin supposes, we should have had no other evidence of it than the inferences which may be drawn from the facts above mentioned. Still, in history as in all science, hypotheses are often constructed and sustained upon exceedingly weak foundations.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Call for Workers. Little by little, in the face of age-long prejudices, the Germans are working their way to an understanding of the value of the lay worker in the cause of Christ. At a recent meeting in Berlin the question as to the best means of protecting young girls from moral and religious degeneration caused an exciting discussion. It was boldly asserted that the old-fashioned notion that only the pastor may openly expound the word of God, and that other equally antiquated theory, that women are no part of the common priesthood of believers, must be abandoned.

The plea was made that women of education outside the ranks of the deaconesses must be enlisted in the work of holding evening gatherings, in which suitable entertainment shall be given. The writer had the rare privilege of attending such a gathering some years ago, and of addressing the girls assembled. There were probably thirty present, seated about a long, broad table. Each had her knitting or embroidery in her hand, and worked busily while the exercises were in progress. There was a time of pleasant social conversation, some light refreshments, which added to the sociability of the occasion, some interesting reading by the woman who had charge of the meeting, a little singing, in which all participated, and the short address of the writer. The influence must have been elevating, to say nothing of the fact that the young women were thereby kept off the streets and given a touch of the life of those who were far above them in social position.

A Recently Discovered Monumental Inscription. Explorers in Asia Minor have recently found a Greek inscription which the historian Mommsen and others place about the year 9 B. C. It is chiefly interesting from the fact that it celebrates the birthday of the Emperor Augustus in language which is strikingly like that which in the New Testament is applied to Jesus Christ. Among the thoughts parallel to those of the New Testament are the following: "It is impossible to express suitably the thanks which are due for the great benefits this day has brought;" "Providence, which rules over all the world, has, for the benefit of mankind, so filled this man with gifts that he is sent to us and to the coming generations as a Saviour;" "In his appearance the hopes of our ancestors are fulfilled; he has not only surpassed all previous benefactors of mankind, but it is impossible that a greater should come;" "The birthday of this God has introduced to the world the message of joy which is inseparably connected with him;" "From his birth a new era of time must begin." These words are understood by some as having furnished the pattern after which the Gospel writers modeled their description of Christ. And it may well be that the language of the gospels has its roots more deeply set in religious conceptions current prior to the time of Christ than are now generally supposed. This would merely prove what it is reasonable to believe and what the New Testament teaches, namely, that God had by his providence in some measure prepared the way for Christ even in heathen lands. But we are inclined to make less of these passages from the inscription than some others would make. The people of that day affected to regard the emperor as divine, and they could not well speak of him in language different from that which we have here. At any rate, whatever they may have expected would be the results of the reign of Augustus, it is very certain that the reign of Christ has been infinitely more beneficent; and, while the language applied to Augustus appears like fulsome flattery, it can be understood in all soberness of Jesus, the true Saviour.

SUMMARY OF THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE death of Dr. James Martineau, at the advanced age of ninety-five, has removed a vigorous and marked personality. In the *London Quarterly* (London, Eng.) for April, P. T. Forsyth, D.D., sums up his life and influence in an article entitled "Dr. Martineau." His habit was that of retirement. "He had the seal of an unearthly altitude and purity, a heavenly aloofness. He was a valuable rebuke to the passion for sociality, for popularity, for seeing and knowing everybody of note, of everybody who has done us good. . . . He wrote no little books which sell by thousands with the religious public; he played no open part in the public life of the nation; he was not a politician, nor an empire-builder, nor a king of finance, nor a princely giver; his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart; he had little that appealed to the keen and bustling young person of the period; he did not deal in the wares which are in current demand. Yet, for these reasons in part he was a great man, with a kind of greatness we much need to be forced to own." As for Martineau's theology Dr. Forsyth says: "He was one of the Greeks who would see Jesus, or who did see him, but who saw him before the cross rather than after it. Few orthodox Christians have lavished on the Saviour such love and reverence as this heretic; he was a Socinian St. Bernard; but the evangelical interpretation of Christianity was an offense to him. Mediatorial religion seemed to him to be an impiety. He carried the love and reverence of Jesus to the height of a passion, and he enshrined it in words and thoughts of beauty at once rich and chaste; but one thing he refused to him on principle—he refused him worship. Christ was the author in man of the highest faith, but he was not its object. Martineau was not even Arian. That was the great gulf between him and such as ourselves. It is a very great gulf, ecclesiastically impassable—especially from his side." The chief service, the review continues, which Dr. Martineau did for his age was in the world of thought, in his defense of "the spiritual principles of life, and the spiritual basis of God for mind and soul." In his attitude "he stood for the value of the soul's intentions as against the mere arithmetic of utilitarian results. He insisted on the moral value of motives, as distinct from effects. The motive was more for the man than the net upshot of his action. It was the quality of the soul that guaranteed the future of the soul. And it was God, the soul of all, that guaranteed the quality of the soul. He [Martineau] stood for God, a living God, freedom, and immortality, in the face of a science which, if not materialist, would have made the mass of its believers little else. . . . He broke the self-sufficiency of the mere physicist and the tyranny of the agnostic; while, on the other side, he exposed the hollowness of the amateur and literary

idealists like Matthew Arnold, and pricked, with the sharpest and deftest sword among us, the fine phrases in which they offered mere ideal substitutes for God." As for Martineau's books, he delayed their publication too long, and found himself "no longer in the van of philosophical progress." In the department of ethics his view is "of a highly intuitionalist, and therefore individualist, character." On the question of revelation his views were "too philosophical and too little historic," while, as to trust, there is something unsatisfactory in his scientific writings. "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed, who, in the abeyance of the intuition and the hiding of the face, yet commit themselves to the eternal act and the crucified arms. But, in company with Martineau's system, in the presence of its wonderful depth, discrimination, beauty, and truth one is often moved by its want of dynamic and help to re-echo Heine's cry before the Venus of the Louvre, "She is lovely—but she has no arms." Martineau was also a critic of "mediatorial religion," and the exponent of an ethical creed in which we cannot rest, there being ultimately "no ethics but Christian ethics," which "start from the new morality of the redeeming cross." But, with it all, Martineau was a "master in God;" and in his departure death "removes one of those lives that do more than all fleets or armies to make a people great and keep them so."

In the *Edinburgh Review* (New York) for April is found the following table of contents: I. "The Alaska Boundary;" II. "Fiction and Philanthropy;" III. "Religion in Greek Literature;" IV. "Morris and Rossetti;" V. "The Struggle for Italian Independence (1815-1849);" VI. "Cappadocian Discoveries;" VII. "Alexander Leslie and Prince Rupert;" VIII. "The Evolution of the Stars;" IX. "Partition of the Western Pacific;" X. "Dean Milman;" XI. "Great Britain and South Africa." Of the Alaska question the reviewer says: "The territory in dispute is a strip of land, so far as at present known of small inherent value, bordering the northwest coast of America, between latitude 55° and 60°. . . . While the boundary line is contested at almost every point throughout its entire length, the interest of the question for the moment centers in the heads of the Lynn Canal. . . . Under the present laws British vessels may not carry goods from any American port to the Lynn Canal. It is true they can trade between British ports and the Lynn Canal, and a customs arrangement has recently been entered into between Canada and the United States whereby goods arriving at Skagway may be bonded through to the Yukon district; but this bonding privilege is attended by restrictions more or less irksome, and is terminable at the pleasure of the American government. Thus Canadian trade, flowing through American channels, is building up American towns in what Canada holds to be British territory. It is, perhaps, not surprising that Canadians should chafe under such a condition of affairs. As

regards the future of this question, it is difficult to predict anything." The second article carefully reviews two somewhat recent works of fiction, *The Island* and *Number 5 John Street;* the third article is a notice of a work by Lewis Campbell, LL.D.; and the fourth traces the careers of two prominent art students, showing their intimate relationship and their contrasts of character. "Italian unity," the next article says, "was the work of three generations of men." As for the explorations of M. Chantre in Cappadocia, they have been most important, representing the civilization of that ancient region "from at least 2500 B. C. down to the time of Justinian," and including "the ancient texts and sculptures which he, like others, compares with those of Chaldea, the early Aryan remains, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman." In the seventh article we find an exhaustive review of two recent biographies sketching two important historic characters. The one, Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven, "more than any one man . . . helped Scotland to save her national existence and her covenant to be a Protestant people." The other, Rupert, the son of Frederick Elector Palatine and Elizabeth, daughter of James I, led his cavalry at Marston Moor to disaster. "His military reputation never recovered, and all that he loved even better than his own fame . . . were involved in that common ruin." Reviewing seven works on some phase of astronomy, the next article traces the progress made in stellar science since the equipment by Huggins of his observatory, in 1856, at Tulse Hill and the employment of the spectroscope for the analysis of star light. The conclusion of the next article is that in the western Pacific the first duty of England is "towards the native inhabitants," rather than "to extract all the profit possible" out of the new possessions. Among the Broad Church leaders of the century was Dean Milman. "For many years he was a central and most popular figure in the best English literary society, and he reckoned most of the leading intellects of his day among his friends. He was in an extraordinary degree many-sided, both in his knowledge and his sympathies. He was an admirable critic, and the eminent sanity of his judgment, as well as the eminent kindness of his nature, combined with a great charm both of manner and of conversation. Few men of his time had more friends, and were more admired, consulted, and loved." The tenth paper notices his valuable work and his enduring influence; while in the concluding article it is interesting to read the protest from the English standpoint against the charge of undue imperialism in South Africa. "We want the whole world to recognize also," the writer says, "that we are not actuated by unjust or aggressive aims; that we love peace, that the interest of the British empire lies in peace, and that we have no intention of abandoning the counsels of three generations of statesmen in order to enter upon a rivalry of military ambition with the great powers of the world." But the national character and good name must be respected.

An important paper on the missionary growth of the century, found in the *Missionary Review of the World* (New York) for June, is entitled "Thoughts on the Missionary Century." Its writer is Professor Warneck, D.D., of Halle, Germany, who was detained from the late Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, and who consequently sent a communication, of which the present paper is a summary. Having made "the historical and theoretical study of missions his special work for over thirty years," he speaks with recognized authority. Upon the necessary training for missionaries to be sent into the field he has this advice: "What we need, besides expert mission directors, is, above all, missionaries really equal to their great work. The general cry is more missionaries—and, let me add emphatically, more men. But the petition that the Lord of the harvest should send workers into his harvest also has reference to their quality. Missionaries must be weighed, not only counted. Spiritual equipment is of course the chief consideration. But the teaching of more than a hundred years of missionary experience should prevent us from again falling into the mistake of thinking that this alone suffices without a thorough training. More than enough male and female missionaries have been sent out who were not even capable of learning to speak the foreign language fluently."

The *International Monthly* (Burlington, Vt.) is a new "magazine of contemporary thought" which merits the attention of scholarly readers. Its first article, by Professor Edmund Buckley, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago, discusses the "Relation between Early Religion and Morality," and maintains the position that "morality and religion have distinct natures and independent origins." The second article considers "Political Parties and City Government," and is written by Professor F. J. Goodnow, of Columbia University. The State, he holds, "should establish an effective central control over the actions of municipalities, so far as they are acting as State agents;" laws should be passed preventing "national and State parties from making use of municipal patronage, contracts, and franchises in their own interest;" and municipal organizations should be so simple and the powers of their authorities so great that the voter should know the ability of the officer for whom he votes "to carry out within a reasonable time a municipal policy" under consideration. The third paper, by Professor R. W. Wilcox, M.D., LL.D., of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, is entitled "Recent Advance in Medical Science," and points out some encouraging progress lately made. The next paper, on "The Nature of the Creative Imagination," is written by Professor Th. Ribot, of Paris; and the final article, on "High Explosives," is contributed by Captain E. L. Zalinski, U. S. A. (Retired.) The magazine is published by the Macmillan Company, and is worthy of success in a field where there are many competitors.

BOOK NOTICES.

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

The Singular Death of Christ. By Rev. JOSEPH DUNN BURRELL, D.D. 8vo, pp. 62 New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, paper, 25 cents.

This great subject is here considered under four heads: "The Old Testament Idea of the Suffering Saviour;" "Christ's Own Estimate of His Death;" "Paul's Estimate of Christ's Death;" and "What Christ's Death Ought to Be to Us." In his preface the author says: "What is Christianity? The life of man in fellowship with God through faith in the living Christ. The meaning of that life turns upon the fact that the Christ who now lives for evermore once died. We worship an enthroned Saviour, crowned with unspeakable glory. But his path to glory lay through the grave. That is why every Christian is led to try to understand why Jesus died. We cannot know the living Christ until first we have known Christ dead. The dying Saviour has been the subject of innumerable essays and books, from the apostolic age on. One might imagine that the subject had been sufficiently treated already. But as 'the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns,' there arises in every age the inevitable and legitimate desire to reinterpret truth in forms of thought and language familiar to the time. So long as the world lasts men will be trying to explain the atonement." The discussion of the Old Testament Idea closes thus: "The most remarkable trait of the thought of the nineteenth century is the tendency to unification. Everything known to man is brought into one system, governed by one law—that of evolution. Nothing is permitted to be exempt—least of all, human history. Every event has its adequate cause, and things to come are contained in germ in what has been. It is so in religion as in other things. Religion is not what we like to make it; it is a concrete product of history, coming to be the definite thing it is by an age-long process originated and controlled by God. Christ did not come unheralded, or in a sense uncaused. The centuries were making for his Messiahship. At the heart of ancient civilization were the Jews, carrying in their life the consummate spiritual and ethical achievement of the ages of the world. At the heart of that life was their complicated system of sacrifices guarded and explained by their Scriptures. At the heart of that sacrificial and scriptural economy was the thought of a suffering Saviour. The Jew stood before the altar with his victim for sacrifice. Here was something precious, a life, given for his sins, to God. What did it all mean? He turned to the pages of the Scriptures, and there might learn that in the great struggle between the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman the latter one day should receive a deadly wound, yet triumph; that there should come a prophet who,

like Moses, would plead for the people, offering to bear the penalty of their sins himself; that there should be a holy soul suffering vastly, even to the sense of being forsaken of God, in order to serve the Most High; that he should bear the sins of many; and that, in spite of being God's own appointed shepherd, his smiting should come from God. How came these things into the Jewish mind? They were an integral part of that long historic process which culminated on Calvary. We know Christ only as we know what went before Christ. When he came he came to suffer for the sins of the world." Dr. Burrell reviews fully all that Christ himself had to say concerning his death, and then says: "Looking back over these several sayings of our Lord, we see how profound a meaning he attributed to his own death. He said that it was the natural result of leading a righteous life in this wicked world, where the only way to gain is to lose; that he came as the Son of man to give his life as a ransom for many from their sins, which was the crowning act in a career conformed to the law that the way to glory is service; that his body was broken and his blood was shed, after the manner of a lamb of the sin offering slain for the remission of sins, and a passover lamb slain to mark the beginning of a new covenant; that according to the Scriptures the Messiah must suffer death, because, back of that, it was necessary according to the eternal purpose of God; and that he must be lifted up on the cross in death, in order to bring eternal life to all who believe in him. So many different aspects of the one great act fairly bewilder us; but they may all be brought into one—death the way to life. That is a law which holds throughout the whole vast world of nature. Its symbol is the perishing grain of wheat opening the way to the springing harvest. That law, Jesus tells us, holds also in the spiritual world. Christ must hang on the cross and die that we might live." The author notes, as the impressive thing in all Scripture teachings concerning Christ, their complete coincidence in the doctrine that the death of the Saviour was for the redemption of men from sin. "So that if we give proper credit to the Old Testament, both for its inspiration and because it presents a legitimate stage in the evolution of religion, and if we believe that Jesus understood himself and the meaning of his own presence here on the earth, and if we are moved by the evident religious insight of the great mind of Paul, we cannot get away from the fact, however difficult it is to comprehend, that Jesus Christ died on the cross to redeem men from their sins." Dr. Burrell's serious and able setting forth of a sublime subject is in the full light of modern thought. In considering what Christ's death ought to be to us he writes: "The point from which we must start if we would know the reality of Christ's salvation is a personal appreciation of the fact that we are sinners. For if we are not sinners, we do not need to be saved, and Christ's death was superfluous; and if we do not know that we are sinners, we are not likely to come to him for salvation. Who is there who reads these lines who has not at some

time tried to appreciate his own sinfulness and feel such grief over it as we know we ought to feel? But in spite of all our trying we have failed. But when we are in the mood to try to appreciate our own sinfulness we should remember that as long as we are in this world our special sins will be attractive to us, and will hide their badness from our eyes. Instead of wasting time, therefore, in trying to make our sins seem terrible to ourselves we would better lay emphasis on their great wickedness before God. Even the best man's judgment of evil is likely to be too complacent and apologetic. We can know the truth about it only by remembering that in spite of its slightness to us it violates profoundly the will of God, is utterly hateful to him, and is under his curse. Do not pay any attention to what people about you think about sin; or to your own vacillating judgments upon it. But remember that you have committed it before God, and that it is accursed. But when we appreciate that before God we are guilty it is necessary for us to remind ourselves of his character; that while he hates sin with the burning antipathy of perfect holiness, he loves the sinner with a passion far more intense than that which the tenderest of fathers feels for his child. Imagine a miserable, drunken son who has deserted his father's house and is out in the world, earning, begging, or stealing pennies enough to keep body and soul together, but often shelterless, cold, hungry, and sick. Imagine the father sitting by his cozy hearth some bitter winter night and wondering where his poor boy is then. Perhaps he is huddled with other vagrants in some police station. Perhaps he is slinking about some cheap and dirty lodging-house. Perhaps he is cowering behind a pile of lumber trying to hide from the sharp wind. Think of the anguish of that father's heart as these thoughts run through his mind. There is nothing in the world he would not give to save his son from that horrible appetite which has wrecked his life. That is the way God looks at his poor children down here below who are hugging their sins and losing their souls. There is nothing he will not give in his infinite pity to save them. He would surrender his own life were it possible. He comes as near to it as he can in the person of his holy Son, Jesus Christ, who dies to redeem us from our sins. It does not matter very much, perhaps, how much emotion there is in our hardened hearts; but it does matter eternally that we should believe in the reality of the love of God and the reality of our need of it. Still, that it not enough. I say again that thinking never saved anybody. Acting saves. It was necessary for Christ to act for us, and now it is necessary for us by an act of surrender of ourselves to him to appropriate what he did for us. Strangely enough, if that act of surrender be genuine, we not only, through our union with Christ in the fellowship brought about by faith, make Christ's death a death for us, but after a manner we repeat his experience in ourselves. As he died, rose, and lives again, so we die unto sin, rise unto righteousness, and live forever unto God. In ourselves

we reproduce, as it were, the cycle of Christ's saving acts. 'For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' The death of Christ was for the salvation of men from sin. That was what he himself understood by it, and Paul, and the Old Testament: that is what we must understand by it if we would have eternal life. Looked at historically, this was the greatest event in the passage of the ages, the most influential, the most revolutionary. Looked at scientifically, it was the emergence of a higher type of manhood, through the entrance of a new strain of influence into human character. Looked at theologically, it was the coming of the divine into touch with the human in such a way that sin might be abolished and a righteousness from God be realized in the world. But, after all, of how little importance to us is it to appreciate these broader aspects of Christ's death compared with our personal experience of it. Indeed, the broader results of Christ's work in the world through his death are accomplished only by their being first brought about in individual men. The supreme question for each one of us, therefore, is, What is the death of Christ to me? What ought it to be to you? It ought to be God's loving way of salvation from sin, freeing you from its curse, releasing you from its power, inspiring you with a deep zeal for righteousness, and quickening in you the hope of one day being holy as God is holy. How can it be made this to you? By that personal surrender of yourself to the living Christ which we call faith. He died for you, he lives for you, and whosoever believeth in him hath eternal life."

The Son of Man; Studies in His Life and Teachings. By GROSS ALEXANDER, S.T.D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Vanderbilt University. With an Introduction by JOHN J. TIGERT, D.D., LL.D., Book Editor, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. 12mo, pp. 380. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House of Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Price, cloth, $1.

The inexhaustible field for study which is found in the earthly life of Jesus has here attracted another scholar to patient and successful effort. Professor Alexander at the outset, however, wisely recognizes the limitations under which it is best to hold himself, and makes no attempt to accomplish the impossible. Modestly calling his work an "unpretending book," he refrains from any effort to write a complete life of Jesus or to furnish "a treatise on his teachings." His volume rather consists, to use his own words, "of studies of some of the important phases of his [Christ's] life and teachings," and as such must be judged. Since our somewhat careful examination has failed to discover any conspicuous variance from accepted doctrinal teaching or the usual New Testament exegesis, we shall content ourselves in the interests of clearness for the reader with such quotations as will indicate the author's purpose and manner of treatment. The circumstances obtaining in Palestine, at the time of Christ's birth, are set forth in Chapter I,

entitled "The Condition and the Beginnings." Scribes or rabbis, Pharisees, and Sadducees were the molders of the national thought; the social outcasts had abandoned themselves to lives of open sin; the publicans had hired themselves "to the service of the hated Gentile power that held in subjection the elect people of Jehovah;" and only a small remnant of devout souls waited for the consolation of Israel. The condition of the heathen world was also one of gloom. "Nature was an impenetrable mystery; man, an inexplicable enigma; truth, a matter of philosopher's guess; virtue, a blind and uncertain risk; and death, at once the refutation and extinction of hope. Darkness seemed to cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples." Chapter II discusses "The Supernatural Birth of Jesus," and Chapter III "The Baptism and its Meaning." Jesus, the writer holds, was already conscious of his Messiahship. If not, "we cannot discover any reason for his submitting to John's baptism. If there was not something in his consciousness which called for his baptism apart from sin and repentance, there was no reason for his baptism at all. But, if there was something in his consciousness apart from sin and repentance which prompted his desire for baptism, that something must have been in connection with his Messiahship." His baptism, in other words, "marked the close of his former life of privacy and inactivity and his entrance upon one that was entirely new, namely, the life and work of the Messiah." The theme of Chapter IV is "The Equipment of Jesus," and of Chapter V "The Test in the Desert," in which the author claims that Jesus was "as truly tempted as if he had not" a divine nature. Chapters VI and VII, which discuss "The Kingdom of God" and "Conditions of Entering the Kingdom," are among the important divisions of the book—the former showing the reasonable expectation of the Jews, based upon many Old Testament prophecies, of a coming "national-political power" and the contrary teaching of Jesus as to the true nature of the kingdom; the latter showing that repentance and faith are the conditions for entrance thereupon. "The Church," says the professor in a passing reference to existent social life, "has not yet accepted the teaching of Jesus on the subject of money. There are multitudes of rich men in the Church to-day who, like Dives, live as princes, while Lazaruses are perishing not far from their gates by the slow processes of crumb-starvation. And there are yet others who, like the rich young ruler, are keeping the commandments and holding on to their riches with a passion that is stronger than their love for suffering men or their regard for the words of Christ. But when the teachings of Jesus become more thoroughly understood and more widely expounded, and his spirit more deeply permeates the Church, we may hope for better things." Other chapters are entitled: "The King, the Law, and the Kingdom;" "Jesus's Doctrine of God as Father;" "The Daily Prayer of God's Child," in which the Lord's Prayer has a brief but scholarly interpretation; "Jesus and the Old Testament;" "The Transfigura-

tion;" "The Self-Consciousness of Jesus"—which is one of the author's very important chapters, were there room for quotation; and "The Resurrection of Jesus." The latter event, says the author, "becomes also the proof of immortality. If the fact has been established, it alone answers the question, 'Does death end all?'" From these citations the trend of Professor Alexander's book will be easily inferred. His resort to the Scriptures in the original; his consultation with such distinguished foreign scholars as Keim, Weiss, Wendt, Bruce, and Schürer, who have commented upon the life of Jesus; and his evidently independent and thoughtful excursion into the mysteries of the Gospel story have combined to furnish a volume as wholesome and worthy as it is unpretentious. The perpetual charm which surrounds the earthly life of the Nazarene has in the volume a new illustration. To study the life and teaching of Jesus, even as a critical unbeliever, is necessarily uplifting; to study that matchless career as Professor Alexander has done is to find new proofs for Christ's deity and new inspiration for loyal service to him. And in finding these undoubtedly for himself the author has also found them for all who may read his book. The Church South is to be congratulated that so inspiring a volume, fully abreast of the latest scholarship, has been added to its native literature.

The Conception of Immortality. By JOSIAH ROYCE, Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard University. 16mo, pp. 91. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, $1.

This is the Ingersoll Lecture for 1899. The previous lectures on the foundation given by Miss Caroline Haskell Ingersoll were: "Immortality and the New Theodicy," by Dr. George A. Gordon, in 1896; "Human Immortality," by Professor William James, in 1897; and "Dionysos and Immortality," by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, in 1898. Professor Royce begins by pointing out where, to his mind, lies the most central problem concerning man's immortality. "In the real world in which our common-sense metaphysic believes, some things are obviously transient, and others, as, for instance, matter and the laws of nature, are more enduring, and perhaps (so common sense would nowadays tell us) are absolutely permanent. But permanence is of two sorts. A *type* may be permanent—a law, a relationship. Thus the Binomial Theorem remains always true; and water continues to run down hill just as it did during the earliest geological periods. Or that may be permanent which we usually call an *individual* being. This particle of matter, as, for instance, an individual atom, or, again, the individual whole called the entire mass of matter of the universe, may be permanent. Now when we ask about the Immortality of Man, it is the permanence of the Individual Man concerning which we mean to inquire, and not primarily the permanence of the human type, as such, nor the permanence of any other system of laws or relationships." Most of the lecture is given to discussing what we mean

when we talk of the Individual Man; for, the author says, "If we can discover what we mean by an individual man, the very answer to that question will take us so far into the heart of things, and will imply so much as to our views about God, the World, and Man's place in the world, that the question about the immortality of man will become, in a great measure, a mere incident in the course of this deeper discussion." Through most of the lecture, then, the inquiry is concerning what we mean by an Individual Man; and at the end it appears that in defining the Individual Man his immortality has been defined. The author aims to show that in order to be an individual at all a man has to be very much nearer the Eternal than in our present life we are accustomed to observe. At the close he says that the application of his argument to the problem of Human Immortality lies in these plain considerations: (1) The world is a rational whole, a life, wherein the divine Will is uniquely expressed. (2) Every aspect of the Absolute Life must therefore be unique with the uniqueness of the whole, and must mean something that can only get an individual expression. (3) But in this present life, while we constantly intend and mean to be and to love and know individuals, there are, for our present form of consciousness, no true individuals to be found or expressed with the conscious materials now at our disposal. (4) Yet our life, by virtue of its unity with the Divine Life, must receive in the end a genuinely individual and significant expression. (5) We men, therefore, to ourselves, as we feel our own strivings within us, and to one another, as we strive to find one another, and to express ourselves to one another, are hints of a real and various individuality that is not now revealed to us, and that cannot be revealed in any life which merely assumes our present form of consciousness, or which is limited by what we observe between our birth and death. (6) And so, finally, the various and genuine individuality which we are now loyally meaning to express gets, from the Absolute point of view, its final and conscious expression in a life that, like all life such as Idealism recognizes, is conscious, and that in its meaning, although not at all necessarily in time or in space, is continuous with the fragmentary and flickering existence wherein we now see through a glass darkly our relations to God and to the final truth. By what process this individuality of our human life is further expressed Professor Royce does not profess to know or even guess. He only knows that "our various meanings, through whatever vicissitudes of fortune, consciously come to what we individually, and God, in whom we alone are individuals, shall together regard as the attainment of our unique place, and of our true relationships both to other individuals and to the all-inclusive Individual, God himself." To subtle minds, fond of metaphysical subtleties, this lecture may have interest; but the ordinary mind, even if it persevere in the reading of it, will not be impressed that the argument is convincing.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Light of Day. By JOHN BURROUGHS. 12mo, pp. 224. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

Of one of her contemporaries Charlotte Brontê wrote: "In Mr. Thackeray's nature is a good angel and a bad, and I would match the one against the other." John Burroughs's book reminds us of that saying. His self-contradictions make it unnecessary for anybody to contradict him; he attends to that business himself. One part of him wars with the other part of him, till self-demolition is complete. His mutually antagonistic opinions reenact the tragedy of the Kilkenny cats. He seems to be an atheist. Witness passages like the following: "When I look up at the starry heavens at night and reflect upon what it is that I really see there, I am constrained to say, 'There is no God.' . . . It is not the works of some God that I see there. I am face to face with a power that baffles speech. I see no lineaments of personality, but an energy upon whose currents solar systems are but bubbles. In the presence of it man and the race of man are less than motes in the air. I doubt if any mind can expand its conception of God sufficiently to meet the astounding disclosures of modern science. It is easier to say there is no God." Again, "We must get rid of the great moral governor. He is a fiction of our own brains. We must recognize only Nature, the All. . . . Nature we know; we are of it; we are in it. . . . This is all the God we can know." And again, "Man is the insect of a summer hour. The scheme of the universe is too big for us to grasp—so big that it is no scheme at all. . . . Before it all notions of a God disappear; one says in his heart, 'There is no God.' The universe is no more a temple than it is a brothel. The cosmos knows no God—it is *super deus*." But it seems, *per contra*, that Mr. Burroughs is equally a theist. Witness the following: "There surely comes a time when the mind perceives that this world is the work of God and not of devils, and that in the order of nature we may behold the ways of the Eternal; in fact, that God is here and now in the humblest and most familiar fact, as sleepless and active as ever he was in old Judea. This perception has come and is coming to more minds to-day than ever before—this perception of the modernness of God, of the modernness of inspiration, of the modernness of religion." Again, "To disclose God subjectively through the conscience, or as an intimate revelation to the spirit, that is to experience religion as usually understood. The person finds God by looking inward, instead of outward, and finds him as a person." With this book before us, we suggest that the next edition of *The Origin of Species* should record the recent origin of two entirely new species, the theistic atheist and the atheistic theist, with a footnote saying that these two new species have gone into authorship and have become collaborators in a volume entitled *The Light of Day*. As might be expected, a "variety store" is a monotonous place compared with the book produced by such collaboration;

the proper notice on the title-page for all sort of people would be, "If you do not find what you want on one page, look for it on another." A bundle of extracts from it might be labeled "An Invoice from Topsy-turvydom;" among which would be such excellent things as the following: "Science does not make up the sum-total of life; there are many things in this world that count for more than exact knowledge. A noble sentiment, an heroic impulse, courage, and self-sacrifice—how all your exact demonstrations pale before these things! . . . Four-fifths of life is quite outside the sphere of science; four-fifths of life is sentiment. The great ages of the world have been ages of sentiment; the great literatures are the embodiments of sentiment. Patriotism is a sentiment; love, benevolence, admiration, worship, are all sentiments. Man is a creature of emotions, attractions, and intuitions, as well as of reason and calculation. . . . To know is less than to love; to know the reason of things is less than to be quick to the call of duty. . . . We accept what science can give, knowing full well that there is a joy in things, and an insight into them which science can never give." Again, "Science is not the main part of life, notwithstanding all the noise it is making in the world. . . . Science is young; it is now probably only in the heat of its forenoon work. A little curious it is that man's knowing faculties, the first to be appealed to, should be the latest in maturing; that he should worship so profoundly, admire so justly, act so wisely and heroically, while he yet knew so little accurately of the world in which he was placed. Does not this fact point to the conclusion that science is not the main part of life? Science alone can meet our demand for knowledge of the physical world. But after science has done its best is not the mystery as great as ever? Is there not the same ground for faith, worship, adoration, as ever?" The following concerning faith: "The skeptic sees the benefit of a strong, active faith. . . . It is not for nothing that we have had so long thundered into our ears the benefits of belief and the dangers of skepticism and doubt. . . . The very act of belief is in itself wholesome and sets the current going, while doubt paralyzes and leads to stagnation. . . . The great periods in history have been periods of strong faith, of serious affirmation, not of denial, nor yet of reason." And further, "St. Paul's definition of faith the religious mind has clung to very fondly—namely, 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;' and Dr. Fisher's new version of the passage—to wit, 'the firm assurance of things hoped for, the being convinced of things not seen'—can hardly take its place in the popular conscience. It is true, but not taking.. Faith is neither evidence nor substance. 'It makes real to the mind the objects of hope'—so real that 'they exercise a due control in the shaping of conduct.' Coleridge said to Crabb Robinson that 'religious belief is an act not of the understanding, but of the will. To become a believer one must love the doctrine and feel in harmony with it.' " Again, "Undoubtedly, religion knows

certain things in a more intimate way than science does. What we receive through the emotions is more vital and personal to us than what reaches us through the reason. The person in whose mind has been awakened a deep love of Jesus comes to know Jesus in a way the mere outside observer does not; his spirit takes hold of the Christ-idea and is filled and modified by it to an extent the other is not. An emotional process is more potent than a rational process. The knowledge thus gained is not more truly knowledge, but it is more vital knowledge. It is not mere conviction; it is attraction and affiliation as well." Concerning the New Testament this theistic atheist admits, "Whether or not the Gospel records are true as history, they have wonderful, even magical power as literature. Their certitude, their good faith, their sweetness, their solemnity, and their aroma of the sacred and divine are almost irresistible." Indeed they are, Mr. Burroughs. And well may you add, "Only very strong minds or else very dull ones can withstand them. A spell is put upon the mind of the reader. *It seems as if these things must have happened just as the Gospel writers put them down.*" (Italics ours.) Yea, verily, it does so seem. They *must* have *happened* just so. The author's opinion of Calvinism is made very clear: "The God of our Puritan fathers will not do for us at all. The moral difficulties of Calvinism are getting to be as insurmountable as the intellectual difficulties of Catholicism. The God of to-day, or the divine ideal toward which the religious conscience of our time is struggling, one may feel some liking for, but the God of the Puritans, of Calvinism, was a monster too terrible to contemplate. . . . Calvinism has long outraged men's reason, but it got along very well till it began to impinge upon their moral sense, their sense of justice, of mercy, of fitness. The ideal of Calvinism is beginning to topple, and when this is the case with a creed its power for good is gone." What he thinks of certain other religionists this extract indicates: "In a city near me is a large cemetery, in a neglected corner of which is a multitude of children's graves which have the appearance of being outcasts, reprobates; and so they are. These children were not baptized, therefore they cannot be buried in consecrated ground; their blameless little souls are in hell, and their bodies are huddled together here in this neglected corner. This is a glimpse of the beauty of our Catholic creed." John Burroughs believes that "the only thing real and valuable in religion, the only thing saving in it, is the emotion of godliness, of tenderness, gentleness, purity, mercy, truth." An apparent inspiration from Walt Whitman is the last essay in this miscellany, entitled "The Divine Ship," the best part of which is this: "Can anything transpire of which the Whole does not take cognizance? 'Not a hawthorn blooms,' says Victor Hugo, 'but is felt at the stars; not a pebble drops but sends pulsations to the sun.' " A naturalist, it seems, is a freethinker, who is not put by circumstances under bonds even to consistency.

The Psychology of Religion. An Empirical Study of the Growth of Religious Consciousness. By EDWIN DILLER STARBUCK, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Education at Leland Stanford Junior University. With a Preface by WILLIAM JAMES, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. 12mo, pp. 423. London: Walter Scott, Ltd. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50.

In its methods this is an unusual book. The proposition to tabulate the facts of conversion and subsequent Christian experience, and thus to arrive at an "inductive study into the phenomena of religion," is a radical departure from the stereotyped order of practice. So that Dr. Starbuck, in his Introduction, well gauges the sentiment of many readers that those "who hold conceptions which separate sharply the spiritual realm from the mundane, who acknowledge law and the consequent validity of science in the one, but set the other under the control of voluntary and arbitrary decrees, will look on a scientific study of religion with distrust and suspicion." Withholding for a little, however, any comment upon the wisdom of the method which the author has followed, the scope of his book may be best learned by a somewhat free outline of his procedure. The material for his study, he informs us, "consists largely of autobiographies written in response to a printed list of questions." These questions, "so much in use since the early work of Darwin and Galton," were so framed as to evoke a statement of experience, rather than a categorical answer; a statement of experience, and not the expression of "opinions about certain ideas or doctrines," was sought; and the effort was made "to have the material as representative as possible in regard to sex, age, Church connection, and vocation." The quotation of the second of the eleven questions must suffice as an example of the whole, it being as follows: "What force and motive led you to seek a higher and better life—fears, regrets, remorse, conviction for sin, example of others, influence of friends and surroundings, changes in belief or ideals, deliberate choice, external pressure, wish for approval of others, sense of duty, feeling of love, spontaneous awakening, divine impulse, etc? Which of these or other causes were most marked, and which were present at all?" The number of responses used in the compilation was finally one hundred and ninety-two, of which one hundred and twenty were from female correspondents and seventy-two from male sources. "The Church connection," it is said, "was not always given; almost all, however, are Protestants, with the Methodists somewhat better represented than the other denominations. The rest were about equally divided among the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian, and Friends Churches. At least eight were Episcopalians. By far the majority were Americans. Besides these there were twelve English, three Canadians, three negroes, two Germans, two Japanese, and one Hawaiian. The numbers were well distributed among the vocations, although ministers and the student class were slightly in excess, as they were more accessible. . . . In

regard to the environment under which conversion occurred, only one half of the females and one third of the males were immediately in connection with revival influences; in a few of the cases the real change took place at home after attending revival, and may be regarded as under the direct influence of evangelical surroundings; a small number of males and about one fourth of the females were converted at regular church service or prayer meeting or confirmation; about one fifth of the entire number of conversions (more frequently those of the males) have taken place independently of any immediate external influence. This last fact seems to show that conversion is a phenomenon natural to religious growth." A fuller citation is not possible, but this is sufficient to show that whatever value may follow from a diversity of testimony upon the experiences of conversion certainly inheres in the present instance. The third chapter of the book has for its title, "The Age of Conversion"—in the study of this subject twelve hundred and sixty-five instances having been tabulated, of which two hundred and fifty-four are from females and ten hundred and eleven from males. Both the author's charts and tables, however interesting, must be passed by, his inference from the whole being in the following words: "Conversion does not occur with the same frequency at all periods in life. It belongs almost exclusively to the years between ten and twenty-five. The number of instances outside that range appears few and scattered. That is, conversion is a distinctly adolescent phenomenon. It is a singular fact, also, that within this period the conversions do not distribute themselves equally among the years. In the rough, we may say they begin to occur at seven or eight years, and increase in number gradually to ten or eleven, and then rapidly to sixteen; rapidly decline to twenty, and gradually fall away after that, and become rare after thirty. One may say that if conversion has not occurred before twenty the chances are small that it will ever be experienced." The pertinency and force of these inferences are vividly established by the author's charts just alluded to. Of the ten succeeding chapters which conclude Part I, and which are largely made up of extracts from personal narratives, we may only give the captions, as follows: "The Motives and Forces Leading to Conversion;" "Experiences Preceding Conversion;" "The Mental and Bodily Affections Immediately Accompanying Conversion;" "In What Conversion Consists;" "The Conscious and Sub-conscious Elements in Conversion;" "The Quality of Feeling Following Conversion;" "The Character of the New Life;" "Conversion as a Normal Human Experience;" "A General View of Conversion;" "The Abnormal Aspect of Conversion." And, still compelled by the necessities of the case to summarize, we may notice that Part II has for its title, "Lines of Religious Growth Not Involving Conversion," an appeal still being frequently taken to the narrative of personal experience, and that Part III is entitled "Comparison of the Lines of Growth with and

without Conversion." Among the practical inferences inserted by the author in his final chapter is "the importance of wisely anticipating the stages of growth [childhood, youth, maturity] and leading on naturally and easily from one stage into the next." Nor should these steps be unduly hastened. "Just when the soul begins to put out its tentacles and feel its way into the higher life, it often happens that some one crashes into it with a gospel that contradicts every need of its nature. The disturbances of youth seem to be as much due to lack of sympathy of older people with the needs of human nature as to temperamental peculiarities and physiological defects. The interests of the religious life demand that in venturing to help in the processes of growth from childhood to maturity there should be a tact, a knowledge, a delicacy of treatment in some measure commensurate with the infinite fineness of the organism with which we are dealing." Enough has perhaps been said to give the reader a fairly intelligent understanding of the line of discussion which the volume follows. The method—to revert to our initial criticism—will seem to many repelling, and the prompting will instinctively arise to combat that scientific spirit of the age which holds nothing as sacred, but subjects all intellectual processes to the test of the scalpel, the scales, and the X-ray of the electrician. With equal fitness it would seem that the delicate emotions of love and courtship might be tabulated in the rigid and ruthless columns of a statistician. But the contention of the author is that law reigns in the spiritual world, as well as the physical; that "there is no event in the spiritual life which does not occur in accordance with immutable laws;" and that, as the study of religion is at the point where astronomy and chemistry were, four centuries ago, so "another four hundred years may restore to law the soul of man, with all its hopes, aspirations, and yearnings." The psychology of religion, in other words, has its relations to sociology and history, to psychology, to the philosophy of religion and theology, and to religion itself. "The relation," says Dr. Starbuck, upon the latter point, "is the same as that of any science to its corresponding art. . . . The development of the psychology of religion is another step in the growth of racial self-consciousness, which seems to be nature's way of self-improvement." Hostility to the new method followed in this treatise may therefore for the time being be held in abeyance, until it is learned if science has not, after all, touched with a reverent hand the great facts of religious consciousness, only to learn important lessons from their compilation. While the volume is necessarily an array of concrete testimonies, rather than an abstract argument, it will be found most suggestive by all progressive religious students and teachers.

The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill. 16mo, pp. 349. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, $1.25.

E. R. Sill was a crystalline personality, pure, sincere, transparent, a gifted and earnest spirit, a facile and graceful writer in prose and

verse. Hitherto we have had only poems from him, three volumes; here is his prose, forty essays on a wide variety of subjects, grouped under these heads: Nature, Literature and Criticism, Music, Psychology and Ethics, Education, Life. An Introduction of some sixty pages contains extracts from his familiar correspondence, from which may be gathered some details of a quiet life and some characteristics of a lovable nature. He tried to preach, but found he could not; so he turned to teaching and writing. He felt himself somewhat out of joint with the world as it is, and wrote, "I should have made an excellent citizen of some other planet, maybe, and they got me on the wrong one." He dreaded to see anything of his in print, lest the universe point at him as an example of a wretch that had mistaken his vocation. He shrank from criticism of his opinions, and almost vowed not to write anything but arithmetics and geographies. "Even then," he said, "somebody would hate you for your view of the Indian Ocean, or fear the worst about your character because of your treatment of the Least Common Multiple." He liked "open fires and open friends—both kept well replenished and *poked up*." He wrote to an early friend: "I've been reading theology lately. You spoke of the legion of things which claim our attention—verily, verily. But moral philosophy stands first, then metaphysics, then down to medicine, literature, sociology, history, etc. I keep a little fountain babbling and plashing in my brain, by reading every day a word of Tennyson or Browning (Mrs., I mean) or Ruskin or Bible or somebody. I would like to take your arm and start on a trip through moral philosophy, by evenings." From his *Index Rerum* he extracts this: "He who has loved and served an art is like the child that was nursed by Persephone: he is not subject to the woes of other men, for he has lain in the lap and on the bosom of a goddess." Quoting the adage, "Up to forty a man seeks pleasure; after forty he shuns pain," he says there is no doubt that, as we get on in life, we value things not merely as they promise some increment of positive enjoyment, but as they fortify the spirit against positive suffering. Certain books, for instance, acquire greater value in that they provide a harbor of refuge when the mind's barometer begins to fall, and one's moods are overcast and threatening. He names three kinds of books that have this peculiar value: First, books for simply passing the time; books which absorb us and make us for the hour oblivious of ourselves, our sorrow, remorse, anxiety, mortification, or "the thickening Brocken shadow of our own unprofitableness." Each temperament and taste will select its own preference for this purpose: books of travel and adventure, old ballads and romances, or volumes of natural science remote from the whole region of human cares, moods, complexities, as remote from the pain of excessive joy as from that of excessive woe, taking us to realms passionless and serene. The works of the elder Dumas have this value, and Sill lies back with abandon on "this virile author's secure mastery of the planetary and cometary

orbits of his always impossible but never improbable characters." Second, books of refuge which fortify us against our "bad quarter-hours" by bracing up our own moral tone or our philosophical heroism; which make a man ashamed of caring too much whether he be happy or not—which present anew the higher aims and better estimates of life. Third, books which by their mere largeness of scope make all our own haps and mishaps, and states of mind or of fortune, dwindle to insignificance. Their voice appeals every case from *die kleine to die grosse welt.* Such, says Sill, are Goethe, and Turgenieff, and Landor, and George Eliot, and the great historians, and Browning, and Shakespeare's deepest dramas. The most pathetic figure in story is Longfellow's Evangeline, thinks Sill. In an essay on "The Charm of Similitudes," speaking of their illuminating use in poetry and in colloquial speech, the author says: "The reason we enjoy them seems to be that they hit out the idea like a flash. There is nothing the mind enjoys, after all, like getting an idea and getting it *quick*—which is only giving in a nutshell the gist of Herbert Spencer's admirable essay on 'Style.'" A friend had a new cook, and he said (he is a small man): "I'm afraid of her. She is as big as a bonded warehouse." "As dry as a covered bridge" is expressive, and "as fine as a fiddle" cannot be improved upon. An old sea-captain used to say, "He flew around like a flea in a hot skillet." "Like a bumblebee in a bass drum" describes the activity of a different sort of temperament. Sill's ecstasy over music reminds one of Lanier. In Boston Sill writes: "I went to a sacred concert in Music Hall. There was glorious orchestra music, and Arbuckle had a cornet arrangement of 'Adelaide' with orchestra which nearly drew my heart out of my body. I have always raved about that song, but never heard it perfectly given before. What a splendor brass is when exquisitely played! How it winds and winds into one's very Ego, and tangles itself up with the emotions and passions and soars up with them. The wood sings all *around* one—the strings wail and implore *to* us—but the brass enters in and carries one off bodily." Sill's writings mostly are simple, racy, and sweet. This bit is an antidote to the dismal drivel of those who find no cheer in the face of Nature: "A little baby was creeping about on the carpet one morning, when the sunshine was streaming in the window and lying broad and warm on the floor. The child after creeping around it for some minutes, laughing out its innocent delight at the sunbeam's brightness, finally put its little mouth down and kissed it. Just so ought we to feel toward all Nature—we ought to *love* it, not fear it. The more broadly we live, and the more deeply we look into the kind, beautiful eyes of Nature, the more we shall feel that while we are pure and good the whole universe is in harmony with us, and all its vast forces are only so many guardian angels helping us along—so many pleasant friends helping us to be wise and happy; our little aches and pains are only meant to teach us necessary lessons; and even if we die, it is only

setting us free, leading us to some other even more beautiful world, of which we at least know this, as the old Roman emperor wrote, that, whatever and wherever it is, there will be no lack of God there to take care of us. The more we know of the things about us, and of each other, the better we shall understand, as Coleridge says, that

> 'He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.'"

An interesting speculation is on "The Felt Location of the 'I,'" which begins thus: "I suppose everybody has tried, first or last, to make out just where he feels himself to be situated in himself. When the finger is pinched, it is plainly enough not I that am pinched, but my finger; and the same is true of a hurt in any part of the body." Toward a solution of the puzzle only this hint is given: "I have often been interested to notice whereabouts on our bodily surface an animal looks to find us. The man, or even the little child, looks at the face. Is it because the voice issues thence? Yet it is the eyes, rather than the mouth that is watched. Is it because the expression, the signal station for the changing moods, is there more than elsewhere? A dog, also, invariably looks up into the face. So does a bird, notwithstanding the fact that the food comes from the hand. Why does he not consider the 'I,' so far as his needs are concerned, to lie in the part that feeds him? But no; he cocks his head to one side, and directs his lustrous little eye straight to our own, in order to establish what communion he can with the very *him* of his master and friend." These extracts do not overrate the average of the book.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Reminiscences. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 387, 424. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $4.50.

This great Irish nationalist has numbered among his intimate acquaintances most of the eminent statesmen, poets, churchmen, artists, actors, and writers of England and Europe in the last fifty years. The famous men and women of the Victorian era are interestingly and instructively talked about in these volumes. Few have seen so much of public life and the characters which make and fill it as the author. In Europe, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Bismarck, Gladstone, Kossuth, Garibaldi, Louis Napolean, Louis Blanc, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Stuart Mill, Parnell, Froude, Cardinal Manning, Browning, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, George Meredith, Charles Reade, William Black, and the princes of literature down to Rudyard Kipling; and in America these are told about in engaging anecdotal fashion: Sumner, Beecher, Bryant, Greeley, Cyrus Field, Wendell Phillips, Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Jim Fisk, Brigham Young, and Walt

Whitman. Of Robert Browning, McCarthy says: "No man could be a more delightful acquaintance, or a more sincere and steady friend to his friend. I do not know that I have ever met a talker more brilliant or who could, when he pleased, go more deeply into the heart of a subject than Browning. Indeed, I can say that I never knew him to touch any subject in conversation that he did not adorn. Before I ever saw him I had admired his genius; his iron harp string sounded a chord that spoke to my mind and heart as no other poet of the day could do." Personally Tennyson always seemed to McCarthy "like a man involved in a cloud." Carlyle's absurd ferocity is illustrated by an incident. In a little company at his house one evening, talk turned on an eminent statesman whose political action was just then a subject of controversy, and Carlyle poured forth a torrent of denunciation which made interruption impossible until it had spent its force. Then gently William Allingham mildly suggested that possibly after all there might be something to be said on the other side. Carlyle pounced on him instantly and cut him short with: "Eh! William Allingham, you're just about the most disputatious man I ever met. Eh! man, when you're in one of your humors you'd just dispute about anything." The guests were bewildered, for none of them had ever heard Allingham dispute about anything. Such was Carlyle's hot temper and dominant self-assertion; "bulldozing," it would be called in these days. John Bright, being asked to go on a deputation to influence Lord Palmerston, wrote: "I have not been in a deputation to Palmerston for years. He is so insincere and unscrupulous that I am unwilling to go to him on any matter. I doubt if a deputation of *earnest* men could be gotten together sufficiently numerous to produce any impression." When Kossuth first came to London he passed in triumphal procession through the welcome of crowded streets. "He enthralled vast public meetings by his picturesque and stately presence and by his extraordinary eloquence. He had a noble voice; and talked a kind of thrilling English, compounded for the most part of the language used in the English Bible, and Shakespeare; a style that lifted the listener into a higher atmosphere than that of ordinary life." The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table held that a man may be sure he is getting old when he loses his zest for fighting and grows good-natured. McCarthy thinks fortune should have placed Wendell Phillips in the House of Commons. "How he would have sustained the cause of Gladstone, and rivaled the eloquence of Bright, and outsatirized the satire of Disraeli, and answered with pitiless sarcasm the sarcasms of Robert Lowe." Our author tells us that Whitman startled and shocked people by carrying out in ordinary intercourse his theory that art and literature and conversation may frankly and undisguisedly deal with everything that is found existing in life; and that Emerson said that this made Whitman almost an impossibility for social life. Longfellow's Boston friends used to say that he was the only American citizen

born since the Declaration of Independence who positively could not make a speech on any subject. Henry Ward Beecher had a way, when he entered the church on Sunday, of taking up any letters addressed to him there; and he sometimes opened one of these and read it out to the congregation, commenting on it as the moment moved him. One Sunday he opened such a letter and found that it contained the single word "Fool." He mentioned the fact to the congregation, and then quietly added, "Now, I have known many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name; but this is the only case I have ever known of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter." McCarthy once asked General Grant what he thought the most important qualification for a military commander. One great soldier had said nerve was the most essential. Grant thought a while and said that patience was the most necessary, and went on to explain his meaning by illustrations. Our author, having studied Grant carefully, said to an English friend, "If there ever was a man with whom the interests of a great nation or a great cause might safely be trusted, I think General Grant is just that man." Justin McCarthy ranks Thomas Wentworth Higginson as an essayist with Robert Louis Stevenson and François Coppée. Francis de Pressensé wrote a monograph on Cardinal Manning of which this is the close: "Before this great figure, the embodiment of austerity and love, of asceticism and charity, before the memory of this man who loved power, but only that he might consecrate it to the noblest uses, these words rise involuntarily to the lips—*Ecce sacerdos magnus!*" Mr. McCarthy, speaking of after-dinner orators, ranks Lord Rosebery with the greatest—with Dickens, James Russell Lowell, the late Lord Granville, and Chauncey Depew. "Tell me," said a distinguished political friend one day, "do you think there is anything Lord Rosebery could not do if he tried?" Our author pays an admiring tribute to Mr. Savage Landor, the daring young traveler, who in his youth made himself a name as an explorer of the Japanese island inhabited by the hair-covered Ainos, and who recently filled the world with his name by his daring expedition to the sacred city of Thibet and the terrible tortures he suffered at the hands of the cruel Thibetans. These volumes are alive with people, and one hardly knows where to find elsewhere so large a gallery of pen-portraits as are here presented vividly and with admirable ease.

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By P. KROPOTKIN. Crown 8vo, pp. 519. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, $2.

Not the least interesting part of this book is the Introduction by Georg Brandes, which begins thus: "The autobiographies we owe to great minds have generally been one of the three following types: 'So far I went astray; thus I found the true path' (St. Augustine's autobiography); or, 'So bad was I, but who dare consider himself better?' (Rousseau's;) or, 'This is the way a genius has slowly been evolved from within and by favorable surroundings'

(Goethe's). In all these forms of self-representation the author is mainly occupied with himself. In the nineteenth century the autobiographies of men of mark are very often shaped on these lines: 'So talented and attractive was I; such appreciation and admiration I won!' (Johanne Louise Heiberg, *A Life Lived Over in Recollection.*) Or, 'So talented was I and so worthy of being loved, but yet so unappreciated; and these were the hard struggles I went through before I won the crown of fame' (Hans Christian Andersen, *The Story of My Life*). In these two classes of life-records the author is occupied only with what his fellow-men have thought and said about him. But this man, Kropotkin, does not speak willingly of himself; rather reluctantly and with a certain shyness. He speaks neither of his sins nor of his virtues. He is more anxious to give the psychology of his contemporaries. One finds in his book the psychology of official Russia and of the masses underneath, of Russia staggering forward and of Russia stagnant. The record of his life contains the history of Russia during his lifetime, as well as the history of the labor movement in Europe during the last half-century. . . . There are at this moment only two great Russians who think for the Russian people—Leo Tolstóy and Peter Kropotkin. Radically different, they are yet alike in one thing. Tolstóy, an artist, Kropotkin, a man of science; neither able to be content with his chosen work for which he had great inborn capacities. Religious considerations brought Tolstóy, social considerations brought Kropotkin, to abandon the path first taken. Both are filled with love for mankind; and they are at one in severe condemnation of the indifference, thoughtlessness, crudeness, and brutality of the upper classes, as well as in sympathy for the life of the downtrodden and ill-used man of the people. Both see more cowardice than stupidity in the world. Both are idealists, and both have the reformer's temperament. . . . The point on which they differ most is their attitude toward the intelligent educated man and toward science, which Tolstóy, in his religious passion, disdains and disparages, while Kropotkin holds both in high esteem, though condemning men of science for forgetting the misery of the people." In this volume we have idyl and tragedy, drama and romance; life at court and life in prison; life in the highest Russian society, with emperors and grand dukes, and life in poverty, with the working proletariat in London and Switzerland. Kropotkin has lived the life of aristocrat and worker, emperor's petted page and impecunious writer, student and officer, man of science and explorer of unknown lands, administrator and hunted revolutionist. In the body of Kropotkin's book there is this testimony to the knowledge and trustworthiness of George Kennan: "When Kennan came back to London from his journey to Siberia he managed, on the very next day after his arrival, to hunt up Stepniak, myself, and another Russian refugee. In the evening we all met at Kennan's room in a small hotel near Charing Cross. We saw Kennan for the first time, and, having no

excess of confidence in enterprising Englishmen who had previously undertaken to learn all about Russian prisons without even learning a word of Russian, we began to cross-examine him. To our astonishment he not only spoke excellent Russian, but he knew everything worth knowing about Siberia." Of Turgueneff, the great Russian novelist, Kropotkin says: "His fine head revealed a great development of brain-power, and when he died, and Paul Bert (with Paul Reclus, the surgeon) weighed his brain, it so much outweighed the heaviest brain then known—that of Cuvier—reaching something over two thousand grammes, that they would not trust their scales, but got new ones to repeat and test the weighing." In a brilliant lecture on Hamlet and Don Quixote, Turgueneff divided the history makers of mankind into two classes, represented by one or the other of those two characters. The following is an extract: "Analysis first of all, and then egotism, and therefore no faith—an egotist cannot even believe in himself: that is Hamlet. Therefore he is a skeptic, and never will achieve anything; while Don Quixote, who fights against windmills, and takes a barber's plate for the magic helmet of Mambrino, is a leader of the masses, because the masses always follow those who, taking no heed of the sarcasms of the majority, or even of persecutions, march straight forward, keeping their eyes fixed upon a goal which is seen, perhaps, by no one but themselves. They march, they fall, but they rise again, and find it—and by right, too. Yet, although Hamlet is a skeptic, and disbelieves in Good, he does not disbelieve in Evil. He hates it; Evil and Deceit are his enemies; and his skepticism is not indifferentism, but only negation and doubt, which finally consume his will." Kropotkin, who was far from being a Hamlet, thinks Turgueneff belonged predominantly to the Hamlet type. Concerning Myshkin, who showed himself a powerful personality in revolutionary circles, Turgueneff said admiringly: "I should like to know all about him. That *is* a man; not the slightest trace of Hamletism in him!" At one time Switzerland, being complained of by Russia, France, and Italy for harboring dangerous revolutionists, thus making itself "a hotbed of international conspiracies," felt obliged to expel Kropotkin from its soil. As he and his wife were on their way out of the country, trudging along the dusty road, the following incident occurred, which he relates with relish: "A richly dressed English dame, reclining by the side of a gentleman in a hired carriage, threw several tracts to us two poorly dressed tramps as she passed us. I lifted the tracts from the dust. She was evidently one of those fine ladies who believe themselves Christians, and consider it their duty to distribute religious tracts among 'dissolute foreigners.' Thinking we were sure to overtake the lady at the railway station, I wrote on one of the pamphlets the well-known verse relative to the rich in the kingdom of God, and similarly appropriate Scripture concerning the Pharisees being the worst enemies of Christianity. When we came to Aigle, the lady

was taking refreshments in her carriage. I returned her the pamphlets with politeness, saying that I had added to them something that she might find useful for her own instruction. The lady read what I had added, and did not know whether to fly at me or to accept the lesson patiently. Her eyes expressed both impulses in quick succession." One great true thing Kropotkin says: "A morally developed personality must be at the foundation of every organization." In his youth his brother used to advise him: "Read poetry; poetry makes men better."

Cranmer and the Reformation in England. By ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A., Sometime Scholar of Oriel College, Oxford. 12mo, pp. 199. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25.

The times, not less than the man, are under review in this book. Its purpose, we are informed by the author in his Preface, "is not so much to present a biography of Cranmer as to give a sketch of that ecclesiastical period throughout which he remains a consistently prominent figure—a period during which he, more than any other single individual, left his personal impress upon a national institution." In a sense, therefore, the reformer is here subordinated to the reform in which he with others engaged. Omitting for a moment the notice of his leadership, the reader will still find this story of the English awakening a tale of thrilling interest. The description is one of vivid movement, of dramatic climaxes, of tragic death, and of results for Christianity which are as far-reaching as the ages. For a historic summary of the great reform, in its origin, continuance, and climax, the volume is, in fact, as lucid and comprehensive as a smaller handbook probably may be. But, not to lose sight except for a little of Cranmer, he well holds, among all the ecclesiastics, statesmen, and nobles who stood with him upon the stage, "the position of preeminence." Though not without a certain unfitness for leadership, and not lacking in error of judgment and faults of action, yet how abiding an influence he exerted upon Protestant life and thought this book well shows. While busy at Cambridge—"reading, lecturing, annotating, analyzing, storing up learning, living a stainless and untroubled life"—it was a chance suggestion of his, spoken in the presence of Stephen Gardiner, that the question of Henry's divorce should be submitted to the universities, which brought him to the royal notice. He was at once "summoned to the king's presence, and started on his career as the king's mouthpiece;" his life was thereafter crowded with tumult and contention in most marked contrast to the scholar's calm which had been his lot at Cambridge; and his way to immortality thenceforth led through the hot flames of martyrdom. The holding of his powers in a certain restraint during the sway of Thomas Cromwell at the royal court is duly set forth by Mr. Innes—and, in succession, Cranmer's agency in "introducing both an English liturgy and the open Bible" in the land; the papal agitations of the day; Cranmer's attitude under the successors

of Henry VIII and during "the Puritan eddy;" and, finally, his overthrow by his enemies and his martyr's exit from the world. If, in his lifetime he had been at all vacillating or timid, and if, following his arraignment, he had recanted, he stood, at last, in the strength of a true hero to meet his doom. "Without faltering, without palliation, he made full confession of the enormity of his sin [his recantation], proclaiming that sign by which all men should know forever that it was of this in very deed that he repented. 'As my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished. For, if I may come to the fire, it shall first be burned.' A few more words rejecting the pope and all his false doctrines, affirming once more that doctrine of the sacrament which he had put forth in his book, and the authorities hastily silenced him and hurried him from the pulpit. So quickly did he move towards the place of execution that the friars had much ado to keep up with him, struggling vainly to extract word or sign by which the tremendous revulsion of his confession might be counteracted. . . . They bound him to the stake, and he shook hands with many of the bystanders. The fire was kindled. Cranmer thrust his right hand into the flame, crying with a loud voice, 'This hand hath offended,' and so held it, withdrawing it only once, to wipe his brow; and all men might see it burning before the flame touched any other part of him. So he stood, lapped in fire, and neither spoke nor stirred again. Thus died Thomas Cranmer, whose elegy sounds through the ages in the music of the English liturgy." This book is the first in a long and important series to be issued under the title of "The World's Epoch-Makers," each of which wil be written by an author who has given to his subject particular study. It will be well if all are as vivid and instructive as this sketch of the great English archbishop and his times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches. By STEPHEN L. BALDWIN, D.D. 12mo, pp. 272. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Price, cloth, $1.

At a time when the air resounds with the stir in Eastern lands and new doors of opportunity are there rapidly opening for Christian workers, the discussion of missionary methods is at once necessary and inspiring. Dr. Baldwin has therefore furnished a timely and valuable book. While modestly disclaiming any "striking originality" or "profound philosophizing in regard to foreign missionary work," his discussion of the principles governing the great movement in his two opening chapters, entitled "Nature and Scope of Christian Missions" and "False and True Conceptions of Missions and Missionary Work," is a worthy addition to the existing literature of Christian evangelization. With the burning zeal of a returned missionary he rightly exalts Christianity above all heathen systems. "The proposition to admit Jesus as one of the gods of the Roman Pantheon could not be accepted; when Jesus appeared there

it was the signal for all the heathen gods to leave. No true servant of Christ can consent to place his Master alongside of Socrates, of Zoroaster, of Buddha, or of Confucius and say, 'I give homage to all;' he must rather say, 'I bow before Christ as the all in all.'" The true conception of missionary work is also set forth by the author in the following pertinent words: "It is the work of the Christian Church for which it was organized, and for the accomplishment of which it exists. What is the Christian Church? Is it not the organized body of Christ's followers? What is it here for? Is it not for this one purpose, to 'go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?' Nothing is clearer, from a careful consideration of the constitution of the Church of Christ, than that missionary work is the function of the Church as such. It is not a benevolence, which appeals to the hearts of Christian people and to which they may give more or less attention according to circumstances. It does not bear the outside, though affiliated, relation to the Church that an orphan asylum might, or an institution for the blind. It is not merely a grand agency among many others for enlightening and civilizing the world. It is not simply a department of Church work. It is the one vital, all-absorbing, specific work of the Church; and all departments of work are valuable and justifiable just in proportion as they bear upon the accomplishment of this work." The subjects of the following three chapters suggest their practical scope, the themes being, "The Call and Qualifications of Missionaries," "Home Organization and Methods," and "Methods and Administration in the Foreign Field." In the two concluding chapters the historical *résumé* is both comprehensive and important, the discussion being upon the "Origin and Growth of Protestant Foreign Missions" and "Formation of British Missionary Societies." From his ample knowledge of the missionary progress in many lands, as the Recording Secretary of our Missionary Society, Dr. Baldwin speaks with authority. His volume should inspire larger missionary devotion throughout the Church, as the new century opens.

Garnered Sheaves from Harvest Fields in Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia. By WILLIAM I. FEE, D.D., of the Cincinnati Conference. Crown 8vo, pp. 552. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.50.

In 1896 we noticed the first volume of Dr. Fee's reminiscences, remarking upon the zeal which had characterized his active itinerant service, finding in his consecration of himself to the one work of soul-saving the secret of his eminent success, and expressing the hope that his narrative might come as an inspiration to our younger ministry. The present book—Dr. Fee in the intervening time having passed to his heavenly reward—is a continuation of the author's reminiscences, covering his last years in the active pastorate and his succeeding service as an evangelist, until old age and superannuation compelled his retirement. Like the narratives which filled his earlier volume, the present descriptions of Dr. Fee's personal experience are always interesting and frequently most stirring—the

very simplicity of his recital giving it a piquant charm. In addition, also, to his personal story, Dr. Fee has given his readers a graphic sketch of many early itinerant preachers in the West—including Lorenzo Dow, William Winans, Henry B. Bascom, James B. Finley, and John P. Durbin—and a closing chapter on "Woman's Temperance Crusade in Cincinnati," which is historically valuable, Mrs. Fee herself having been among the heroic women who at that time endured persecution for the sake of the cause. Dr. Fee died on February 12, 1900, his words the day previous being, "I am going away to-morrow." And, though the Church laments his departure, it will not cease to be glad that he has left such a story of eminent usefulness as is found in the present and its companion volume.

The Books of Chronicles, with Maps, Notes, and Introduction. By WILLIAM EMERY BARNES, D.D., Fellow and Chaplain of Peterhouse, formerly Lecturer in Theology at Clare College. 12mo, pp. 303. Cambridge: University Press. Price, cloth, $1.

The Proverbs, with Introduction and Notes. By the Ven. T. T. PEROWNE, B.D., Archdeacon of Norwich, Late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 196. Cambridge: University Press. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

These works, it is hardly necessary to say, are two in the series which has been long in process of completion, and which bears the generic title "The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges." It is not, of course, possible, in the review of any commentary, to notice the interpretation of individual verses, and in the present instance this must be foregone. Doctrinally, however, the teaching of the series, so far as we have observed, is correct and satisfactory. Various other features, also, combine to make the successive commentaries of the series a desirable addition to the ministerial library. They are at once scholarly, compact, and instructive. For the practical uses of the pastor the series is evidently superior.

Christus Victor. A Student's Reverie. By HENRY N. DODGE. 16mo, pp. 186. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, vellum, $1.

This long poem forms its groundwork of blank verse, which is relieved by occasional lyrics and dramatic passages of rapid movement. The "Argument," explaining the theme of the poem to be the final triumph of supreme love, says: "In an old New England farmhouse a student sits in meditation; a fierce storm raging without, his lamp and fire burning dimly within. . . . In a vision he sees an endless flight of souls rising from the earth, and his mind is filled with questioning thoughts as to the final destiny of mankind. His mind is kept from resting upon a hopeful conclusion by philosophic objections. He appeals to the risen Saviour to show the manner and extent of his victory, that his soul may find rest upon a sure foundation. The Saviour relates to him the experience of his passion as a pledge of his complete final victory over evil. Perfect peace takes possession of the student's mind as he hears a chant of triumph sung by the heavenly hosts, hailing the sure and entire victory of Love, and he utters, through diverse forms of rhythm and measure, the joy of the divine harmony that has stirred his soul."

METHODIST REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

ART. I.—THE DEVOTIONAL LIFE.*

BY devotion I mean that state in which all our faculties are sanctified by divine grace: consecrated to God, and used in the sacred exercises of worship and of practical religion. The word "devotion" includes a meaning which is very intense. It implies not merely love, but love which is ardent and constant and self-sacrificing in the highest degree. It means that, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, we are to reserve all the resources of our nature for the great object of our adoration. The marriage ceremony is an illustration of the devotional principle. When the bride and bridegroom are united in holy wedlock they have one question put to them, to which they return the same answer, and then and there, before God, and in the presence of witnesses, they are devoted to each other forever; and so there is a bond of union between Jesus Christ and the believing soul. "For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren."

Some people are gifted with a devotional temperament, and consequently it is easy for them to develop devotional life.

* This address was delivered in England before the Midland Federation of Evangelical Free Churches, at its "Northfield Gathering," by Rev. Dr. Thomas Allen, Governor of Handsworth College, who appeared at our General Conference last May as fraternal delegate from the British Wesleyan Conference. Its reproduction here makes historic record of his visit on the pages of the *Review*, and exhibits somewhat the quality and movement of his mind. We have allowed it to retain its original form of direct address, by which it will the more vividly recall, to those who heard him during his presence in this country, the stalwart and sturdy personality of its author; whose utterances were sensible and virile, without eccentricity or ostentation, indicating a well-balanced union of the scholar with the practical man of affairs; and whose style of vocal delivery has been aptly described as "the leisurely gigantic."

In other people the devotional instincts are feeble. They have some compensating faculty, no doubt; but they will never be distinguished for devotional sentiment and feeling. We are rather apt to assume that the grace of God can produce equal results in all men, but it is not so. Our spiritual development is accomplished on the lines of our constitution. The production of spiritual individuality is the great object which God has in view. That soul is the most perfect and harmonious, naturally speaking, which possesses all the faculties in true proportions. The prevalence of any one exposes a man to special dangers. But whatever the proportionate strength of a man's faculties may be he should seek to educate them all. The man who cultivates his leading faculty only is like a tree with one vital branch and all the other branches stunted. The man who develops all his powers is like a tree full of life and the growth of which is proportionate.

It is astonishing how temperament asserts itself in the Christian Church. Our Churches, as they exist to-day, represent not merely different phases of faith and opinion, but various types of nature also. Our denominations have been multiplied to such an extent that they include very largely single types of character. In a Roman Catholic congregation one type of face prevails, and in a Nonconformist congregation it is much the same. If I were to be asked to describe these two types of countenance, I should say that one is narrow and pointed and the other is broad and open. Denominationalism belongs, no doubt, to the phase of civilization through which we are now passing. It can hardly represent the final form which the kingdom of God will take, nor is it calculated to produce the highest results of spiritual education and spiritual unity. It is so easy for people to rush off into congenial Churches and to cultivate one phase of experience. The development of character can scarcely be ideal under such circumstances. If all good men had the breadth of soul which is possessed by the higher spirits in all Churches, then we might hope to advance—to advance toward a right blending of all the constituent elements of human nature in common

and sanctified experience. In the cultivation of devotion pure and simple, and in the ceremonial expression of it, we Nonconformists are behind other sections of the Christian Church. Nonconformity is a reaction from mechanical externalism, and it is a testimony in favor of simplicity and spiritual inwardness. But reactions always leave something valuable behind, and that is the reason why they do not last very long. Forms of Christianity which are founded on negations pass away. It is always right to protest against error and evil, but the most effective way in which to do that is to present positive truth to the minds of men.

Roman Catholicism is a devotional form of Christianity. It contains superstitious elements; nevertheless it is very remarkable. It secures rest to the intellect, and quietude to the conscience, and it expresses itself in a devotional life of the affections which, I have no doubt, is very happy indeed. The face of a Catholic saint is very beautiful. There is a serene restfulness upon it which you do not often find on the faces of Protestant saints. The fact is easily explained. The Catholic has handed over his responsibility to his Church, and the intellectual and spiritual difficulties which arise in the course of his experience he relieves by confession and by priestly absolution. The Protestant carries his own burden of moral responsibility, and instead of relieving it by confession he sometimes adds to it by what I may call Protestant reserve. During the last twenty years I have met with people who were terribly distracted by intellectual and spiritual difficulties, and I was able to help them, but it was exceedingly hard to get at them. The most sacred experiences of the soul are not to be proclaimed as from the house top. On the other hand, spiritual reserve is a mistake. Expression is a great necessity of human nature. We abominate the confessional, of course, and for that very reason we are bound to show to the world that, in Christian fellowship, and especially in communion with God through Jesus Christ, we are able to obtain not only relief, but those positive blessings of forgiveness and assurance and peace which are the heritage of all the children of God.

Again, Anglicanism is a devotional type of Christianity. The great Englishman who has recently passed away, Mr. Gladstone, was essentially a devout man. It was the combination of intellect and devotion, reason and faith which made him such a sublime example both in life and in death. Take Miss Havergal, whose writings have contributed so much to Christian consecration. Many years ago I had a friend who was one of the most intellectual men I ever knew. He died early. Shortly before he passed away I visited him. As he sat up in bed he stretched out his thin hand and picked up one of Miss Havergal's books, and he said, "Have you read any of Miss Havergal's works?" I said, "Yes, I have." "Ah," said he, "they are very helpful to me. There is nothing goody-goody in them;" and then, turning his bright eyes upon me, and referring to our talks in bygone years, he said, "You know F. W. Robertson and James Martineau don't suit me now." It was a remarkable testimony from one whose Christianity was of such an intellectual cast. He did not mean to say that Robertson and Martineau had not helped him in times gone by. They had, no doubt, but his circumstances had changed, he was at the gate of heaven, and he felt that literature that was distinctly devotional soothed him, and helped him in his preparation for the presence of God. How far such a condition of mind may be anticipated it is hard to say. No doubt it may be anticipated a good deal more than it often is. The periods of our strength are not our most devotional periods. It is not until God's chastening hand is upon us that we develop the finer graces of the Christian character.

The type of Christianity which we represent differs from those to which I have referred. We are the advocates of freedom, because we are anxious that every man should have a fair opportunity to realize the general characteristics of his own nature. We often plead for the relaxation of outward authority, because we are anxious to develop the authority within —to set up what Mr. Gladstone once called the court of the human conscience. We have never attached excessive sacredness to our holy places, because we have been anxious to teach

the sacredness of ordinary duty and of common life. We do not care to embody Christianity in institutional forms, because we desire to embody it in personal consciousness and experience. We do not use much art in worship, because we wish to gaze on the invisible through the thinnest possible veil. We claim the right to criticise historical Christianity, because we wish to preserve a clear line of distinction between revealed truth and tradition, which Archbishop Whately used to call "a report of a report of a report of a report." These are some of our distinctive principles, and we hold them with the utmost tenacity. But principles are things to be applied in practical forms, and in doing so we may interfere with the cultivation, and the expression of devotional life. Should we not be improved, and should we not appeal to a wider constituency, if we had mastered the art of combining our spiritual independence with reverence, and humility, and submission, both to the Lord and to one another? We have proved the conquering power of the active graces, but we have hardly realized the victorious force of the passive graces. We need to learn how to use reason in religion without the enfeeblement of faith. We need to bring up the devotional side of our nature as we have brought up the ethical side of it. Take F. W. Faber. We have all been helped by his hymns. His capacity for faith and devotion was extraordinary—so extraordinary that it carried him over the bounds of reason into the realm of superstition. He was not destitute of intellectual and critical faculties. In his *Spiritual Conferences* his analysis of character and motive is most searching and acute. If he had only applied his critical faculty to the history and to the traditions of the Romish Church as he applied it to human motive and to the human conscience he would have been saved from writing a good deal of superstitious nonsense. Is it possible for us, as Free Churchmen, to have Faber's devotion without his superstition? Can we cultivate faith, and spiritual imagination, and a sense of mystery without being carried into credulity? I think we can. The rationalistic element of our personal

Christianity will always be strong enough to save us from superstition. I sometimes think that a touch of mysticism would make us more interesting. We are not imaginative and romantic enough for many people. It is all right to extend the boundaries of actual knowledge, but when we have done that we have merely cleared a little space in a boundless forest. There are many things, both in heaven and in earth, which are altogether beyond the penetration of our intellectual faculties. Our worship is practical and utilitarian. It reflects intelligence and critical qualities as well as faith and devotional sentiment; but a change is taking place.

As a reaction against the false taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a wave of historic and artistic sympathy has gone over nearly the whole of Europe, and it has led all Churches to improve the organized expression of their faith and life. Those Churches which have descended from Puritanism are touched by the modern spirit. They are worshiping in buildings which the old Roundheads would have regarded as the fit shrines of apostasy and idolatry. They are giving a more definite expression to the doctrine of the Church. They are bringing their public services up to the level of the improved taste of the age. Some of them are considering whether it would not be better to adopt forms of public prayer. How far the Free Churches will yield to this tendency of the age it is impossible to say. I do not think myself that they will allow it to drift them into formalism and externalism. I rather think that the new attention which they are giving to the outward will develop their sense of the supreme importance of the inward, and that external form and inward faith will be combined more perfectly than they have ever been before. In all educated men there is a growing sense of the solemnity and grace of simplicity in all public ceremonials. The funeral of Mr. Gladstone has taught the civilized world a lesson in this respect. In Westminster Hall, as one of the newspapers said, "he did not lie in state—he rested in simplicity." True culture does not lead to theatrical externalism, but is simplicity and inward reality. As time

passes by it will chasten all histrionic and æsthetic tendencies, and thus art and form will be kept in subservience to life and power.

But there are other tendencies of the age which affect devotional life. There is

The Scientific Tendency.

Physical science has modified our conception of the action of God. Divine operation used to be regarded as direct and immediate. But the reign of law has been discovered. We know now that the Almighty does not break in, with arbitrary interference, at a million different points at the same moment. He governs the world on fixed principles, and he allows those principles to produce corresponding consequences. The old conception of divine agency tended to the development of self-complacency. Good men were apt to think that they were the favorites of the Almighty. But the new conception chastens every spirit of that kind. I am not going to say that the divine action is never immediate now, but in these latter days we have come to understand that the care and love of God are expressed in the constitution of the world, and in the laws of nature, which operate with so much certainty and regularity. This discovery disturbed the theologians at the first. It has modified faith, no doubt, but it has strengthened prudence and common sense. It has made our communion with God more rational, and our cooperation with him more intelligent and discriminative. But there are many good men who find it hard to reconcile themselves to it. It seems to remove the Almighty to a distance from them, and to deprive them of the influence of his gracious presence. If the order of nature is fixed, they ask, what is the use of prayer? A good deal depends upon what you mean by prayer. Many of our prayers are useless, because they are selfish. We seek to identify Providence with our material interests. We are not content unless we can go to God and ask for whatever we want and get it. We pray as though we could change God's mind and persuade him to do what he did not intend to do.

Such ideas are dishonoring to God. Christ said to his disciples: "I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you: for the Father himself loveth you." Prayer is communion with God, and the communion should embrace our entire welfare, whether temporal or spiritual. But instead of expecting God to set aside his laws we should study those laws, and we should conform our action thereto. God's refusal to arrest the operation of law is not a sign of his indifference; on the contrary, it is a proof of love inasmuch as it serves the purposes of moral and spiritual discipline. As James Martineau says, "The fixed administration of God supplies life with its subduing and chastening elements, its occasions of speechless submission and quiet awe; and at the same time his free relation to the responsible soul opens the true field for devotion, the loving interchange of mind with mind, where the Infinite Father individualizes himself for us, takes up our sighs, and breathes himself into our affectionate will." Thus we conclude that the new conception of the divine action and rule is more educational than the old one, and instead of checking our devotion it ought to inspire it and call it forth into a fervent expression.

And then there is

The Rationalistic Tendency.

Rationalism is the application of reason to divine things. Made in Germany about the middle of the eighteenth century, it has extended over a large part of Europe, and indeed the world. Such a movement was bound to rise in the course of human development, and by giving a more human character to the Bible, and to the operations of God on men, through Christianity, it has rendered great service. But, like all such movements, it has run into extremes. It is attacking us today all along the line.

God is not a person, but a force behind nature. Jesus Christ is not the Son of God; he is an ideal man, and he was produced by those laws which have produced great men in all countries. Revelation is not the voice of God; it is specula-

tion on nature—deduction from the principles of reason and conscience.

Man is a being whose faculties are not spiritual in their origin; they are the result of organization and growth and the assimilation of outward influence. And the spiritual life is not a divine creation, but the natural development of our temperament and our powers. Spiritual facts are brought to the test of pure reason. Men say we cannot find intellectual evidence of these facts to satisfy us, and so we are obliged to reject the facts. And this intellectual unbelief has found its way into the Christian Church; it has created a temper and an atmosphere which we all feel. It has produced uncertainty, and that uncertainity has led men to relax their devotional exercises and their Christian service. They say I cannot worship, I cannot pray, I cannot teach in the Sunday school as I once could. How are they to get rid of this enfeebling uncertainty? Men who go to worship once a Sunday, and who never attend any devotional service during the week, will not overcome it. When I consider the habits which are practiced by many Christian men I wonder that they are not skeptics. If they had keener intellectual faculties and sympathies they would be. There is only one way in which doubt can be conquered. We must reduce to a true standard of value our intellectual powers and investigations, we must cultivate our moral and spiritual faculties, and we must use them in all devotional exercises. The certainties of the Christian believer are spiritual and not intellectual, they are not the result of critical investigation, but of faith, and love, and obedience to the will of God. Let a man bring to the Bible, to Jesus Christ, and to Christianity, a speculative temper merely, and he will fail to understand them. Let him, on the other hand, bring to them a devotional spirit, and let him act them out in his practical life and they will become real to him. Love, and prayer, and obedience are the organs of spiritual knowledge. There is a perfect spiritual temper which inclines men to believe and which makes the exercise of faith to be perfectly easy and natural.

And then there is

The Naturalistic Tendency.

That is interfering with us in our devotional life. Sympathy has turned strangely from the divine to the human side of things. We hear a great deal about the human side of the Bible, the human side of the character of Jesus Christ, and the natural side of the Christian life. There has been a distinct revival of natural religion. The theists of the day are disposed to say revealed religion and organized Christianity are only accretions, let us get back to the simple principles of natural religion. This tendency manifests itself in a new passion for outward nature. The scientists have put a new interpretation on the book of nature. The poets have interpreted its moral aspects. To Wordsworth the scenery of the Lake district was the very robe of the eternal; and town life has produced a strange longing for green fields and shady lanes and hillsides. Nature never produced mystic emotion as it does to-day. On Easter Thursday, of 1897, I peeped into St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Highgate. I was met by the smell of stale incense. Inside stood one of the Passionist Fathers, with his shaven crown, his black robe, and his sandaled feet. In the distance I saw the altar covered with lighted candles. As I turned away from it I said to myself, what an artificial picture it is, and I felt at that moment that the sight of such a picture would soon turn me into a skeptic. I walked on into Waterlow Park. The scene was bright with sunshine. The early flowers were in bloom. The trees were budding, and the birds were singing in the branches. I contrasted the two scenes. I said to myself: This is nature! and I felt that I could worship in the park better than I could worship in the church. I never sneer at the man who says, "I worship in nature." Nature is a great revelation to some men. I have no doubt that many of the overdriven toilers who spend their Sundays in the parks and gardens and green fields worship God. The quiet influence of nature, as Wordsworth says, disturbs them with the joy of elevated

thoughts, and they resolve, by God's help, to be better and to do better. But still nature is no substitute for the revelation and mediation of Jesus Christ. Naturalistic sympathy does not lead to Christian holiness. Communion with nature is not communion with God. Christian people will make a great mistake if they allow parks and pastoral scenes to cause them to neglect organized worship, the devotional study of the Bible, Sunday school teaching, the prayer meeting, and the table of the Lord. Devotional life is developed by communion with God, through Jesus Christ, and by the Holy Spirit, and in these days of naturalistic reaction we cannot insist too strongly on this great truth. The naturalistic spirit manifests itself also in literature. Take the popular magazines of the day; they contain ten articles, eight are secular and two are religious, and they are read on Sundays as well as on week days. Take the season books which are now published. They are books of fiction, travel, scenery, manufacture, national custom. They are splendidly adapted to add to our resources of information, and we must read them, of course. But is there not some danger lest the exclusive reading of such books should secularize the sacred life of our souls? If we are to be devotional, we shall have to read something We shall have to turn our attention to works of devotion, to religious biography, to Christian evidence, to biblical exposition, and, above everything else, we must give ourselves to the devotional study of the Bible itself.

The Social Tendency.

The same spirit manifests itself also in the social entertainments of the Christian Church. There is some danger lest Christianity itself should be turned into a form of recreation. Social gatherings are popular, prayer meetings are not. The dress and the mood in which Christian people attend these gatherings remind one of the world as well as of the Church. The secular song competes with the devotional hymn, acting is preferred to sober speech, sensation is demanded rather than instruction. We cannot limit ourselves, in days like these, to

the severe spiritual theory of generations past and gone. Church policy must be as wide as human nature. But at the same time we must be on our guard, or else our social entertainments, instead of contributing to devotional life and fitness for the highest service, will create a taste for those forms of pleasure and excitement which are to be found in the world. People are finding out to-day in how many natural forms they can enjoy themselves. Art and taste are giving a new charm to social life. Spiritual ordinances for the promotion of inward religion are in danger of being neglected. The club may be preferred to the church, the concert to the religious service, the tennis lawn to the Dorcas meeting, and the cricket field to the Sunday school. I do not condemn any of these things; the only question I am disposed to raise is whether these recreations command our supreme sympathy or not; if they do, our devotional type will suffer. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." These things are additions to life, but the danger to-day is lest they should be made the sum and substance of life, and lest the kingdom of God should become merely an addition to our experience.

Then there is

The Practical Tendency.

We have reached a very practical stage of the world's history. Men tell us that they are tired of contemplating ideals, and they ask for the embodiment of those ideals. They depreciate causes, and they seek for effects, they turn away from creeds, and they say, let us have the manifestation of life. Society and work are severely organized, and unfortunately organizations exist to counteract one another. The time is coming when, in relation to organization, we shall have to go through a process of weeding and simplification. Such a process will be necessary in order to preserve freedom, and to economize both energy and money. The programme of life is crowded. We rush through our work; we touch many things and complete nothing; our faculties are weary; we lack

freshness; our piety is faded. We should be better men if we had less to do. It is impossible to return to the contemplative piety of past ages. Our character must be strong enough to bear the strain of practical life, or else there is no hope for us. I often think that we might secure for ourselves a good deal of relief if we had courage enough to revise the programme of life. There are items in it which might be cast out with great advantage. The Christian judgment will have to discriminate between duties and engagements which differ materially in importance. Much that we do is without permanent effect. The usefulness of many of us would be increased at once if we were to apply the principle of selection to the services which crowd upon us, and to the pleasures by which we are attracted. We need to say with St. Paul, "This one thing I do." Work wisely chosen and carefully done cannot fail, by the blessing of God, to produce results. Spiritual exercises cannot be neglected with impunity. Worship, prayer, meditation, devotional reading, and spiritual fellowship are absolutely essential to the maintenance of the higher life. When, from any cause, these duties and privileges are neglected, we decline in all those inward resources on which practical life depends, and our service becomes a strain, a mechanical exercise, a weariness of the flesh and of the spirit. On the other hand, when we feed in the "green pastures" of divine truth, and when we drink at the "still waters" of spiritual blessing, our souls are restored, and we are prepared to serve God "in the paths of righteousness" in which he has promised to lead us.

Thos Allen.

Art. II.—LOVE AND THE BROWNINGS.

Love—that affection or attraction felt by each sex for its opposite, which is the foundation of the family and the bulwark of the home—is a theme which concerns the happiness of mankind more closely than any other except religion. The love between man and woman which binds the sexes into domestic unity comes next in importance to that love for God which makes humanity one with deity. Home in its purest development is the best anticipation of heaven. That love is really a sacred thing, one of the prime mysteries and splendors of existence, yet at the same time peculiarly liable to mislead, and never safely to be divorced from allegiance to God, we must most firmly hold. "There is no deep love," said Henry Ward Beecher, "which has not in it an element of solemnity. It moves through the soul as if it were an inspiration of God, and carries with it something of the awe and shadow of eternity." Similarly Harriet Martineau cried out: "Must love be ever treated with profaneness as a mere illusion? or with coarseness as a mere impulse? or with fear as a mere disease? or with shame as a mere weakness? or with levity as a mere accident? whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death." Only he who looks upon it in this manner is at all fitted for its proper discussion. Only they who can be classed with the choice spirits of all time are fully qualified to be instructors in this high theme.

Such were, as all will admit, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. No safer, saner guides than they for treading the mazes of this alluring garden of love can anywhere be found. Few ever had clearer knowledge of it in their own personal experience. Few could so admirably set it forth in language where the outward form matched the inward truth and beautiful expression well wedded beautiful thought. It will be our delightful task in this article to note and quote

some of the things which these marvelously mated poets have said about love, both in their published verses and private correspondence, taking occasion also to mark what a wonderful illustration their own lives furnished of all they wrote. In the case of neither of these gifted beings was love an early visitant. Robert Browning was thirty-two and Elizabeth Barrett thirty-five at least when the first strong stirrings of this great emotion changed the current of their lives. Up to that time they had had little or nothing to do with the tender passion, meeting no one that made any special appeal to this side of their natures, and so coming, after a while, to a pretty settled opinion that this phase of existence was not one in which they were destined to share. With Miss Barrett especially this would seem to have been a most natural, if not practically inevitable, conclusion, since she had been for some twenty years a confirmed invalid, hovering quite often on the very brink of death. She had a fall from a horse when fifteen years old, injuring her spine, and when twenty-eight she ruptured a blood vessel in her lungs, which did not heal and brought her so low that life was constantly despaired of. She was imprisoned within the four walls of a darkened room, denied to all visitors, put in imminent peril by the smallest excitement, subjected to the most intense suffering, the lamp of life frequently burning so dim that a feather would be placed on her lips to prove that she was still breathing. Yet, while the world of external activities was thus entirely shut out, the world of inner realities grew constantly more clear and impressive. In spite of the extreme bodily weakness her mind was marvelously alive. She found, as so many others have done, a blessed refuge in books and in thought. She read and wrote to such good purpose that her standing in the realm of literature, especially the poetic part of it, became thoroughly assured.

A collection of her poems, published in 1884, contained, among other choice productions, one of great merit entitled "Lady Geraldine's Courtship, a Romance of the Age." And this it was which led to the author's own romance, for in a pas-

sage where the lover is described as reading aloud to his lady selections from various poets, ancient and modern, the following couplet comes in:

> Or from Browning some "Pomegranate" which, if cut down deep the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

It was a simple, natural word of appreciation for a brother artist, but it led to momentous consequences. It caught the eye of him to whom it so felicitously referred. He sent a letter of acknowledgment, dated January 10, 1845, in which he says: "I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett, since the day last week when I first read your poems. Into me has it gone, a part of me has it become, this great living poetry of yours, not a flower of it but took root and grew. I do love these books with all my heart, and I love you too." She replied. He was encouraged by a mutual friend, Mr. Kenyon, to think that a call would be acceptable, and after some difficulty—for her state of health was such that she saw only her immediate family and a few others most intimate—the matter was arranged. He saw her for the first time on May 20, from 3 to 4:30 P. M. It was love at first sight on both sides, or, perhaps it would be still truer to say, the love awakened by the writings was abundantly confirmed by the personal presence. She felt it a duty, however, on account of her physical condition—a duty to him even more than to herself—to resist the promptings of the heart, and so when, with masculine impetuosity and masterfulness, almost immediately, on May 23, he declared his devotion in a letter, which she destroyed—the only one of the whole collection not preserved—she rebuked him sternly for his "wild words," as she termed them, and bade him "forget it at once and forever," on penalty of not seeing her again. But he kept on coming and writing, nevertheless, coming once a week and writing in the intervals, and by no means "forgetting," with the result that when he told his love again, on August 30, and yet again still more firmly and explicitly on September 25, her scruples and reluctance were borne down by the sheer weight of his persist-

ence and passion, and on September 27 she indicates her acceptance of his suit. He said on August 30: "I loved you from my soul at the beginning, and gave you my life, so much of it as you would take; and all that is done, not to be altered now. It was in the nature of a proceeding wholly independent of any return on your part." She said, in her note of capitulation:

> You have touched me more profoundly than I thought even *you* could have touched me. Henceforward I am yours for everything but to do you harm. And I am yours too much in my heart even to consent to do you harm in that way. None except God and your will shall intervene between you and me. I mean that, if he should free me in a moderate time from the thralling chain of this weakness, I will then be to you whatever at that hour you shall choose.

Pity on his part, we judge, entered considerably into the matter at first. She was such a very fragile creature, and he was so robust, so exuberantly vital, that she awoke in him at once a deep desire to bring sunshine into her darkened life, and throw over her the mighty shield of his protecting care. The perfect community of feeling and thought which became revealed, as they saw more of each other, also assured them beyond a doubt that they were made for one another, and every added week and month seems to have bound them more firmly together. This appears plainly in the letters which have been so providentially preserved to us. He wrote about two hundred and seventeen in the course of the correspondence, which extended over a year and a half, and she wrote two hundred and eighty-three; so that no less than five hundred in all, some of them very extended, passed between them during this brief courtship period, though they lived in the same city all the time and saw each other twice a week. They were prevented from full freedom of intercourse both by the state of her health and also by the necessity of keeping the matter a profound secret, because of the determined opposition of her father to any marriage on her part. This man will go down in history as the extreme type of an utterly selfish parent who regards not at all the happiness or true welfare of

a child when it comes into collision with his own fancied rights and domineering will. He was really a monomaniac on this subject. He held the severest doctrine of passive filial obedience, particularly in regard to marriage. He considered his children, especially the daughters, as chattels, to be governed in all things as seemed to him good, with no rights of their own, all insubordination to be relentlessly punished. Elizabeth had implicitly submitted to the least of his wishes all her life long thus far, until nearly forty; but when it came to the giving up of her life—for she would certainly have died had she been kept much longer in that London room—and the giving up also of what was much more to her than life, her love for Mr. Browning, for no reason whatever except to gratify his insane whim and dictatorial temper, she objected, as she was, of course, completely justified in doing. She was compelled to deceive him as to the courtship, for one explosion of his rage in her presence—and that explosion would have come had he suspected what was going on—would have laid her lifeless at his feet, so delicate was her organization and so slight her hold on life. And she was also driven, when the time came, to a secret marriage. For this he never forgave, held no communication with her, opened no letter from her, would not mention her name, or even see her child. In spite of her repeated attempts to propitiate him—for his unnatural treatment wore upon her—he was unrelenting to the last. She had wounded his vanity, and dared to assert her rights as a human being; he would far rather have seen her dead than to have been so flouted. Poor Mr. Barrett!

Passing without further preliminary to the all-important letters, we give first a few selections from Mr. Browning's:

Nov. 22d. I never in my life kept a journal, a register of sights or events or feelings. But I have from the first recorded the date and duration of every visit to you, the number of minutes you have given me, and I put them together till they make nearly two days now, four-and-twenty-hour-long days that I have been with you. I enter your room determined to get up and go sooner, and I go away into the light street repenting that I went so soon by I do not know how many minutes; for, love, what is it all, this love for you, but an

earnest desiring to include you in myself, if that might be, to feel you in my very heart, and hold you there forever, through all chances and earthly changes.

Nov. 27th. There never has been change in my love for you, only development, an increased knowledge and strengthened feeling. I was made and meant to look for you, and wait for you, and become yours forever.

Dec. 2d. When I think on all you have been and are to me, on the wonder of it and the deliciousness, it makes the paper words that come seem vainer than ever. No words could serve here, but there is life before us, and to the end of it the vibration now struck will extend.

Dec. 3d. I rest on you for life, for death, beloved. Besides, you do stand, in my solemn belief, a direct, miraculous gift of God to me. That is my solemn belief. May I be thankful.

Dec. 22d. I am yours forever, with the utmost sense of gratitude. To say I would give you my life joyfully is little. I would do that, I hope, for two or three other people. But I am not conscious of any imaginable point in which I would not implicitly devote my whole self to you, to be disposed of by you as for the best. There, it is not to be spoken of, let me *live* it into proof, beloved.

Jan. 12th. You are to me a joy beyond all joys, a life added to and transforming mine, a good I choose from all the possible gifts of God on this earth. For it I seemed to have lived, which accepting, I then step aside and let the rest get what they can, what it is very likely they esteem more—for why should my eye be evil because God is good; why should I grudge that, giving them, I do believe, infinitely less, he gives them a content in the inferior good and belief in its worth? I should have wished that further concession, that illusion, as I believe it, for their sakes—but I cannot undervalue my own treasure, and so scant the one tribute of mere gratitude which is in my power to pay.

Jan. 17th. I believe no human being could love you more—that thought consoles me for my own imperfection. So take me and make me what you can and will—though never to be more yours, yet more like you I may and must be.

Jan. 19th. God knows how I embalm every such day [as those on which he saw her]. I do not believe that one of the forty is confounded with another in my memory. And of letters this makes my 104th.

April 20th. I solemnly assure you I cannot imagine any point of view wherein I ought to appear to any rational creature the benefiting party and you the benefited; nor any matter in which I can be supposed to be magnanimous—so that it might be said "there is a sacrifice," that is to be borne with, etc.—not where such a supposi-

tion is not degrading to me, dishonoring, and affronting. I know that you are immeasurably my superior. I know and could prove you are as much my poet as my mistress.

May 19th. A life made up of such years as the last I would deliberately take, rather than any other imaginable one in which fame and worldly prosperity and the love of the whole human race should combine, excluding that of yours.

Beautiful as all this is, rarely equaled and never surpassed probably from the masculine side, when we turn to Miss Barrett's letters we have to confess them to be even finer. In clearness of expression, loveliness of language, and glare of affection they touch the very highest point. We cannot do other than indulge in somewhat copious extracts:

Oct. 17th. I feel myself bound to you as one human being cannot be more bound to another, and that you are more to me at this moment than all the rest of the world.

Nov. 18th. You cannot guess what you are to me; it is something between a dream and a miracle, all of it.

Nov. 21. What should I be if I could fail wittingly to you in the least thing? But I never will, and you know it. I will not move nor speak nor breathe so as willingly and consciously to touch with one shadow of wrong that precious deposit of heart and life.

Dec. 20th. You do not make my happiness, you *are* my happiness. When you come to know me as well as I know myself, what can save me from disappointing and displeasing you? I am frightened, I tremble.

Dec. 24th. How often I have said that in this situation I should be more exacting than any other woman, and so different everything is from what I thought it would be. Because if I am exacting it is for you and not for me; it is altogether for you, it is for you wholly. It never crosses my thought, in a lightning even, the question whether I may be happy so and so—*I*. It is the other question which comes always—too often for peace.

Jan. 1st, 1846. You say things to me which I am not worthy to listen to for a moment, even if I was deaf dust the next moment. I confess it humbly and earnestly, as before God. Yet he knows if the entireness of the gift means anything that I have not given with a reserve, that I am yours in my life and soul, for this year and for other years. Let me be used for you rather than against you. And that unspeakable, immeasurable grief of feeling myself to stand in your path, a cloud in your sky, may I be saved from it.

Jan. 6th. As the doves fly to the windows, so I think of you; as

the prisoners think of liberty, as the dying think of heaven, so I think of you. When I looked up straight to God nothing and no one used to intercept me; now there is you—only you under them.

Jan. 9th. I love you from the deeps of my nature—the whole world is nothing to me beside you. I choose here before God any possible present evil, rather that the future consciousness of feeling myself less to you on the whole than another woman might have been. You, if you would make me happy, will always look at yourself from my ground, and content to be selfish in all things.

Jan. 10th. I have been feeling ashamed of thinking of you so much, of thinking only you, it is too much perhaps. Shall I tell you? It seems to me that no man was ever before to any woman what you are to me—the fullness must be in proportion, you know, to the vacancy. And only I know what was behind, the long wilderness without a blossoming rose, and a capacity for happiness like a black gaping hole, before this silvery flooding. Is it wonderful that I should stand as in a dream, and disbelieve, not you, but in my fate? Was ever anyone taken suddenly from a fathomless dungeon and placed upon the pinnacle of a mountain without the head turning round and the heart turning faint, as mine do? Shall I thank you, or God? Both, indeed. And there is no possible return from me to either of you. I thank you, as the unworthy may, and as we all thank God. How shall I ever prove what my heart is to you? How will you ever see it as I feel it? I ask myself in vain.

Jan. 26th. All the happiness I have known has come to me through you, and it is enough to live for or die in; therefore, living or dying, I would thank God and use that word "enough," being yours in life and death. And always understanding that if either of us should go, you must let it be this one here who was nearly gone when she knew you, since I could not bear.

Feb. 2d. You are all things to me, instead of all, and better than all. I can see nothing beyond you, nor wish to see it. As to all that was evil and sadness to me, I do not feel it any longer—it may be raining still, but I am in the shelter and can scarcely tell. If you could be too dear to me, you would be now, but you could not—I do not believe in those supposed excesses of pure affections. When people have a distaste for your poetry through want of understanding, I have a distaste for them, cannot help it, you need not say it is wrong.

Feb. 16th. You are three times as much to me as I can be to you at best, because you are more than three times the larger planet.

Feb. 24th. You cannot pretend to me that your letters are not more to me than mine can be to you. Ask my guardian angel and hear what he says. Yours will look away for shame for measuring joys with him. Because you are all to me, all the light, all the life.

I am living for you now. Before I knew you, what was I and where? What was the world to me, what the meaning of life? I was thinking, the other day, that certainly I had loved you all my life unawares, that is, the idea of you. Your love is miraculous compensation for the trials of many years, but such overabundant compensation that I cannot help feeling it is too much. As I know that you are too good and too high for me, and that by the degree in which I am raised up you are let down, for us two to find a level to meet on. When you came you never went away. I mean I had a sense of your presence constantly. If your love were less clear and less above me, I might be vain, perhaps. But I may say before God and you that of all the events of my life, inclusive of its afflictions, nothing has humbled me so much as your love. Your love has been to me like God's love, which makes the receivers of it kneelers.

March 6th. I trust you, love you, look to you over the heads of the whole living world without any one head needing to stoop. If all men were to speak evil of you, my heart would speak of you the more good. That would be the only result with me. Do I not know you soul to soul? Should I believe that any of them could know you as I know you?

March 12th. O, you do not understand how with an unspeakable wonder and astonishment which keeps me from drawing breath I look at this dream and see your face as the face of an angel, and fear for the vanishing, because dreams and angels do pass away in this world! But you, I understand you, and all your goodness past expression, past belief of mine if I had not known you. You should have my soul to stand on, if it could make you stand higher.

April 21st. When the world comes to judge between us two, or rather over us both, the world will say that I have not been generous with my gifts. No, you are in a position to choose, and you might have chosen better, that is my immovable conviction. It has been only your love of me—which I believe in perfectly as love—and which being love does not come by pure logic, as the world itself may guess, it is only, wholly, and purely your love for me which has made a level for us two to meet and stand together.

May 2d. I stand by a miracle in your love, and, because I stand in it and it covers me, just for that you cannot see me. As God sees me, and as I know at all the motions of my own soul, I may assert to you that from the first moment of our being to each other anything I never conceived of happiness otherwise, never thought of being happy through you or by you or in you ever; your good was all my idea of good, and is. I hear women say sometimes of men whom they love, "Such a one will make me happy, I am sure," or "I shall be happy with him, I think," or "He is so good and affectionate that nobody need be afraid for my happiness." I never had such thoughts

of you, not even for a moment gave you that sort of praise. I could not think so of you.

May 20th. And now, as the year has rounded itself to a perfect round, I will speak of that first letter about which so many words were—just to say this, that I am glad now, yes glad, as we were to have a miracle, to have it so, an apparent miracle from the beginning. I feel glad now that nothing was between the knowing and the living, and that the beloved eyes were never cold discerners and analyzers of me at any time. I am glad and grateful to you, my own, altogether dearest. Yet the letter was read in pain and agitation, you have scarcely guessed how much. I could not sleep night after night, could not, and my fear was at night lest the feverishness should make me talk deliriously and tell the secret aloud. Judge if the depths of my heart were not shaken. From the first you had that power over me. You were stronger than I from the beginning, and I felt the mastery in you by the first word and the first look. Dearest, most generous, no man was ever like you, I know. May God keep me from ever laying a blot on one day of yours, or one hour! Rather, blot out mine. For my life, it is yours, as this year has been yours. But how can it make you happy, such a thing as my life? Here I wonder still. It never made me happy, without you.

Aug. 27th. I thought once that the capacity of happiness was destroyed in me, but you have made it over again—God has permitted you. And while you love me so, essentially, as you describe, apart from the supposed and supposititious qualities, I will take courage, and hope, and believe that such a love may be enough for the happiness of us both, enough for yours even.

Aug. 31st. Let people talk as they please of the happiness of early youth. There is a sort of blind joy common perhaps to such times; but I, for my part, with all the capacity for happiness which I had from the beginning, I look back and listen to my whole life and feel sure of what I have already told you, that I am happier now than I ever was before, infinitely happier now through you, infinitely happier. Never can you feel for me, Robert, as I feel for you. It is not possible, of course. I am yours in a way and degree which the tenderest of other women could not be at her will.

On Saturday, September 12, 1846, Miss Barrett stepped from the carriage in which she had gone out, apparently with the simple purpose of taking one of her usual drives for her health, into Marylebone Church, not far away, and there was quietly married, at 11 A. M., to Mr. Browning. It was their ninety-first meeting. She nearly fainted, but managed to get through the ceremony and back to her coach undiscovered. She writes to him concerning it, on the next day, as follows:

My own beloved, if ever you should have reason to complain of me in things voluntary and possible, all other women would have a right to tread me under foot, I should be so vile and utterly unworthy. This is my answer to what you said yesterday of wishing to be better to me. What could be better than lifting me from the ground and carrying me into life and sunshine? All that I am I owe to you; if I enjoy anything now and henceforth it is through you. You know this well, even as I from the beginning knew that I had no power against you. I thought yesterday morning that, of the many women who have stood where I stood, and to the same end, not one of them all perhaps since this building was a church has had reasons strong as mine for an absolute trust and devotion toward the man she married, not one. And then I both thought and felt that it was only just, if they—those women who were less happy—could have that heavenly sympathy and support, the presence of their nearest relatives, parent or sister, which failed to me, needing it less through being happier.

He writes also to her, after reaching home on the marriage day, these words:

Words can never tell you, form them, transform them any way, how perfectly dear you are to me, perfectly dear to my heart and soul. I look back, and in every one point, every word and gesture, every letter and every silence, you have been entirely perfect to me. I would not change one word, one look. My hope and aims are to presume this love, not to fall from it, for which I trust to God who procured it for me and doubtless can preserve it. You have given me the highest, completest proof of love that ever one human being so gave another. I am all gratitude, and all pride, all pride that my life has been so crossed by you.

They did not see each other for the week ensuing. Then, on the 19th, she stole away with a single maid from her father's house, while the family were at dinner, met her husband near by, went with him at once to Paris, and then, after a little, by slow stages, to Italy, where her health, as the doctors had predicted, speedily improved. All went well with them in every respect. In spite of the curses of a violently angry father and the misgivings of anxious friends, this runaway match proved a perfect idyl of bliss. Wordsworth had said, on hearing the news: "So Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett have gone off together. Well, I hope they may understand each other; nobody else could." Mrs. Jameson said: "God help them! I know not how the two poet heads and

poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world." They got on, as it was soon seen, very well indeed, and understood each other perfectly. A many-sided intellectual sympathy bound them most firmly together. With tastes and aims in unison complete, the music of their days sped on with scarce a jar. "The poem of their married life," as one has said, "was lovelier than any that he or she ever wrote." They seemed made for one another, and joined in a union so full at all points as to be exceedingly beautiful to every beholder. In October, 1846, she writes about him: "The intellect is so little in comparison to all the rest, to the womanly tenderness, the inexhaustible goodness, and the high, noble aspiration of every hour. Temper, spirits, manners, there is not a flaw anywhere." And his appreciation of her was equally thorough. He had great admiration for her works, declaring that she was the genius, with the true creative power, while he himself was only a painstaking, plodding fellow. But the world has not indorsed this judgment.

The improvement in Mrs. Browning's health became still more marked after the birth of her child. The tender, loving devotion of her husband bringing constant joy and peace, the new sense of freedom, and the entire change of scene gave her a fresh lease of life. Italy agreed with her well, as it did also with Mr. Browning, and Florence became for the next fifteen years the principal home of the happy pair, diversified by long sojourns in Paris, and occasional summers in England. On each visit to London with his wife the poet commemorated his marriage by going to the church where it had been solemnized and kneeling to kiss the doorstep.

Their Florentine home was the delight of such visitors as were favored with admission to it. Mr. George S. Hillard writes concerning such a visit:

> Mrs. Browning is in many respects the correlative of her husband. As he is full of manly power, so is she a type of the most sensitive and delicate womanhood. . . . It is a privilege to know such beings singly and separately, but to see their powers quickened and their happiness rounded by the sacred tie of marriage is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude.

Fanny Kemble said he was the only man she had ever known that behaved like a Christian to his wife. As she was obliged by her frailness to keep out of company, he never but once during his fifteen years of married life dined away from home. And in all other respects he was similarly mindful of her special needs. It was an ideal wedlock. But all too soon came the dread summons of separation. The devoted and adored wife died in her husband's arms at Casa Guidi, Florence, June 29, 1861. Throughout the long night of the 28th he sat by her bedside, holding her hand. Two hours before dawn she was lifted into a state of ecstasy and whispered many words of hope and joy. "With the first light of the new day," says Mr. Sharp, "she leaned against her lover. A while she lay thus in silence, then softly sighing, 'It is beautiful,' passed like the windy fragrance of a flower."

It hardly need be said that Browning remained unswervingly true to her memory. To the last of his life her image seemed to be enshrined as deeply in his heart as when he first lost her, or first found her. An American traveler who met him on Lake Como, in 1878, records that his words concerning her, after the lapse of those seventeen years, were poured forth with all the intensity of a passionate lover. To talk about her, even to a comparative stranger, seemed to afford a relief which could come in no other way to his deeply burdened heart. In his last illness he called every night for the ring his wife had given him on her deathbed, and pressed it to his lips before he went to sleep. And he has left very many tokens in his poems of the depth and permanence of his feeling for her. The two volumes which he published in 1855, containing some fifty poems under the general title, *Men and Women*, were dedicated to her, and she is directly addressed in the final song, called "One Word More," beginning as follows:

> There they are, my fifty men and women
> Naming me the fifty poems finished!
> Take them, leave, the book and me together:
> Where the heart lies let the brain lie also.

We must quote but sparingly from the many beautiful things he wrote of her, directly and indirectly, in many places. In "Prospice"—composed during the autumn after her decease—the closing lines bear loud witness to the strength of his feelings. He says, speaking of death, whose power he defies and counts as naught:

> For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
> The black minute's at end,
> And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rage,
> Shall dwindle, shall blend,
> Shall change, shall become first a place out of pain,
> Then a light, then thy breast,
> O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
> And with God be the rest!

In "The Ring and the Book," which bears so many marks of his undying devotion to her memory, especially in the rare character of Pompilia, occurs the well-known invocation, beginning:

> O lyric love, half angel and half bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild desire,

in which he appeals to her "with bent head and beseeching hand" to hearken to him from "the realm of help" and grant "some interchange of grace, some splendor once thy very thought, some benediction anciently thy smile," that he may have from her, as of old, sustainment and reward. In "By the Fireside" he reviews a little excursion they took one day in the summer of 1853 to a mountain gorge adjacent to the baths of Lucca, and weaves into a lovely description of beautiful scenery still more lovely allusions to their married life, and to her whom he addresses as

> My perfect wife, my Leonor,
> O heart, my own, O eyes, mine too,
> Whom else could I dare look backward for
> With whom beside should I dare pursue
> The path gray heads abhor?
>
> My own, confirm me! If I tread
> This path back, is it not in pride
> To think how little I dreamed it led
> To an age so blest that, by its side,
> Youth seems the waste instead?

Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?

These few extracts, which might be much extended, may well lead us to inquire what were the utterances concerning love in general which we find both in Mr. and Mrs. Browning's poems. We should naturally expect that their unique and perfect personal experience in this matter would make itself powerfully felt in their writings, and that we should discover there, as perhaps nowhere else, some matchless descriptions of what love includes, some unsurpassed conceptions of the scope and meaning of this master passion. The prose letters, in themselves more than half poetry, have their accurate counterparts in the poetical pages. Each stands over against the other with marvelous exactitude. For example, the serenade song of Mertoun to Mildred in "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," has this exquisite verse:

And this woman says, "My days were sunless and my nights were moonless,
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,
If you loved me not!" And I who—(ah, for words of flame!) adore her,
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her—
I may enter at her portal soon as now her lattice takes me,
And by noontide as by midnight make her mine, as mine she makes me!

How like to what Elizabeth and Robert said in the correspondence we have quoted. So it is with the poem "In a Year," where the woman exclaims:

When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sung
Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprung
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed but air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet:
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

Does not this description of mutual passionate love irresistibly remind us of passages in the letters? But perhaps the finest delineation of such feeling—overwrought, indeed, and extreme, we may say, we with our cooler natures and more moderate pulses—is embalmed in a page from "The Inn Album," which reads as follows:

I have danced through day
On tiptoe at the music of a word,
Have wondered where was darkness gone as night
Burst out in stars at brilliance of a smile!
Lonely, I placed the chair to help me seat
Your fancied presence; in companionship
I kept my finger constant to your glove
Glued to my breast; then—where was all the world?
I schemed—not dreamed—how I might die some death
Should save your finger aching!

This is strong indeed, but may be almost paralleled by some intense expressions in the epistles.

And when we turn to Mrs. Browning's poems we meet the very same thoughts, we come upon precisely similar emotions. "Love's Divine Self-abnegation" has rarely found finer manifestation than is given us by "Bertha in the Lane." What love means is marvelously well told in "Amy's Cruelty." The poem "Insufficiency" embodies the precise feeling that Miss Barrett had when for so long a time she resolutely refused to give herself to Robert, lest she should spoil his life. "Love," says Mrs. Browning in "Lord Walter's Wife," "is a virtue for heroes, as white as the snow on high hills, and immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfills." In the poem called "The Lady's Yes," she says:

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high,
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true as wives of yore—
And her "Yes," once said to you,
Shall be yes forevermore.

Thus speaks she to the man. And her words to the woman are similarly high-keyed:

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death!"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!
Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breath of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behoving and unbehoving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

But it is in the so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese"—thus named for a blind, since they are entirely original and English, and have no sort of connection with Portugal—that we find Mrs. Browning giving fullest play in verse to her love for her husband. They were written during the courtship, touch upon its incidents, and were presented to him by her soon after the marriage as a token of her strong affection. They must all be read, the whole forty-four, to get the entire effect. We have space here for only two:

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And ever since it grew more clear and white, . . .
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight,
Thou that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede,
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state! since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My Love, my own."

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

And now, what shall we say to all this? What reflections rush in? What monitions start up and demand a hearing? Surely not those of discouragement and rebuke, not these at least alone. We recognize, of course [we must perforce perceive], that this which has passed before us is the ideal of loving, what men and women will be in the millennium, what only a few at present are capable of feeling and still fewer of expressing. All cannot have this, or be thus. It certainly is not wrong to marry on a lower plane, to be somewhat fractionally united, instead of wholly; almost all must; they must marry where they live if they marry at all. Doubtless, if one were to wait for perfection of adaptation, he would stand a good chance, as things go, of waiting forever. Marrying would pretty nearly come to an end. For here was an abso-

lute completeness of conjunction which seemed to cover all parts of their dual nature, all, at least, except the physical: there they were opposites, and this only made the love the firmer. It was a marriage of minds and souls. They were at one intellectually, poetically, religiously; at one in all tastes and pursuits and opinions.

It was certainly not a marriage without obstacles, where the course of the stream ran smoothly. So far from that being the case, almost anybody would have said—as Miss Barrett herself did for a long time—that Mr. Browning ran an indefensible risk in linking himself with one so sure to be a heavy burden because of her total lack of bodily health. It was considered by no means certain that he would get her to Italy alive. He made a very great venture, and he was well aware of it, when he carried her off almost by force in the face of the intensest opposition of her family, not knowing surely how the experiment would come out, or whether the bold step he took would be justified by the result. But God certainly was in it. That became plainer and plainer every day. And, as to happiness for self as the outcome, neither thought at all of that, but only considered how there might be happiness to the other. Prudential considerations were strangers to the whole transaction. There was nothing whatever of barter about it, no calculation of chances, of loss or gain, naught of the conventional or the artificial, or of what was really comprehensible from the point of view of worldly society. It certainly did not illustrate the line, "The cold in clime are cold in blood," nor yet that other line that declares of the fire of love, "The fiercer it burns, the sooner it is extinguished," and preaches moderation, saying, "Love me little, love me long." It showed love at highest ecstasy combined with deepest durability, love which "sacrifices all things to bless the thing it loves," love which "never reasons, but profusely gives, gives, like a thoughtless prodigal, its all, and trembles then lest it has done too little." It was doubtless the most sacred thing of its kind that anywhere has been revealed to us. It is the holy of holies of marriage, absolutely idyllic and ideal. To

touch it with unhallowed hands or thoughts would be a profanation.

We may at least gather from it some teaching as to what true, deep, genuine, flawless love really is. Let lovers draw near with reverence, as to some secret shrine, and learn the art of loving. Let husbands and wives, as they hold up against the brightness of this radiant picture their own far dimmer, tamer experiences, bemoan their shortcomings, and be stirred to fuller fervors. Let old and young improve the privilege—rare, indeed, if not unparalleled in literature—of beholding two most exalted spirits, with intense poetic natures, reveling in the perfect bliss produced by an absolute community of all tastes and pursuits, and pouring out their souls in a wealth and beauty of expression which only those thus marvelously gifted could employ. No one can witness the transforming power of so pure an affection as is here displayed without being somewhat transformed himself. The reading of the record must inspire as well as rebuke. What humbleness! What utter unselfishness! What complete absorption of soul! What rivalry to acknowledge indebtedness and to excel in giving! What complaint of the weakness and emptiness of words, what strugglings to make the ever-inadequate language show forth a little of what the heart so deeply felt!

How happy they were. And what bliss it is to see such bliss. It seems to us an exceeding great boon to humanity that the letters were published. Objection has of course been made, that to expose to the gaping gaze of a rude world the utterly unrestrained outpourings of the inmost souls of two such beings was unpardonable. But the son had full authority from the dying father to do what he thought best with them. And Miss Barrett herself well says, in one of her letters: "If the secrets of our daily lives and inner souls may instruct other surviving souls, let them be open to men hereafter, even as they are to God now. Dust to dust, and soul secrets to humanity—they are natural heirs to all these things." Surely no one has been harmed at all by their being given to the public, and many

have been richly blessed. There is not a line but what honors the writers and benefits the readers. They are an inspiration and a benediction, "a leaven of sweetness and purity and nobleness cast into our human world." We are irresistibly reminded—as we read the struggle of these two high natures as to which shall give up most to the other, which shall guard the other most sedulously against harm—of that exquisite couplet of Tennyson's, the couplet which he himself regarded as his most successful production:

> Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might,
> Smote the chord of self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

What a world it would be, if this could commonly or even frequently obtain! We will be thankful to have seen it in this case, and to know that in some others also it has, in large measure at least, come to pass. Let the letters and the lyrics and the life be diligently studied. They contain only those things that are pure and lovely and honorable and of good report. He who can read them without having deeper views of the human heart and a higher ideal of the possibilities that love holds for blessing men and women is sadly lacking in sensibility and in appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the good. This rarest of all romances will make other such more frequent. And even the love of the saint for his God will come, through these pages, to completer development and clearer expression.

James Mudge

Art. III.—THE MINISTER AND FICTION-READING.

The testimony of book-dealers and of public librarians is that the vast mass of reading done by the general public is of fiction—in some cases over ninety per cent of the books drawn being novels. In what light shall the minister consider this fact, and how shall he relate himself to it in his own reading and preaching? Is the tendency a bad one? Howells says that in General Grant's confession of novel-reading there is a sort of inference that he had wasted his time, and one correspondent writes to the novelist saying, "Whatever in my mental make-up is wild and visionary, whatever is untrue, whatever is injurious, I can trace to the perusal of some work of fiction." Another correspondent wrote him that in his youth he read a great many novels, but that he always regarded it as an amusement like horse-racing and card-playing, for which he had no time when he entered into the serious business of life. Carlyle once advised the guild of novelists to sweep their novel-fabric into the dust cart and betake themselves, with such faculty as they had, to understand and record what is true. Something of the old English superstition still doubtless lingers with us that a novel is a piece of fiction, and fiction is a lie, and a lie is wicked.

On the other hand, we have such eulogies of the novel as that of Marion Crawford, who says:

> It must have the magic to fascinate and the power to hold its readers from first to last. Its realism must be real, of three dimensions, not flat and photographic; its romance must be of the heart and truly human—that is, of the earth as we all have found it; its idealism must be transcendent, not measured to man's mind, but proportioned to man's soul. Its religion must be of such grand and universal span as to hold all religions in itself.

And it is the contention of Walter Besant that "fiction is an art in every way worthy to be called the sister and equal of the arts of painting, sculpture, music, and poetry; that is to

say, her field is as boundless, her possibilities as vast, her excellences as worthy of admiration as may be claimed for any of her sister arts." The novelist is not to be regarded simply as a man who tells stories, just as people used to regard the actor as a man who tumbled on the stage to make an audience laugh, or a musician as a man who fiddled to make the people dance. Thackeray may not perhaps take his place beside Raphael, but, fiction being one art and painting a sister art, those who attain the highest distinction in either are equal:

> It is the oldest art, because it was known and practiced long before painting and her sisters were in existence or even thought of. It is the most widely spread, because in no race of men under the sun is it unknown. It is the most religious of the arts, because in every age until the present the lives, exploits, and sufferings of gods, goddesses, saints, and heroes have been the favorite theme.

In reality, though we technically discriminate them from novel writers, the great poets were fictionists—Homer, the author of Job, Dante, the Greek tragedians, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Browning. It is not only poetry that lends itself to this form of narrative invention, but science and history, as well. There are histories that are romances, and romances that are history. Without binding himself slavishly to fact, the novelist may imprint a general conception of the times more enduring than the dry chronicler. So Scott will picture chivalry, Mühlbach the court of Frederick, Sienkiewitz the beginnings of Christianity.

But for what reasons and in what measure should the minister acquaint himself with fiction? Certainly he ought to be familiar at least with the greatest names; he ought to know the productions of the most famous novelists, as he ought to be familiar with Milton and Shakespeare. He need feel under no obligation to read the fiction of the passing hour or the multitudinous spawn of the press. There is so much that must claim his attention in his own proper domain of theology and biblical research, there is so much of science and history and philosophy and social and political discussion past and present that must engage him, that he can only give the

novelists their due proportion, perhaps two or three books of the masters a year. He needs this reading as the necessary corrective, in the first place, of the constant and exhausting impressions being made upon his spirit. He sees very much of the seamy side of life, he is brought daily into contact with its sin, sorrow, sickness, poverty, disappointment, bereavement. It is hardly necessary for him to read such tragic works as Hall Caine's. He sees enough tragedy every day. If he is to keep his nature buoyant, cheerful, resilient, so that he shall uplift and not depress his people, he must feed his mind with exhilarating ideas. It would be well for some clergymen of sepulchral gloominess to read humor, to laugh over *Don Quixote,* the *Pickwick Papers,* Daudet's *Tartarin,* or even the lightness of Mark Twain, Jerome, Bangs, Stockton. Lincoln kept his heart from breaking by telling funny stories, and Nasby did him an untold service.

He needs to read novels as a part of his general education and specific culture. To be ignorant of the names and productions of the great masters of fiction is to be ignorant indeed; and one is no more excusable for omitting an acquaintance with this than with any other branch of literature. The creations in these books have become recognized characters in the world, as real almost as its Cæsars and Napoleons. It is not sufficient to know the names of the authors without knowing at least the greatest of their productions. He needs to read in order to perfect his own written and spoken style. Walter Besant says: "How much of the effect is due to style, the balanced sentences, the very words used by the narrator. There ought not to be in a novel, any more than in a poem, a single sentence carelessly worded, a single phrase which has not been considered." The minister, if he write, or read, or if he speak without manuscript, must constantly exercise like conscientiousness, and will get vast help from those who have mastered the art of expression.

The fiction writer must, above all things, be able to evoke and hold the interest of his readers. If he is not interesting, he is an entire failure. Many writers make this the main

and only thing, claiming—very heretically, we think—that it makes little difference about what one writes, if only it be interesting and chain the attention. If the writer be dull, we lay the book down, no matter how important his message may be. If we do not like him, that is the end of it. There is no general moral obligation resting upon us to read the production, as there is to read the Bible or even the history of one's country. Our likes and dislikes are ultimate. The first office of the artist is to interest, to amuse, to please, and if he fail in this, he fails in the main thing. Crawford says the novelist strives to make little pocket theaters—trying to be architect, scene painter, upholsterer, dramatist, and stage manager all at once. There is a prime necessity that the minister also be interesting. He fails in all, if he cannot hold his auditors. He need not resort to the claptrap of what is called sensationalism, with its meretricious arts, but, however important and solemn his theme, unless he can present it so as to arrest the attention, stimulate curiosity, and engage the sympathy, it will fall almost futile. Said a tragedian once to a clergyman, "I act fiction as if it were truth, and you preach truth as if it were fiction." The master of story-writing also will be able to show us how pathos may be employed for highest ends. When Dickens writes of the death of Little Nell or of Poor Joe, who has dry eyes? The themes of the Gospel are naturally of the most pathetic description, and the minister who cannot present them so as to profoundly move and melt the human heart has missed a great secret in his calling.

The clergyman ought also to keep in touch with his people in the matter of their reading; and, since so much of it is inevitably of the order of fiction, he ought to be prepared to counsel and direct in the selection of the best and the avoidance of the worst. He who can, by an occasional lecture on books and reading, or by incidental mention in the sermon, or in off-hand talks to his young people, or in private conversation on his visitations, thus recommend the purest and strongest books, is doing an incalculable benefit.

Our forefathers—especially the Methodists—were adverse

to the novel, almost as much as to the play. In truth, there was much reason for the feeling. For, before Scott, there was little written, even by the strongest writers like Fielding, which was not stained by coarseness and vulgarity. But, since the advent of Scott and Thackeray, Dickens and Bulwer, Eliot and Reade, the objection does not weigh so heavily. Very much has been written for and against the fleshy novel. The claim of these ultra realists is that we must see, know, and describe all of life, just as it is, without shutting our eyes to anything however horrible or revolting. These writers call themselves simply observers and narrators. Novels, say they, are not written chiefly for young girls, and the innocence of the maiden is not to tyrannize over genius, setting artificial limits to it. On the continent, where men and women mostly read and the young scarcely at all, there may be some little defense for this argument; but in England and America, where the young of both sexes are free readers, it is absolutely ruled out. As one has said, "What would have pleased the ten just men in Sodom, had there been that number, would not interest the remaining thousands; while a story which would, no doubt, delight the multitudes of that city would be abhorrent to the ten." To say that to the pure all things are pure will not meet the case. Of course we cannot reduce all fictitious writing to the category of Sunday school books. But if a story leaves its readers more relaxed morally, more disheartened and hopeless, no art can save it. We can say to the novelist: "Give us examples of the best in human nature, not the worst. If our atmosphere be murky with evil, lift us into a clearer air, which shall invigorate us as we breathe it, making us more buoyant and hopeful." A story which leaves "a bad taste in the mouth," a tale which wearies and depresses, is deficient on the æsthetic side. We are not to be among those who condemn Eggleston's "Roxy;" who drape nude statues; who, as some did, characterize *Jane Eyre* as too immoral to be ranked as decent literature, or *Adam Bede* as "the vile outpourings of a lewd woman's mind," or *Aurora Leigh* as "the hysterical indecencies of an erotic mind." There is

such a thing as a hysterical prudery. The writer must be true to life, and sex-relations cannot be ignored. But a romancer must be something more than an anatomist who contents himself with telling what he finds in the human corpse. Said an American novelist to another once: "See how free those French fellows are! Shall we always be shut up to our traditions of decency?" To which the other replied, "Do you think it's much worse than being shut up to their tradition of indecency?" Howells says of the novelist: "He can no longer expect to be received on the ground of entertainment only; he assumes a higher function, something like that of a physician or a priest, and people expect him to be bound by laws as sacred as those of such professions; they hold him solemnly pledged not to betray them or abuse their confidence." While the realist has the field against the romanticist, he must still remember that the higher side of life is as real as the lower, and that the mere cataloguing of an immense number of facts, uniformed by creative fancy and unilluminated by genius, is not art. On the whole, then, the minister need not sample many of these wares, these "shoreless lakes of ditch-water," to know what they are like and to promptly reject them.

The minister must ever remember that the greatest novelists are thinkers, philosophers, interpreters of life. A novel has a higher definition than that which one gives it of "an intellectual, artistic luxury." The great theme of the masters is life—the same theme which the minister has to develop in all its complexity. Its purpose is to portray humanity and human nature, the universal soul. The prime impulses of the heart are, broadly speaking, the same in all ages and in all races. Certainly, says one, "Just as there is nothing in the whole creation more worthy of being studied and painted than the human face and form, so there is nothing more worthy of representation than men and women in action and passion." He then continues:

> The modern novel converts abstract ideas into living models; it gives ideas, it strengthens faith, it preaches a higher morality than is seen in the actual world, it commands the emotions of pity, ad-

miration, and terror; it creates and keeps alive the sense of sympathy; it is the universal teacher; it is the only class of book which the great mass of reading mankind ever do read; it is the only way in which people can learn what other men and women are like; it redeems their lives from dullness, puts thoughts, desires, knowledge, and even ambitions into their hearts.

We might alter the old maxim and say with truth, "Let him who pleases make the laws, if I may write the novels." "The novelist," it is claimed, "studies men and women; he is concerned with their actions and their thoughts, their errors and their follies, their greatness and their meanness, the countless forms of beauty and constantly varying moods to be seen among them, the passions, prejudices, hopes, and fears which pull them this way and that." And this field of the human heart, of humanity—its motives, passions, actions—is also preeminently that of the preacher. He will gain profound insight into human character by reading the delineations of the great psychological inventors of fiction. Various writers—Stopford Brooke, Augustus Strong, Vida Scudder—have written on the theology of the great poets. Who will write on the theology of the great novelists? The theme of the novel is not life hereafter, but life here. It corrects an extreme other-worldliness. It has been said that the French Revolution awoke the modern man to the profound interest and intensity of this present life, and the modern novel was born of that new interest. And it is the life that now is, with all its temptations, trials, and sorrows, which is the theme of the Bible, too, and must be that of the preacher.

Besant says that modern fiction, dealing exclusively with men and women, creates in its readers that sentiment which is destined to be a most mighty engine in deepening and widening the civilization of the world. "We call it 'sympathy,' but it means a great deal more than was formerly understood by the word. It means, in fact, what Professor Seeley once called the 'enthusiasm of humanity,' and it first appeared I think about a hundred and fifty years ago, when the modern novel came into existence." Theologians will rather think that the novel simply reflected, not created, a sentiment born

in a *renaissance* of Christianity; but they will do well to study this one result of it most carefully.

The novel also holds up to us the vision of the imperishable ideal; and this too is the preacher's basis for his best comfort and exhortation. Art, as Napoleon has said, should represent the real, but in such a way as to make it seem more agreeable and interesting than it actually is. Realism must be more than a flat photograph of life; it must have the poetical and prophetic qualities of a great painting. Taking the real, it must idealize it. The great majority of readers of novels will doubtless say, as one represents them, "Since life is full of care and trouble, and since there is a possible world better than what we experience, if you are an artist introduce us within and make for us a society that shall be a refreshing contrast to that of which we are a part." Professor Boyesen says: "Art can engage in no better pursuit than to stimulate noble and healthful thought on all matters of human concern, and thereby clear the prejudiced mind and raise the average of human happiness." This idealism—this imaginary reconstruction of life, of the possibilities of human welfare and happiness—must certainly have a great claim upon the attention of the clergyman; for he is trying to build his New Jerusalem in the kingdom of God on earth.

The theme of most novels is love. In that passion all men and women are most generally interested. "Its tale of love must be clean and sweet, for it must tell its tale to all mankind, to saint and sinner, pure and defiled, just and unjust." Passing strange is it that a theme, that of human love, which is so common and potential, which exercises such a universal sway over all men and women, which is inextricably allied with love for the Deity—for love, all love, "is of God"—should seldom, if ever, be discoursed upon in the pulpit; and, when spoken of there, should be treated too frequently in a crude, sensational, or flippant way, or with mawkish sentimentality.

Human hearts are described in fiction, not in the abstract, but in the concrete. The minister will learn from them perhaps to speak less of saving souls, and more of saving men and

women. Each person is a sacred personality. There are ever fresh types. We shall get away from our metaphysical theorizings and close to actual beings of flesh and blood.

Just as the preacher has a definite object in his work and preaching, so the greatest novels must have some great purpose, too. Not all need be novels of tendency—problem-writings—for that would exclude Scott's romances, Stevenson's delightful tales, the stories of Blackmore, Black, and Hardy. There be many who will have nothing to do with purpose in novels. Mark Twain, in the introduction to one of his stories, threatens to prosecute the man who finds a plot, and shoot him who finds a purpose or moral. Crawford declares that the purpose-novel is a violation of the unwritten contract between writer and reader:

> A man buys what purports to be a work of fiction, a romance, a novel, a story of adventure, pays his money, takes his book home, prepares to enjoy it at his ease, and discovers that he has paid a dollar for somebody's views on socialism, religion, or the divorce laws. He feels he has been swindled, as if he had gone to the theater to be amused and when the curtain goes up find the stage set as a church and the bishop of the diocese on the point of delivering a sermon. He might admit the bishop to be most learned and edifying among preachers, but would be justified in demanding his money back.

The novel must not be a "Guide to Morality" or a "Handbook for Practical Sinners." We shall agree to this when we find the didactic purpose of the book overwhelms its artistic features; when the preaching is thrust forward on every page; when the fiction is only a thin veil thrown over the moralizing, a sugar-coating to the homiletic pill. Who did not find Bellamy's books fearfully provoking reading, and wish he might have his socialism and political science unmixed? Who has not often wearied with Tolstoi and perhaps Mrs. Ward? And what shall we say of the threatened flood of sermon novels in the pulpit? It is worse than the old polemic novel, written in the interest of High Church or Low Church.

But surely the greatest writers have always had some definite purpose in mind, which was their inspiration in writing

and for which they worthily strove. The people are right in asking generally of a story, "What is it for? What good does it do?" They insensibly regard it as an instrument of education. They do not care for direct preaching after the manner of the Salvation Army, for interlarded sermons, but they want it indirectly, through the development of a plot which shall indicate the true relation of cause and effect in human life, showing the results of good and evil conduct respectively. Thus conceived, the novel becomes an all-powerful preacher, showing the tragic results of sin, of illicit love, of jealousy, of vice and crime of all sorts. Says Besant:

> The development of modern sympathy, the growing reverence for the individual, the ever widening love of things beautiful and the appreciation of lives made beautiful by devotion and self-denial, the sense of personal responsibility among the English-speaking races, the deep-sealed religion of our people, even in a time of doubt, are all forces which act strongly upon the artist, as well as upon his readers, and lend to his work, whether he will or not, a moral purpose so clearly marked as to become practically a law of English fiction.

In this spirit did Mrs. Stowe write *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, Reade, *Put Yourself in His Place*, Dickens, *Oliver Twist*, Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*, and George Eliot, *Romola*. Every great novel having therefore some sublime purpose, the minister can illustrate his immortal themes by reference to them—to the out-working of the plot, the day of judgment in the *denouement*, the exhibition of mean and selfish or noble and beautiful character. Thus can one use the heroes of Shakespeare and the great creations of Hugo, Balzac, Scott, Thackeray, and the Wizard of Gads' Hill. And the people will thank him for linking into their lives and thoughts the lessons of the Bible with the powerful impressions, blazed upon memory and imagination, by the great creative masters whom they love and reverence.

Levi Gilbert

Art. IV.—THE PEREGRINUS OF LUCIAN; A STUDY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN THE SECOND CENTURY.

Among the extant works of Lucian, the rhetorician of the second century A. D., is one which is entitled Περὶ τῆς Περεγρίνου τελευτῆς (*De Morte Peregrini*). The character of Peregrinus is so complex and mysterious that for many years there has been considerable discussion regarding Lucian's motive in writing this narrative. The essential facts in the life of Peregrinus, as given by Lucian, are as follows: His real name was Peregrinus, but he was fond of calling himself "Proteus." He was a contemporary of Lucian, and was born at Parium, a city of Mysia on the Propontis. He became notorious because of his crimes, among which was the murder of his father. To escape punishment he fled from home. In the course of his wanderings he came to Palestine, where he professed himself a convert to Christianity and was appointed to an office of great dignity in the Church. As a professed Christian he was imprisoned; during his confinement he received very great attention from his fellow-Christians, who in crowds visited the prison and ministered to his needs. Later, however, the Christians lost confidence in him, and expelled him from their communion. He now joined the sect of the Cynic philosophers and took up his residence at Rome. With the characteristic coarseness and freedom of speech of the Cynics he reviled the Roman emperor, and was finally expelled from the city. He next went to Greece, where he passed a precarious existence. Finding his influence waning, he determined to recover his prestige by the performance of an act of self-devotion which should give him a place in history beside the wonder-working Empedocles of Agrigentum. He gave public notice that at the Olympic games of 164 A. D. he would immolate himself on a funeral pyre.* By this announcement he succeeded in

* Zeller and Bernays fix the date as 164 A. D.; Lightfoot, 165; Bauer, 168. The year is established by the *Chronicon* of Eusebius, II, p. 170, *sq.*, ed. Schöne, as Olympiad 236, that is, 164 A. D.

again directing toward himself the attention of the Greek world. When the time came for the fulfillment of his promise he postponed from time to time the final act, but at last, finding that he could not evade his fate, he proceeded to carry the promise into effect. Lucian, who witnessed the closing scene, thus describes it:

> I found a funeral pyre erected in a cavity six feet deep. There were firebrands in abundance, and fagots had been stuffed in that the pyre might be readily fired. When the moon rose Peregrinus stepped forward, and with him the chief men of the Cynic set, and, in particular, the distinguished citizen of Patrae,* with torch in hand, no mean assistant in the drama. Proteus himself had a torch in his hand. Several men came forward and lighted the pile in various places. The inflammable material was soon ablaze. Peregrinus laid aside his wallet, his cloak, and his Hercules's club, and stood there clad only in a soiled undergarment. Then he asked for frankincense, that he might throw it upon the fire. It was handed to him, and he threw it upon the flames; then, turning to the south, he said, "O, spirits of my mother and my father, receive me kindly." After this speech he leaped into the fire and disappeared from sight.

This narrative of Lucian is so striking that it is not surprising to find in modern theological works a literature of considerable extent concerning Peregrinus and his self-immolation. Three questions therefore naturally suggest themselves in this connection: Is Peregrinus a real character? Did Lucian intend to ridicule the Christians? How much light does this narrative of Lucian throw upon the Christianity of the second century of our era?

I. Is Peregrinus a real character? Lucian himself in three other places mentions Peregrinus. In the *Fugitivi*† he represents a dialogue as in progress between Zeus and Apollo regarding the self-immolation of Peregrinus and the motives which led to the act. In the *Demonax*‡ an exchange of wit takes place between Peregrinus and Demonax, the philosopher.§ In the *Adversus Indoctum*‖ a man is said to have pur-

* Theagenes, a Cynic admirer and champion of Peregrinus. † 1-2. ‡ 21.

§ Bekker and Bernays doubt that Lucian is the author of the *Demonax*. If Lucian is not the author of the work, the evidence in favor of the existence of Peregrinus is strengthened, as the writer of the *Demonax* was, if not Lucian himself, at any rate a contemporary of Lucian. ‖ 14.

chased for a large sum the staff which Proteus, the Cynic, laid down before leaping into the fire. In two of these passages it is noticeable that Peregrinus and his death are spoken of as something well known and undisputed. Had we no other evidence than the works of Lucian, we should be fully justified in regarding Peregrinus as a real historical character. Our evidence, however, is not limited to the testimony of Lucian. Aulus Gellius, the Latin grammarian, a contemporary of Lucian, was well acquainted with Peregrinus and frequently met him at Athens. He says:

> When I was at Athens I saw a philosopher, Peregrinus by name, to whom subsequently the surname Proteus was given. He lodged in a hut outside the city. He was a dignified and steadfast man [*gravem et constantem*]. I frequently visited him and heard him say many things that were both useful and noble.* . . . How severely, in our hearing, Peregrinus the philosopher reproved a young Roman of high station who stood lazily in his presence and frequently yawned!†

Gellius also gives a specimen or two of the style of teaching which Peregrinus employed: "The wise man will not sin, even though neither gods nor men should observe the act. A man should avoid evil, not from the fear of punishment or disgrace, but from love of the good."‡

It will be noticed that this characterization of Peregrinus is much more favorable than that which we find in Lucian. Indeed, Lucian, who felt himself most closely in sympathy with the Epicureans, entertained so implacable a hatred toward the sect of the Cynics that he seems incapable of expressing an unbiased opinion concerning them. Lucian says that Peregrinus was fond of calling himself "Proteus;" Gellius says that the name "Proteus" was subsequently given to him. The statement of Gellius is much more probable. It seems likely that the name "Proteus" was given him in derision by his enemies, with reference to his frequent changes of religious and philosophical profession. Bernays§ suggests that Peregrinus deliberately adopted the name "Proteus," which his

* Gellius, xii, 11. † *Ibid.*, viii, 3. ‡ *Ibid.*, xii, 11.
§ *Lucian und die Kyniker*, p. 89.

foes derisively applied to him. By emphasizing the prophetic attributes of the Homeric Proteus he robbed the taunt of all its sting. Precisely this course was adopted by Diogenes, who took as his own surname the epithet κύων, "dog," contemptuously flung at him by his enraged adversaries.

The existence of Peregrinus is further attested by Philostratus. He speaks of the "Cynic Proteus," and says of him:

> This Proteus was one of those men who carry to such an extreme their philosophy that at Olympia he threw himself into the fire. At one time he uttered, in his half-barbarous dialect, invectives against Herodes. Herodes turned to him and said: "Why do you abuse me thus?" As Proteus continued his abuse Herodes said: "We are both childish: you, for addressing me so abusively; I, for listening to you."*

Further testimony is as follows: Tertullian, "Peregrinus, who not long ago threw himself upon the funeral pyre;"† Ammianus Marcellinus, "Peregrinus, surnamed Proteus, a famous philosopher who, having determined to leave the world, built a funeral pyre at Olympia, at the time of the Olympic games, and, after lighting the pyre, ascended it and before the eyes of all Greece was consumed by the flames;"‡ Tatian (a contemporary), "What do your philosophers do that is great or worthy of admiration? They say they need nothing; but, as Proteus says, they really need a currier for their wallet, a weaver for their mantle, a woodcutter for their staff;"§ Athenagoras, "You are aware that Proteus threw himself into the fire at Olympia;"‖ Eusebius, "Peregrinus, the philosopher, in the presence of the national assembly kindled a fire and burned himself."¶ This evidence, coming as it does from profane as well as from sacred writers, must be accepted as conclusive regarding the real existence of Peregrinus.

II. Did Lucian intend to ridicule the Christians? For many centuries he has been regarded as a bitter foe of Christianity.

* Philostratus, *Life of the Sophists*, ii, 1, 33. Ed. Didot.
† *Ad Martyres*, 4.
‡ xxix, 39. Ed. Weidmann.
§ *Oratio ad Græcos*, c. 25, p. 102.
‖ *Legatio pro Christianis*, p. 30. Ed. *Nova Coloniæ*, 1686.
¶ *Chronicon*, ii, 170, *sq.* Ed. Schöne.

Suidas, who lived about the tenth century, says of him: "In his life of Peregrinus he attacks Christianity, and the polluted wretch blasphemes Christ himself. Wherefore, on earth he paid the fit penalty of his madness, and in the world to come he shall be an heir of eternal fire with Satan."* His work on Peregrinus was regarded by the Church of Rome as so pernicious that in the sixteenth century it was placed on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, and therefore does not appear in the first and second Aldine editions of Lucian, Venice, 1503 and 1522. There is a curious diversity of opinion among modern scholars as to whether or not Lucian felt a special hatred toward the Christians and wrote the *Peregrinus* for the sole purpose of attacking that sect.

In forming an independent opinion on this question it will be necessary to examine all the passages in which Lucian refers to the Christians. We are concerned with only three of the works bearing his name: *The Philopatris, Alexander, or the False Prophet, The Death of Peregrinus.* The *Philopatris*, a dialogue between a Christian and a pagan, contains several sneering remarks about the Christian religion. It speaks of "God, ruling on high, the mighty, the immortal, dwelling in heaven, Son of the Father, the Spirit proceeding from the Father, one from three and three from one."† It refers to a "Galilean, bald, with a long nose, who had ascended into the third heaven, and learned the most beautiful things."‡ Again, it speaks of "the Son who proceeds from the Father."§ Since Gesner in the middle of the last century attempted to show that this work is falsely attributed to Lucian there has been a consensus among scholars regarding the spuriousness of this work. This doubt existed even in the early ages; a manuscript of Lucian has at the end of the *Philopatris* the words, "This is not a genuine work of Lucian."‖ Among the representative modern critics who reject the work are Bekker, W. Dindorf, Fritzsche, Gildersleeve. Gesner¶ assigns the *Philopatris* to the time of Julian the Apostate—that is, the fourth

* Suidas, under the word Λουκιανός.

† Chap. 12. ‡ *Ibid.* § Chap. 18. ‖ Οὗτος ὁ λόγος νοθεύεται τοῦ Λουκιανοῦ.

¶ *De Aetate et Auctore Philopatridis.*

century A. D. Niebuhr* supposes it to have been written at Constantinople, as late as the age of the emperor Nikephoros Phocas, in the tenth century. Gutschmid† thinks that it belongs to the period of Heraklios, or the seventh century A. D. Neander says: "In the reign of Julian, some one, probably a pagan rhetorician, wrote the dialogue, in imitation of Lucian, called *Philopatris*. . . . The very way in which the doctrine of the Trinity is ridiculed in this dialogue favors the supposition that it was composed at some period subsequent to the Nicene Council"‡ (325 .A D). In the *Philopseudes,* cap. 16, there is a reference to those who "release the demoniacs from their fears and charm away their visions." The extract then continues:

> This I say not upon my own authority, but all know about the Syrian from Palestine, the Sophist in matters of this kind, how he takes those who have fallen down in the moonlight and are rolling their eyes and are foaming at the mouth, and raises them up and for great pay sends them home cured, after relieving their sufferings.

Baur§ sees in these words a reference to Jesus. The whole tenor of the passage, however, indicates that the person to whom Lucian refers was living at the time he wrote, in the second century A. D. On chronological grounds, therefore, the reference cannot possibly be to Jesus, and, in view of the acceptance of money for his cures—assuming that the statement is true—the wonder-worker could not have been one of the sect of the Christians. We know from the New Testament that false exorcists abounded in Palestine.‖

There are, therefore, references to the Christians in but two of the genuine works of Lucian, the *Alexander* and the *Peregrinus.* In the *Alexander* the references are somewhat more sympathetic than in the *Peregrinus.* The Christians and the Epicureans—a sect for which Lucian had a profound respect—are spoken of together as uncompromising foes of the false prophet Alexander. This bogus prophet was in the habit of opening his prayers with the words, "Out with the

* *Kl. Schr.*, ii, 74. † *Ibid.*, v, 433, *sq.* ‡ *History*, etc., ii, 89.
§ *Christenthum der drei ersten Jahrh.*, p. 415.
‖ Matt. xii, 27: Luke ix, 49; Acts viii, 9; xiii, 6; xix, 13.

Christians!"* and all the people responded, "Out with the Epicureans!" In the same chapter we read, "If any godless person, either Christian or Epicurean, has come as a spy on our rites, let him flee."

In the following quotation from the *Peregrinus*† we have various references to the Christians:

When this thing [the murder of the father of Peregrinus by the son] had become noised abroad Peregrinus decided to flee, and he wandered from place to place. It was then he thoroughly learned the wonderful wisdom of the Christians,‡ associating as he did in Palestine with their priests and scribes. In a short time he showed them that they were children; he became their prophet, their leader, their assembler,§ their all in all. He explained and interpreted their books, and he himself wrote many. They looked upon him as a god,¶ regarded him as their lawgiver, and voted him their president.** They still worship that illustrious man†† who was crucified in Palestine, because he introduced these new rites. Proteus was arrested upon this charge [of being a Christian], and was thrown into prison, a proceeding which contributed not a little to the eclat of his subsequent life and assisted him in the chicanery and the thirst for notoriety by which he was actuated. As soon as he was imprisoned the Christians, taking it severely to heart, did everything in their attempts to get him out of prison. When they found that this was impossible they showed him every attention. At daylight you could have seen about the prison old women, widows, and orphans.‡‡ Their chief men bribed the jailers and slept with the prisoner in the jail. They carried to him viands in profusion; §§ they read their sacred books together, and the noble Peregrinus, for he was still called noble, was designated by them as a new Socrates. Some came even from the cities of Asia, sent by the Christian communities, to aid him and to advocate his cause and to comfort the man. They show an astonishing swiftness of action when any such incident becomes publicly known. In a word, they spare nothing. So, also, to Peregrinus they sent much money because he was in prison, and this brought him in no small revenue. The poor wretches have per-

* Alexander, 38. † 332, *sqq.* ‡ Τὴν θαυμαστὴν σοφίαν.

§ "Prophet, band leader, and synagogue convener," Lightfoot. "*Prophet, Vereinsleiter, Synagogenhaupt*," Bernays. ¶ Ὡς θεὸν αὐτὸν ἐκεῖνοι ἡγοῦντο.

** Προστάτην, "patron," Lightfoot; "*Vorsteher*," "*Bischof*," Baur.

†† Τὸν μέγαν γοῦν ἐκεῖνον τὸν ἀνθρωπον. Μέγαν is a doubtful reading.

‡‡ "The fidelity of the picture is shown by this touch. The widows in the ancient Church had charge of the orphans, and would therefore be accompanied by them."—*Lightfoot.*

§§ Δεῖπνα ποικίλα. The old critics see in these words a reference to the *agapæ* of the early Christians. Cf. Gesner: "*Agapas, afferente unoquoque aliquid, quod una consumerent; hinc ποικίλα, non a luxu.*"

suaded themselves that they are really immortal, and are to live forever; wherefore, they despise death, and many of them voluntarily offer themselves up. Their first lawgiver persuaded them that they are all brethren, as soon as they have gone over [to the new faith] and have denied the Greek deities and adore that crucified sophist* and live according to his laws. Therefore they despise all worldly goods without exception, and regard them as common after they have, without any good reason, adopted this belief. If, then, there come to them any cheat or trickster, able to make good use of his opportunities, he became very rich in a short time by imposing on these simple men. Peregrinus was released by the governor of Syria, a man who was fond of philosophy. This governor recognized the folly of Peregrinus, and knew that he would gladly die if he could thereby acquire notoriety; the governor accordingly released him, and did not consider it worth while to punish him. . . . Peregrinus resumed his wanderings. He was well supplied by the Christians, who escorted him as a bodyguard, and for some time he lived in affluence. Finally he committed some transgression against the Christians; he was detected, I think, eating food which is forbidden them.

From this time Peregrinus led a precarious life, and finally, when he was at the end of his resources, he offered himself as a sacrifice at Olympia.

These are all the references to Christianity in the works of Lucian as they have come down to us. It cannot fairly be claimed that they show any particular hostility to the Christians. Nor is it shown, as some claim, that the *Peregrinus* was designed purely as an attack on Christianity. The references to the Christians are merely incidental. The real object of attack in the *Peregrinus* was the Cynic philosophy as represented by Peregrinus and his champion, Theagenes. The allusion to Christ as the "crucified sophist" might seem an expression of contempt, but Lucian very frequently uses the word with no collateral idea of contempt. Lucian lived at a time when rhetoricians and sophists were held in the highest honor; indeed, he speaks of himself as a sophist.† In view of the unimpassioned attitude of Lucian toward Christianity, as shown in his works as we have them to-day, the opinion which some modern critics express concerning Lucian seems unduly severe. We may fully agree with Gildersleeve, who says,

* Τὸν ἀνεσκολοπισμένον ἐκεῖνον σοφιστήν. † *Pro mercede conductis, cap.* 15.

"The mocking spirit that called Christ a 'professor' [σοφιστήν] and the Christians 'unfortunates' had no appreciation or admiration of our faith;"* but we find it difficult to sympathize with the zeal of the Church of Rome which led to the putting of the work on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. Whatever the spirit which actuated Lucian, we are indebted to him for a real service to Christianity. He certainly did not intend to favor Christianity, yet he has unintentionally drawn a portrait of the early Christians in his writings which is really very favorable to them.

During the last few years critics have formed a judgment concerning Lucian which is far less severe than that which we find in Christian writers of the mediæval period.† Indeed the hostility which these mediæval writers manifest toward Lucian is so remarkable that it challenges our consideration. The scholiast on the works of Lucian pronounces the most fearful anathemas on him: "O, thou accursed, revilest thou the Saviour Christ? He in punishment shall hand thee over to eternal punishment as a backslider and as a mocker of our faith. O, thou unclean wretch, with a nature abounding in manifold villainy! Thou heir of eternal punishment!" This invective is called forth by the reference to Christ as the "crucified sophist." Suidas as we have seen, is equally severe in his judgment. He adds: "He [Peregrinus] is said to have been torn to pieces by dogs, because he had raved against the truth." Suidas is the first writer who makes this statement regarding the manner of Lucian's death. A similar legend regarding the death of Euripides was in circulation in ancient times. Doubtless the tradition regarding Lucian, if such a tradition had really come down to Suidas, preserves in distorted form the memory of the bitter hostility which existed between the Epicurean Lucian and his inveterate foes, the Cynics (*οἱ κύνες*). The key to the account which Suidas gives of Lucian's death undoubtedly lies in the double meaning of the term *κύων*.

Possibly these savage attacks on Lucian were called forth

* *Essays and Studies*, p. 350.

† Cf. E. Zeller: "He was a fanatic, but not a swindler."

by those passages in the *Peregrinus* which we have already translated. A very important question, however, suggests itself in this connection: Is the text of the *Peregrinus* as we have it to-day as full and as complete as it was when these scholia were written? The sudden change in the thought, beginning in our translation with the words "They still worship," and the condition of the extant Greek text at this point lend some color to the view of those critics who hold that the early Christian copyists deliberately omitted some words which contained a slurring allusion to Christ. It may have been these words which Suidas had in mind when he says, "He attacked Christianity and blasphemed Christ himself in the life of Peregrinus." This theory receives strong support from the fact that in several manuscripts of Lucian the *Peregrinus* is entirely omitted; in one of these manuscripts there is an explicit statement that the work had been omitted because of its ridicule of the Christians. The same spirit of reverence which led some of the copyists entirely to omit the *Peregrinus* may have led others to omit the more offensive portions. Thus the strong censure of Suidas would find an explanation, as based upon words which are now missing.

The scholiast speaks of Lucian as a pervert from Christianity (παραβάτης). There is no proof whatever to be found for this assertion. The charge would have a more substantial basis if it could be proved that Lucian wrote the *Philopatris*. Doubtless the fact that this work was generally attributed to him was one cause of the abuse which Lucian received from the early Christian writers. The passages which we have before quoted from the *Philopatris* regarding the Trinity show that the author of that work had a minute knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity and the books of the New Testament. The genuine Lucian, however, as shown in the *Peregrinus*, is far from showing such a knowledge of Christianity as we might fairly expect in a pervert. His references show an imperfect knowledge of the beliefs and ceremonies of the Christians. The whole tenor of his words would seem to indicate that he looked upon the Christians as a Jewish sect.

Lightfoot says: "The strange jumble of titles, Jewish and heathen, which he heaps on Peregrinus and the description of the respect paid to him are unlike the language of one who had any intimate knowledge of Christian modes of thought and life."* The statement that the Christians looked upon Peregrinus as a god could not possibly have been made in earnest by one who knew anything, by personal experience, of the Christians. There is no trace of special irony in the remark, and it occurs in the middle of a passage which is spoken in all seriousness, though, doubtless, contemptuously. So, too, his reference to the offense which Peregrinus committed in the eyes of the Christians is so vague as to indicate that he really had no adequate knowledge of their beliefs: "He was seen, I think, eating food forbidden them." This forbidden food may have been meat of idolatrous sacrifices; it may have been a profanation of the ceremony of the Lord's Supper. It is clear from Lucian's own words that he had only a vague idea of the nature of the offense. Zahn makes this pertinent remark concerning Lucian's acquaintance with Christianity: "Lucian's knowledge of Christian modes of thought and the Christian way of living shows as little religious interest in these subjects as does his attack on Christianity show any indication of proceeding from any particular hatred against the Christians. His acquaintance with Christianity was, however, not so superficial as a superficial examination might indicate."† This estimate of his relation to the Christian system would thus seem well founded.

III. What does Lucian teach us concerning the life of the Church in the second century A. D.? We get from him a welcome side light on the Christian life in this period. We see that, as late as the second century, community of goods, to some extent at least, prevailed. We see, also, how important a part in the life of the Christians the study of the sacred writings played at that period. Their sympathy with fellow-members in distress stands out with great clearness. The Christians of that age were liable to imprisonment for the

* *Apostolic Fathers*, part ii, vol. i, p. 333.
† *Ignatius von Antiochien*, p. 518.

faith.* The Church of that period was the prey of false prophets and wandering adventurers who, by a profession of piety, succeeded in imposing upon the simple believers. This is strikingly corroborated by a passage in the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*,† a work of about the same age:‡

> Let everyone that cometh in the name of the Lord be received; then, having tested him, you shall know him; for you shall have knowledge right and left.§ If he that cometh be a wayfarer, aid him so far as you can. He shall not remain among you more than two or three days, unless through necessity. But, if he be an artisan and wish to remain among you, let him work and eat. If he have no trade, provide according to your judgment, how no lazy man shall live among you as a Christian. If he is not willing to do this he is a trafficker in Christ [Χριστέμπορος]. Beware of such.

Some modern writers consider this work of Lucian a parody upon the martyrdom of Polycarp, who was put to death in the year 155 A. D., just nine years before the alleged death of Peregrinus. These critics absolutely deny the truth of the story of the self-immolation of Peregrinus. In the opinion of these critics Lucian's account is simply sarcasm at the expense of those Christians who voluntarily sought martyrdom and who boasted of the fortitude shown by the Christian martyrs. Schaff says, "Perhaps this fiction of the self-burning was meant for a parody on the Christian martyrdom, possibly of Polycarp, who about that time suffered death by fire at Smyrna."‖ Baur also speaks of the account of Lucian regarding the self-immolation of Peregrinus as, "without any doubt whatever, a pure fiction. Nobody before Lucian knows anything about this pretended incident, and no writer independent of Lucian says anything about it."¶ This is an extraordinary statement of Baur's, in the face of the testimony

* The Greek text does not state explicitly the charge on which Peregrinus was arrested (*συλληφθεὶς ἐπὶ τούτῳ*). The words occur in immediate connection with the passage which is regarded by some critics as incomplete. Some of these critics believe that here, also, some words describing the crime for which Peregrinus was arrested have been omitted, and that the words *ἐπὶ τούτῳ* refer to this crime, rather than to an arrest on the charge of being a Christian.

† Chap. xii.

‡ Schaff, *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, p. 122, assigns the *Didachè* "with some confidence to the closing years of the first century, say between A. D. 90 and 100."

§ Cf. 2 Cor. vi, 7: "By the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left."

‖ Schaff, *History of the Christian Church*, i, 189.

¶ *Christenthum der drei ersten Jahrh.*, p. 412.

of ancient writers. In view of the fact that Lucian recorded the incident immediately after its occurrence Baur's assertion that no writer before Lucian records the pretended incident is insignificant. So, too, his suggestion that all writers who record the incident borrowed the statement from Lucian and are, therefore, of no value as independent authorities, is false. Athenagoras, who may have written his work scarcely ten years after the death of Peregrinus and the composition of Lucian's work, states facts regarding Peregrinus which do not appear in Lucian's account. This shows that he had sources of information which were independent of Lucian. The fact that Gellius, a contemporary of Lucian, does not mention the immolation of Peregrinus is sufficiently explained by the fact that Gellius died early in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (161-180) and before the suicide of Peregrinus, in 164.

We could, however, admit Baur's contention that all the accounts of the death of Peregrinus are based upon Lucian's narrative, without vitiating our claim that Lucian's account is true. Gellius sufficiently attests the fact that there was really a philosopher by the name of Peregrinus. Granted his existence, it would have been simply impossible for Lucian to impose upon the profane writers, as well as the Church Fathers of that period, a bogus account of the death of Peregrinus, when, according to Lucian's own words, the scene occurred before the eyes of thousands of Greeks assembled at Olympia. It is simply inconceivable that a fictitious account of the death of Peregrinus could, under such circumstances, force its way into general acceptance.*

There are really two distinct questions involved, and those who doubt the truth of Lucian's narrative have confused these questions: Did Peregrinus really immolate himself? And, if he did, has Lucian introduced into his narrative a number of details which he borrowed from the current accounts regarding the death of Polycarp? The first question we unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. It is much more difficult

* Edward Zeller, *Deutsche Rundschau*, January, 1877: "The self-immolation of Peregrinus is an unassailable fact, attested by the witness of contemporaries and even eyewitnesses."

to answer the second question as to the narrative of Lucian. The martyrdom of Polycarp occurred shortly before the suicide of Peregrinus. Various accounts of the death of Polycarp were in circulation, and some of them may have fallen into the hands of Lucian. Zahn* thinks that Lucian had before him the letter of Ignatius to Polycarp, and that this led him to combine the incidents of the death of Polycarp with those attending the suicide of Peregrinus. Emil Egli,† in his article "Lucian und Polycarp," gives a list of passages in which the account of Lucian regarding the burning of Peregrinus contains details closely resembling incidents in the martyrdom of Polycarp as related in the *Passio Polycarpi.* Some of these coincidences are simply such as would naturally occur in connection with any death by fire. The vulture which was said to have risen from the funeral pyre of Peregrinus recalls the dove which, according to tradition, came forth from the body of Polycarp, when the executioner struck him with the sword. Just before his death, however, Peregrinus took to himself the name "Phœnix," in allusion to the death and resurrection of the mythological Indian bird. This suggestive act of Peregrinus would readily explain the statement of his disciples and friends that they really saw a vulture ascending from the flame. The word *νερτεροδρόμοι*, meaning "couriers of the dead," in *Peregrinus* is so peculiar that the inference seems well founded that it is a parody upon the word *θεοδρόμοι*, "couriers of the gods," of the letter of Ignatius *ad Pol.*, 7. Egli himself, after careful consideration, frankly admits that he does not feel that he has fully succeeded in proving that Lucian is attempting to caricature the martyrdom of Polycarp. We prefer to believe that Lucian's narrative is what it professes to be, an account of a real incident in the life of a real person. We may even grant that in his desire to present a graphic picture some of the phraseology and some of the incidents which he found recorded in the current accounts of the death of Polycarp have crept into his own narrative—for he even admits that, in describing the scene to some who

* *Ignatius von Antiochien.* † *Zeitschrift für Wiss. Theol.*, 1883, xxvi, p. 176, *sqq.*

were not present, he invented some picturesque details. This supposition is possible without forcing us to the conclusion that he deliberately took the closing scene in the life of Peregrinus and dressed this scene in an artificial garb for the purpose of ridiculing another person whom Lucian regarded as a fanatic. We may well ask, What reason had he for doing this? In the eyes of Lucian, Peregrinus was as pronounced a fanatic as was Polycarp. The incident of the death of Peregrinus is complete in itself. It abounds in picturesque details. It lends itself readily to dramatic treatment. To entertain a double purpose in depicting such a scene, to combine with a description of a real event an attack on another person who had passed through a somewhat similar experience, would be so gross a violation of artistic unity that no artist like Lucian could possibly be guilty of it. To disguise this attack so thoroughly that the casual reader is utterly unaware of a double meaning, and the most careful examination of the work fails to convince even those who hold to the theory of a double purpose—to do this, moreover, without the slightest necessity for so doing—is a proceeding utterly foreign to a writer as fearless, as frank, and as outspoken as was Lucian.

Joseph R. Taylor.

Art. V.—JOHN MASON NEALE, SAINT AND PSALMIST.

It is not to account for the absence of literary interest in the life and work of the late John Mason Neale. Aside from the little known memorial by his friend, Dr. Littledale, one has to refer to unfamiliar magazines for any notice of the man whose accomplishments were not exceeded by those of any other man of his time. No series of religious biography admits him to a place among its worthies, yet his generation produced no more exemplary figure. He is never cited among the heroes of Christianity, though for the greater part of his short life he endured the martyrdom of malignant misrepresentation with a gentleness quite un-English and altogether other-worldly in its sincerity. Academic authorities, usually ready and discriminating, utterly disregarded him; yet he was one of the best linguists, most erudite scholars, and most learned theologians of his day. Even the history of eccentricity denies him publicity, though once he was mobbed, more than once burned in effigy, long banned by his superiors and associates in the ministry, and to the very last shunned as "dangerous" by every Pharisee in good standing with the violent orthodoxy of our midcentury. There have not been wanting public memorials to singers who have touched the universal heart; there is, however, but scant remembrance of this man who has made the Christian pilgrimage a cheerier journey because of his undying translation of "Jerusalem the golden."

He was born in London, January 24, 1818, and was reared in a home distinguished for piety and scholarly refinement. His father, the Rev. Cornelius Neale, was senior wrangler, first Smith's prizeman, and second medalist in the University of Cambridge in 1812, and a poet of excellent parts. What was perhaps of more consequence to his son, the father was the subject of a memorable religious experience which brought him into close sympathy with the evangelical school of churchmen and contributed to a home life of rare spiritual elevation and ardor. Mrs. Neale was the accomplished daughter of

Dr. John Mason Good, celebrated in his day as physician, poet, and theologian. She, too, had espoused the ardor of the evangelical school, and was the friend and correspondent of Fletcher of Madeley, as later, also, of Romaine, Newton, and Cecil. The parents, it will be seen, in large part explain the son. In him are reproduced the religious sensibility, intellectual vigor, and literary grace which were characteristic of both parents, and which were fostered by a home life especially congenial to their development. The father died when John was but five years old, leaving the mother with this lad and three daughters to care for. At ten, we are told, he attempted the composition of a tragedy, "a circumstance much less remarkable than the method adopted for preparing himself, which was to read through the tragedies of Seneca." At eighteen he achieved a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, in which famous university he soon took rank as the best man of his year. He would doubtless have repeated his father's successes in university honors but for his deeply rooted dislike to mathematics, standing in which was a prerequisite, even for aspirants to distinction in the classics. Among other honors accorded to him was the Seatonian prize for the best religious poem, which prize he won eleven times in all—a feat unprecedented in the history of the foundation. The most significant event, however, of his college career was his connection with the so-called "Cambridge Camden," afterward the "Ecclesiological," Society, of which he was one of the founders and which was destined, through its organ, the *Ecclesiologist,* to do powerful missionary work in popularizing the principles of the Oxford movement by its emphasis upon the auxiliaries of worship and the value of religious symbolism in its appeal to the imagination through the eye.

In 1840 Neale was graduated, and the year following was admitted to orders, being ordained deacon at St. Margaret's, Westminister, by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. His connection with the Camden Society brought him into disfavor with the Church authorities, and he was made to feel from the beginning the penalty of being a reformer. The

Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese Neale was temporarily acting for a friend, refused to license him; and it is significant that, despite his extraordinary gifts and accomplishments and his sturdy loyalty to the national Church, the only preferment ever offered him was the provostship of St. Ninian's, Perth, which, on account of the climate, he was obliged to decline. In 1842 he was ordained to the priesthood. The same year he married Sarah Norman Webster, the daughter of an "evangelical" clergyman. He began parochial work at Crawley, in Sussex, a small living in a climate which soon proved hostile to his frail constitution. For two or three years he vibrated between England and the island of Madeira, the climate of the latter having a specially helpful effect upon his health. In 1846 he was presented with the wardenship of Sackville College, East Grinstead, which position he held until his death, August 6, 1866. The college was in reality an old people's home, founded in 1608 by Robert Sackville for the shelter and maintenance of thirty poor and aged householders, and the wardenship never yielded more than one hundred and fifty dollars a year. One might fancy this a restricted and uncongenial field for the ardent reformer and distinguished classical scholar, but never was a more willing or helpful service given to a people than by this young pastor, who was the most happy when exercising his splendid gifts in behalf of these veteran and somewhat forlorn worthies. His *Hymns for the Sick* and *Readings for the Aged* are a monument to his devotion to their well-being. Nor can it be said that so insignificant a charge left him free to pursue his literary work; for the meager income made it necessary for him to slave at children's stories and newspaper leaders in order to meet the needs of his family. The industry and self-denial practiced by him during twenty years of service in this community are exceptional, even in the romance of literary drudgery.

Among Neale's early labors at East Grinstead was the rehabitation of the college chapel, which was sadly dilapidated. His restoration included some items of ornamentation, which to his mind aided worship, but which, to the minds of his

superiors, betokened "Romanizing" sympathies. For this he once more came under the displeasure of his bishop, who inhibited him from officiating in the diocese. As the college had never been under episcopal jurisdiction, the result was a painful controversy and litigation, the courts upholding the action of the bishop. Neale, though in temper the gentlest of souls, was immovable in his contention for a righteous principle; and it was only after the lapse of sixteen years that the ban was removed, "I," says Neale, "having withdrawn neither a single word nor altered a single practice—except in a few instances by way of going further." It is quite characteristic of his generous temper that, when the contention between the men was over, Neale published his *Seatonian Prize Poems* and dedicated them to his whilom antagonist.

In 1856, as the outcome of an experiment on a small scale at another place, Neale instituted at East Grinstead a sisterhood for the care of the sick, the charge of the orphans, the education of girls, the reformation of fallen women, and the training of missionary workers. The opposition to this was bitter and violent, and the worst motives were imputed alike to the minister and his helpers. Neale was burned in effigy, and the funeral of one of the sisters was made the occasion of an open riot, Neale being publicly charged with having procured the death of the girl for the sake of her property. Even his friends were doubtful of the propriety of maintaining an institution in the presence of such opposition; but, when asked if he meant to keep on in such a hopeless course, Neale replied with his usual serenity, "I suppose I should give in if an œcumenical council commanded me to." Temporizing is not easy to a man who writes above his study door, "Through evil report and good report," and over his fireplace, *"Per angusta ad augusta."* As is the case with a really noble work, the opposition to Neale's project gave way to tolerance and labor to approval; and before his death the nurses of his St. Margaret's Sisterhood were in demand all over England.

Of his prodigious literary work it is impossible to speak here in detail. The separate titles of his books alone number not

far from seventy-five, and this is entirely independent of his contributions to periodicals, secular and religious, which came with a rapidity only less amazing than their variety of topic and extent of learning. Russia and the United States seem to have been the only countries to acknowledge his services to literature; the former, through the Metropolitan of Moscow, sending him a valuable manuscript in recognition of his liturgical labors; the latter by Harvard University conferring upon him the doctorate of divinity. When tidings of his death was telegraphed to the Russian authorities the knell was ordered which is used only for dignified ecclesiastics of the orthodox communion. The British Churches, both Established and Independent, noticed his departure, for the most part, by using in some one of their services his "Jerusalem the golden."

Dr. Neale's appearance as he went about his work in East Grinstead has been preserved to us in the description of a friend. He was tall, angular, rather loosely limbed, and dressed in the old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat, tall hat, and white tie; his complexion was sallow, his hair dark and not over-tidily kept, his eyes distraught and dreamy and incased in spectacles; his face was of a melancholy cast, but susceptible of a smile radiant and fascinating. Oblivious to his own comfort, he was keenly alive to the needs of others. An interesting instance of this comes out in his *Hymns for the Sick*, which are written mostly in uncommon and difficult meters, since, he thought, "an easy and natural meter would run in the mind for hours together and worry instead of soothe." No beggar, whatever his warrant, was ever turned away by Neale unaided. When reminded that a certain beggar might be an impostor, his simple answer was, "That rests with God." His sympathy was extended even to the lower animals, and he secured among his parishioners a better treatment for every beast of burden. During the cattle plague of 1866 he entered the byres to pray for the suffering animals, and out of this experience came the hymn beginning, "All creation groans and travails," now found in the chief English hymnals.

Though ecclesiastically exclusive, his charity knew no bounds

of sect and creed, and perhaps alone, certainly singular, among the great hymn writers of his day he declined to exact any copyright for his hymns, accounting a hymn the property of Christendom and rejoicing that he was able to minister to edification anywhere. He never bore a grudge, and, though grossly misunderstood and misjudged by his generation, he never replied in kind or permitted himself an angry or bitter retort. Indeed, it was said of him, as of Archbishop Cranmer, that "to do him an act of injury was the way to reap a benefit from him." He suffered, with the mildest of protests, the most unwarranted perversions of his hymns by denominational editors; and to the grossest calumnies he offered only the reply of a blameless life and unfailing charity. Yet he was anything but a weakling, as those who tried to dragoon him into conventional forms of worship learned; the faith and meekness of the primitive disciple were in him united to the bold and indomitable temper of the best strain of Anglo-Saxon blood. In the struggle with his official superiors he never yielded a solitary conviction; and he faced the storm of a bitterly adverse popular sentiment the greater part of his life without fear or failure. The manly spirit pervades all his hymns and sermons, and his friend, Dr. Littledale, notes that, "instead of committing the grave error of feminizing his sermons and counsels [at St. Margaret's] because he had only women to deal with, he aimed at showing them the masculine side of Christianity also, to teach them its strength as well as its beauty." Of course, the root of all this excellence was Neale's abounding faith in God; from his youth up he had lived sympathetically in an atmosphere charged with the thought of God and the realities of the unseen world. Besides, he had a natural aptitude for faith—in his stories of the saints it degenerates almost to credulousness—and was, like many another saint, a believer in ghosts. The natural soundness and sanéness of his nature, however, preserved him from excesses; and this fineness of feeling in him for things invisible became a source of inspiration, the highest expressions of which were manifested first of all in his own heavenly-minded-

ness of disposition, and then in his incomparable hymns of the heavenly country. A characteristic remark was that when the death of Charles Simeon was announced to him: "So the day he has been preparing for for fifty-six years has come at last. O what a meeting he and Henry Martin must have had! . . . I should think there was a great deal of sorrow in Cambridge to-night. I was going to say, what a glorious night for him; but there is no night there."

Though charged with Romanistic sympathies, nothing was further from his temper or sympathy than the mechanical religionism of Rome. One friend says of him that "no mediæval research, no wandering among the strange ordinances and fantasies of the Eastern Church, ever drew John Neale away from the pure, simple faith in his Saviour." Another says, "Of all his teachings, the most edifying to my own soul was when I saw him in his last illness, laying in the dust all his work and all his talents, and casting himself as a little child on the atoning work of Christ." The inscription upon his coffin, written by his own direction, indicates the humble and simple spirit of this man: "John Mason Neale, *miser et indignus sacerdos requiescens sub signo tau.*"

Dr. Neale's accomplishments were chiefly in the direction of technical scholarship. He is said to have had a working knowledge of twenty different languages, and was an acknowledged authority upon all matters pertaining to early and mediæval Church history, order, and worship. His readiness with mediæval Latin is illustrated in the story told of a visit to Keble, who, upon entering the room, was greeted by Neale with the remark, "Why, Keble, I thought you told me that *The Christian Year* was entirely original!" Upon Keble's assurance that it was, Neale placed before him a Latin version of some stanzas, inquiring, "Then how comes this?" Poor Keble's distress and confusion were so touching that Neale immediately relieved him by confessing that he had just Latinized the stanzas during his host's temporary absence from the room. Neale's passion was for books; and for this he was avaricious of time, allowing himself only four hours sleep and

keeping a book by him constantly. He read rapidly, and never forgot. Almost his only recreation was walking, and this he utilized for the furtherance of his favorite reforms by visiting in this way all the old churches far and near, studying their architecture and appointments, and not infrequently securing a local interest in their repair and restoration. Music, too, was another source of delight and diversion, his ear for melody being exquisite, though, we are told, he had not a note in his voice. Children, also, were a passion with him; and his own and other little ones gathered about him to hear his matchless stories from the Bible and the annals of the saints. There is no more delightful association with this most serious and consummate of scholars than his *Hymns for Children* and his wonderful series of stories for the young. His ministry to the aged was not less discerning and smypathetic; and his *Readings for the Aged* is unique in penetration and helpful suggestion, in a department of literature in which little transcendent work has been done. Nor was Neale, though most of his time apart from the noise and strife of public matters, without sympathy for the living issues of the day, though from the nature of his studies and his general ecclesiastical position one would expect it otherwise. In his home politics he was a Gladstonian, and in the contest of the American civil war showed himself a warm partisan of the North. Indeed the contradictions in his character constitute one of Neale's greatest charms. His absorption in study did not prevent his being an excellent man of affairs; he united the sweetest of tempers and gentlest of dispositions with indomitable resolution; he was the "highest" of High Churchmen, yet he put at the disposition of dissenters, freely and even lavishly, his library and learning, his purse and his personal service.

There is no division of opinion among those learned in the subject as to Dr. Neale's place in the history of hymnody. "He is the largest and most picturesque figure in the annals of modern British hymnody," says Professor Bird; and, "There is no modern author to whom hymnody owes a greater debt than to this one inspired writer," says Mr. Julian. His

contributions to the service of praise in the general Church are growing steadily in popularity, both in English and American collections—in the former, so much so that he already ranks as a chief contributor. As a hymn writer Dr. Neale's service has a double aspect, that of original verse and that of translation. Our *Hymnal* has ten numbers bearing his name, only one of which, "O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills," is assigned as original. But two others, "O happy band of pilgrims," and "Christian, dost thou see them?" though appearing in Dr. Neale's works as translations, were later confessed by him to be more his own. The same confession was made as to the widely popular hymn beginning, "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" and the less familiar, but not less exquisite, hymn of triumph to the strains of which he was himself laid away in the quiet God's acre at East Grinstead:

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck;
But, O, the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage, perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on!

It is not easy to imagine ideas of worship more widely apart than that represented by the stated ceremonialism which Dr. Neale did so much to promote and that represented by the familiar informality of the Moody and Sankey revival meeting; but it was the latter which, in this country, gave currency to his "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"—of all his productions, if we except "Jerusalem the golden," the most often sung and the most tenderly regarded. Its use among the hardy fishermen of our New England coast is embalmed in one of the most striking chapters of modern fiction.

The list in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology* discloses the

fact that not less than sixty-six of Dr. Neale's original hymns are in common use in England, and this list does not pretend to be exhaustive. From his *Hymns for the Young* there is a happy "Spring Song" found in some American Sunday school manuals, "All is bright and cheerful around us." The following exhibits his gifts of "preaching" to children in song:

If the flowers that fade so quickly,
  If the day that ends in night,
If the skies, that clouds so thickly
  Often cover from our sight;

If they all have so much beauty,
  What must be God's land of rest,
Where his sons that do their duty
  After many toils are blest?

It is a fine quality of these hymns for the young that, though expressed in simple diction, there is nothing weak about them. Neale's manner of handling the most difficult doctrine for the enlightenment of the youngest mind is exhibited in a hymn for Whitsuntide on the descent of the Holy Ghost:

Thou who camest from above,
Bringing light and shedding love,
Teaching of thy perfect way,
Giving gifts to men to-day:

We are dark—be thou our light;
We are blind—be thou our sight;
Be our comfort in distress;
Guide us through the wilderness.

It must serve here in further illustration of Dr. Neale's qualities as an original hymn writer to name "The day, O Lord, is spent" and the beautiful "Thy servants militant below," both of which are now common in American hymnals; and also one of his best hymns not so generally known:

O very God of very God,
  And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod
  That so it might be bright:

Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and O, we long
That thou, our Sun, wouldst rise!

O guide us till our path is done
And we have reached the shore
Where thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

Dr. Neale's chief service, however, in the enrichment of our hymnody was his translations from the Greek and Latin Christian poets. For this work he had a gift of transferring the felicities of one tongue to another while preserving the measure of the verse and order of thought; he was also an excellent classical scholar, and was positively steeped in mediæval Latin. In the work of translating from the Latin he had, of course, not a few rivals and some were even his peers. But none approaches him in the volume of serviceable hymns from this source, the number of his contributions far exceeding that of any other single translator. In our own *Hymnal* we have: "O wondrous type! O vision fair!" a fine transfiguration hymn, of unknown authorship, translated by him; "Christ is made the sure foundation"—a favorite dedication hymn in England and with the American Episcopal Church, and part of the famous "*Urbs beata Hierusalem,*" a rugged but royal hymn dating from the sixth or seventh century whose authorship has not yet been discovered; and four sections of his rendering of Bernard's rapturous longings after the New Jerusalem—"The world is very evil," "Brief life is here our portion," "For thee, O dear, dear country," and "Jerusalem the golden." In his rendering of the Cluniac poem Dr. Neale was wise in departing from the meter of the original in verses intended for popular use. The original is a literary *tour de force,* and in English would be impossible for lyric use. Moreover, as Dr. Neale says, "our language, even if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness which invests it in Latin." Indeed, its difficulty in that language is such that the author-monk was convinced that noth

ing but the special inspiration of God could have enabled him to employ it through so long a poem. The popularity of this composition is not limited to sect or communion; it is a favorite alike with Churchman, Roman Catholic, and Independent. It was a source of unspeakable gratification to Dr. Neale that his lines had proved a solace for the dying hours of many of God's servants, and an affecting instance is recorded of their power to soothe even a child in its distressing suffering. Another translation from the Latin, not in our *Hymnal,* but approved by other communions, is, "The strain upraise of joy and praise," from Notker's—Neale says Godescalus's—famous Alleluia sequence, whose majesty is hinted at in this excerpt:

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings mildly bright—
In sweet consent unite
Your Alleluia!

Still other translations are: "The royal banners forward go," the favorite rendering of the world-renowned "*Vexilla regis prodeunt*" of Venantius Fortunatus, said to have been composed for the ceremony connected with the reception of certain relics by Gregory of Tours and Redegund for the church at Poictiers, and used as a processional by the Crusaders; "Of the Father's love begotten," a Christmas hymn by Prudentius of rare power and lyric force; and "All glory, laud, and honor," a processional hymn attributed to Theodulph, Bishop of Metz, who is said to have composed it while in prison on a false accusation. The original contains a verse in use until the seventeenth century, "at the pious quaintness of which," says Dr. Neale, "we can scarcely avoid a smile:"

Be thou, O God, the Rider,
And we the little ass;
That to God's holy city
Together we may pass.

It is, however, in his translations from the Greek that Dr. Neale achieved unique distinction. His *Hymns of the East-*

ern Church, which appeared in 1862, was really the first attempt ever made to put into English any part of the treasures of Greek Christian hymnology. The difficulties in this field were, of course, much greater than with the Latin. Metrical hymns were unknown to the Greek, the form prevailing being that of rhythmic prose; moreover, the Greek canons were by their great length unsuitable as wholes for the western and reformed form of worship. A translator had, therefore, to decide both what matter to use and the meter in which he should put it—two determinations requiring exceptional literary discernment and gifts. Dr. Neale's qualifications were equal to his undertaking, and he produced a series of translations which became at once the inspiration and standard for all succeeding workers. Of these translations two appear in our *Hymnal*, "The day of resurrection"—part of a canon by John of Damascus, the last but one of the great Fathers of the Greek Church and the greatest of her poets—and "Christian, dost thou see them?" attributed to Andrew of Crete. Others now popular for devotional use are the exquisite evening hymn attributed to Anatolius, which to the present day is, among the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene, what Bishop Ken's evening hymn is to the villages of England, "The day is past and over;" the hymn of trust also attributed to Anatolius and beginning, "Fierce was the wild billow;" an Easter ode from John of Damascus, "Come, ye faithful, raise the strain;" a Christmas hymn from Cosmas, "Christ is born, tell forth his fame;" a hymn of consecration from Methodius beginning, "Are thy toils and woes increasing?" a ringing hymn of praise from Joseph of the Studium beginning, "Let our choir new anthems raise;" a beautiful hymn of contrition from the same Joseph beginning, "And wilt thou pardon, Lord?" and a judgment hymn from Theodore of the Studium only less powerful that the "*Dies Iræ*" of Thomas of Celano:

> That fearful day, that day of speechless dread,
> When Thou shall come to judge the quick and dead—
> I shudder to foresee,
> O God, what then shall be!

It would be easy to extend these quotations from the poetical works of Dr Neale which are likely to remain a part of the permanent devotional literature of the Church. But enough has been given to show the importance of his contribution to this fountain of spiritual edification, and to indicate his place among the rare spirits who have rendered imperishable service to their fellows by the consecration of noble gifts to Christian uses. Whether we regard the simple beauty and devotion of his ministry in a restricted and obscure field, the heroic spirit in which he bore without resentment the malice and misrepresentation of his generation, the wealth of scholarship used so graciously for the advancement of the Church and of human well-being, the service to suffering in establishing, notwithstanding almost overwhelming opposition, his nursing and evangelistic sisterhood, or his imperishable contributions in his hymns to the literature of the world's consolation—it is certain that the Church of England has produced, in this century at least, no more illustrious servant than this man whom she permitted to live and die as "the warden of an obscure almshouse on a salary of thirty-seven pounds a year." Truly the words might serve for him which he himself wrote in "dear memory of John Keble:"

If they who fought themselves the fight,
  If they who ran themselves the race,
Are circled with the crown of light
  And see their Master face to face,
What guerdon his who others too
  Aims, aids, encourages in strife,
Who keeps their country in their view
  And points in midst of death to life?
Such was thy task, O sweetest soul
  That ever joined Christ's minstrel band,
To make those broken-hearted whole
  Whom now thou stand'st with hand in hand.

Charles M. Stuart.

Art. VI.—THE DRINK QUESTION IN RUSSIA.

A system of regulating the liquor business, which has extended over half of the Russian empire within the brief period of five years, ought to be of more than ordinary interest to Americans. In the United States especially it is public opinion that drives the various administrations to regulative measures affecting the traffic in question. In Russia, however, the attitude of the government is different. There the political authorities regard themselves as standing in a position of conscious responsibility for the results of any economic policy upon the social welfare of the people as a whole. With us, public opinion has to be developed to a reform-compelling heat before the government essays to inaugurate and execute radical changes. With Russia the government leads the way, long before the popular mind has been convinced of the failure of the old system, and longer still before current opinion has conceived of the situation clearly enough to propose a substitute that has any chance of success. Nothing more clearly illustrates the vast difference between the governmental genius of the Slav and the Saxon than a comparative study of the ways in which they both deal with this common social problem, the drink question.

Within a period of about eighty years—from 1816 to 1894—Russia tried three distinct experiments in her effort to solve the liquor problem. Previous to this period the production and trade in spirituous liquors were, of course, subjects of legislation; but since then they have been contiuously under three successive methods of systematic control. These systems are historically known as the farming system, the excise system, and the monopoly system, the last of which is now in operation. The first of these experiments was inaugurated in 1819.* It created a State monopoly of the wholesale spirit trade. The success of these experiments in Russia has al-

* "Report on the Government Spirit Monopoly in Russia," by Mr. Carnegie, Second Secretary of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, Misc. Series, No. 465.

ways been judged by two standards, fiscal and social. One object of each successive attempt has been to get the largest possible revenue; the other object has been to reduce the amount of drunkenness. Judged by these standards, the system which prevailed after 1819 was only a partial success. It, indeed, reduced the consumption of liquors, and to that extent it commended itself. But certain other indirect economic consequences caused its downfall. The reduced consumption reacted so unfavorably upon the rural distilleries as to cause a considerable decline in the price of corn. This fact, aided by a series of years of general distress in agricultural districts, enabled the landed interests to have the law repealed in 1826. Undoubtedly, too, the government yielded without a struggle because its revenues must have been reduced with the decline of the volume of the traffic. This monopoly experiment ended, therefore, after a trial of seven years, not because it was socially unsuccessful, but because of the unfavorable economic conditions which surrounded it. The production of spirituous liquors was still an agricultural industry, not yet incorporated into the factory system.

Previous to this brief period of wholesale monopoly the much more ancient method of farming-out prevailed. It was to this system of farming-out that the government again returned in 1826. This second experiment continued down to the year 1862. On the whole, these thirty-six years are among the most instructive in the annals of Russian liquor legislation. The State, under this system, had the revenue-yielding capacity of the trade well in view. It, therefore, sold at auction to the highest bidder the exclusive right of wholesale and retail traffic in spirituous liquors in each town, district, or province. So much for the method of distribution. The production of liquors was another branch of the system of control. Their manufacture was conducted under government authority; and the farming companies, which this system called into existence, obtained their supply from the governmentally supervised factories. The price to the companies was fixed by contract, and the quantity supplied was based on

the average amount sold in each district during a series of years. In practical operation the farming companies managed to defeat the fiscal aims of the government, and equally to demoralize the people who patronized the retailing establishments. The companies paid a very high price for the minimum supply for a given district; but this did not keep them from selling off this minimum below cost, because whatever supply was required by a district beyond this high-priced minimum, to meet local consumption, was sold to the companies at one half the contract rate, or even at the cost of manufacture by the government. This arrangement put the impetus of exploitation upon the distributing companies. Until they sold the legal minimum there was no profit whatever in the business, at the high price paid the government; but all sales beyond that would yield an extraordinary profit at current retail prices to the public. The difference between cost and selling price of all above the minimum sales amounted to a profit of five hundred or six hundred per cent.

A pecuniary interest of such magnitude pushed retail sales to the utmost limit. As compared with the system in force before 1819, it doubled the consumption of spirits in Russia proper. The farming companies came so completely into control of the situation as to enable them to ignore with impunity the statutes and regulations under which they were required to operate. Consequently they became a most thoroughly demoralizing force throughout the empire, wherever they had control of the liquor trade. The consuming community, as well as the fiscal coffers, suffered alike from these companies. They extended credit in all sorts of compromising forms to consumers beyond their capacity to pay, thus keeping many under their control by undermining the economic independence of the poorer portion of the peasantry. They also succeeded in retaining sixty per cent of the imperial revenues from taxes on liquors by licenses to dealers and others to whom they sold these privileges, by a system of subletting. Even the forty per cent which the State actually received of what the farming companies actually owed was paid in so

slowly as to make this item of the budget an increasingly uncertain source of revenue. There was not a single organic interest of the community that was not successfully fleeced by these legally armed shearers of the multitude. They cheated the State and exhausted the resources of the very portion of the population whose well-being it is the pride and duty of the State to protect from the wolves of society. For the farming-out system began by shearing and ended by slaughtering the poor. Self-condemned, it was abolished in 1862 to be succeeded by the third form of experiment—the excise system.

This system (1862-1894) was in some respects a radical departure from previous attempts at liquor regulation. It left the manufacture of spirits entirely free to private enterprise, but required publicity of operations, charged an annual franchise or factory tax based upon the capacity of the establishment, and collected an excise tax on the quantity and quality produced. A feature known as the "legal minimum" produced important industrial consequences, by driving the manufacture of spirits from being a farm-industry to that of a factory organized on the large scale of production. This regulation required each factory to produce a minimum, according to the capacity of its apparatus. On all of the residue output a lighter tax was charged, or none at all. The small factories on farms could often produce little if any beyond the legal minimum, and therefore paid the higher tax on almost their whole output, while the larger factories, by escaping taxation practically on much or all in excess of the legal minimum, ran up their profits enormously. They alone could utilize also the superior machinery which reduced the cost of production per unit of product to a point beyond which the small factories could not afford to produce at all. Between the upper millstone of reduced tax and the nether of reduced cost the small rural spirit factory tended to disappear. The following figures speak for themselves:

Year.	Number of Distilleries.	Average Production per Distillery.
1863–64	4,209	42,209 gallons.
1887–88	1,681	124,384 "

The social consequences of the excise system were no less noteworthy than the industrial effects which followed over the greater part of rural Russia. These consequences reveal themselves in connection with the commercial aspects of this experiment. Commercially the system was without central responsibility. The wholesale trade was left virtually without regulation. The licensing of retail trading was also inadequately controlled. Prices were lowered, greatly lowered, indeed; and with it came, not an improvement in quality, which was expected, but a conscienceless deterioration of the most damaging sort. Consequently drunkenness increased among the poorer classes. Says Mr. Carnegie:

> The educated classes felt no inclination to imbibe in the usual Russian fashion more than the customary glass of *vodka* (corn brandy) before each meal, because it had become cheaper; but the peasant considered that fact an excellent reason for drinking four times as much as he had done previously. . . . This occasion was also forthcoming in the dramshop, the proprietor of which was usually willing to supply drink on credit, advance it on wages owing, or exchange it for agricultural produce, clothes, etc.

In 1885 it was found necessary to summarily abolish the dramshop (*kabak*), so demoralizing had its unregulated existence become among the less prosperous peasantry. The sale of spirits was thenceforth confined to restaurants and *traktirs*.* Local authorities were authorized to reduce the number of retail licenses and to raise their cost. The tax on spirits was likewise raised, with very little effect, however, upon the revenue receipts. Yet with all this it was generally held that the amount of drunkenness had not decreased. Though fairly successful as a fiscal plan, the excise system was evidently gradually impairing the tax-paying capacity of the peasantry and thus reducing the permanent strength of the State. In the long run, therefore, even the fiscal resources of the empire must be irreparably impaired, through the exhaustion of its rural population. As the revelations of Count Tolstoi's letters have shown, the awakening of the powers that be to this fact has by no means been premature.

*Establishments where food and spirits are sold for consumption on the premises.

As early as 1885 it became apparent that neither of the two well-tried systems of liquor regulation had proved satisfactory. The excise system had served the State, but sacrificed the people. Local authorities, taking their cue from the central powers, could not resist the revenues from licensing retail establishments. Hence the burden of the system fell again upon the backs of those who were least prepared to resist it—that is, upon the poorer portion of the peasantry. The local, as well as the central, powers profited by burdens they thus placed upon the backs of the poor. All others could shift the burden; they could not. Did they not know their own interests? If the poor of any country saw a vision of their own interests for twenty-four hours, the next day would dawn upon one of the most signal and sure revolutions the world has ever known. The famine of 1891 precipitated a new project of reform, based on the idea that the preservation of the already too exhausted peasantry from the ravages of private profit was really the first consideration in the regulation of the liquor traffic. The autocratic constitution of the Russian government lends itself readily to a positive policy of this character. The monopoly system was again resorted to, but it was far more thoroughgoing than of old. Its pivotal feature consisted in divorcing the volume of traffic as far as possible from private profit. In 1894, after a most extended study of the situation, the system was finally inaugurated in the four governments out of seventy, namely, in Perm, Samara, Orenburg, and Ufa. Within a year or two the results warranted the extension of the system of State monopoly to a large number of other governments. In due time it is intended to have the system extend over the whole empire.*

The principal features of this monopoly are: (1) The sale of spirituous liquors—not including fermented beverages such as wine and beer—by the State; (2) The manufacture in each district of two thirds of the amount of spirits which that district consumes; (3) The limitation of the amount which each distillery may produce; (4) No new distilleries to be erected

* Issaieff, *Zur Politik des Russischen Finanzministeriums*, p. 31. Stuttgart, 1898.

or old ones reopened except by consent of the minister of finance and agriculture; (5) The same official to fix the price of two thirds of the supply required for each district, according to the local expenses of production; (6) Importation into monopolized districts is forbidden, and the government delivers spirits bottled and barreled to (*a*) its own shops and depots for sale, and (*b*) to *traktirs*, restaurants, and other private establishments which sell on commission of three and a half per cent for the government. The monopoly has been officially described by the minister of finance and agriculture, who is directly responsible for its execution, as a system by which the State hopes to put an end to the grievous influence of the retailers of spirits on the moral and economic condition of the people. The policy accepts as a fact the view that there is a limit beyond which the State may wisely halt in its efforts at liquor regulation. That limit is the minimum requirement of the community in this class of commodities. The community is a specified administrative district, to which a practical monopoly of the business is given. So that, if any economic advantage is to be derived from this industry and trade, it may inure to the locality itself. To this end the monopoly is so organized that the spirits it consumes are made in local distilleries out of grain, potatoes, and beets raised in the district. Hence the exploiter is ruled out of the system entirely, except so far as the government is obliged to play that rôle. Thus far the main end sought seems to be working out the desired results in social life. The customary *kneipe* are diminishing, if not disappearing. The practice of treating is being broken up, and the liquor stores are disappearing because it does not pay them to handle intoxicants at the low rate of profit allowed by the government. The quality of the liquors has been improved so much as to rob them of much of their damaging effects upon consumers. By the removal of the injurious fusel oil, once so prominent an ingredient, the government liquors, says an Orenburg correspondent, "do not go to the head," as formerly. In other respects the results have long ago and many times over justified the experiment. The

inhabitants of the villages, as they appear at the yearly fairs, on holidays, and at customary seasons of recreation, exhibit a gratifying reduction of drinking. There has been less drinking than formerly at the time the vintage is sold, and the earlier drinking sprees which went with this season have lost standing with the younger element.

From a fiscal standpoint this policy has been no less successful. The following figures apply to the two districts of Orsk and Orenburg. They present the results for two half-year periods, the former under the old *régime* of private sales and the latter under the governmental management:

System of Sale.	Spirits Sold.	Revenue Received.
Excise system, Jan.–July, 1894.	104,947 *cimer.*	510,000 *ruble.*
Monopoly system Jan.–July, 1895.	82,944 "	732,464 "

Reduction in quantity sold, 21 per cent. Increase in revenue, 43.6 per cent.

It is urged, on the other hand, however, that the monopoly policy is not altogether favorable in its effects. It is alleged that during the first nine months of 1894, under the excise system, the arrests for drunkenness (651) were less than under the new system (680), in Orenburg. But this is to be attributed to increased police activity natural under the newer *régime*. It is further held that, though the consumption has apparently decreased, there is a great deal of spirits smuggled into monopolized districts, and that this largely adds to the total consumption in the people's homes. No doubt low-priced restaurants have to some extent succeeded to the former drinking halls, and the earlier *kneipe* taken refuge in the *traktir*. But the governmental authorities are awake to these facts, and are gradually abridging the rights of sale, wherever the agencies seem to frustrate the essential purposes of the policy the government seeks to carry out. In Slatourt the municipal authorities have so circumscribed the privileges of proprietors that there is no longer a single restaurant in the entire town. Street-drinking has ceased for the first time in a hundred years. In the villages the peasants gather at their guild meetings no longer at the restaurants, but at the house of one of their members.

Undoubtedly the present system has met with its best results in the village communities peculiar to the rural life of Russia. The results in the cities are less flattering. There, especially, the ousted retailers and wholesalers of the former system have an interest in the failure of the government's policy. In the cities drinking still goes on in street and garden. No one can tell when the interests of revenue may get the ascendency over the aims of reform. This may depend largely on the municipal authorities. Too strict a surveillance on the part of the police may lead them to drive the drinking customs into the household. Will it leave the drinking sprees there in full swing, before the eyes of the children who saw much less or very little of this demoralizing life as long as the drinking resorts relieved the family of such debauching examples? Is the whole result to be summed up in the statement that the drink habit has simply been dislodged from the drinking hall to take refuge in the household? The answer is not to be found simply in the purer purpose and quickened zeal of the public powers. Government never solves any social problem alone. The decisive factor is to be sought in the awakening of the social conscience. In Russia the rise of voluntary associations, such as the Unions for Popular Welfare, are instinct with the zeal of youth. It is young Russia that is backing this reform. Though it is still too soon to judge its ultimate results, its immediate results have a profound import for the future of Russia. The subordination of the drink business to the supreme end of national rejuvenation is an heroic policy. But it is one of the secrets of Russian development toward a happier day.

John Franklin Crowell

Art. VII.—SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

The question of human destiny, like that of human origin, lies beyond the limits of direct observation and experiment, and consequently lies outside the province of inductive science. From a scientific standpoint the immortality of the soul is not as a fact established empirically, but as a deduction from certain universal facts and axiomatic principles. Let us, therefore, consider some of the facts and principles upon which the doctrine of immortality, as a purely scientific doctrine, rests. Among them we notice:

1. The idea of immortality is practically universal among men. While the conceptions of the human estate after death widely vary, and while among the heathen peoples of both ancient and modern times they are in many instances very crude, still the idea of the survival of the soul after death seems to be everywhere entertained. It is worthy of note, too, that as paganism, whether ancient or modern, becomes more perfect in its morals and in its intellectual refinement the conception of immortality more and more approaches the Christian idea in its excellence.

2. The idea of immortality is intuitional. The universality and the persistence of this idea among men must be founded in some very sufficient reason. Some have tried to account for these facts by regarding the idea as an inheritance from a primitive revelation to mankind and handed down from generation to generation. It seems, however, that the very nature of man requires that such an idea should be intuitional. There are some things which man as a moral being should know by immediate knowledge. His responsibility demands in him an adequate sense of self and of supreme authority, of duty and its recompenses, and of destiny. All these ideas are actually possessed in greater or lesser development by the whole family of man. Now, while immortality as an idea may be intuitional, most of us derive it not from intuition,

but from our teachers; and, while all normal minds are capable of possessing the idea by immediate knowledge, yet revelation is indispensable to its highest development.

3. Human immortality is a fact which is fundamental to moral government. The proper consideration of this phase of the subject requires attention to the relations of the three classes of individuals—the infant, the righteous, and the wicked—to moral government. Man is a rational being, endowed with freedom and with a moral sense, and is capable of moral obligation and character and reward. Human life, in its relation to the demands of moral obligation and to the possibilities of moral character, seems to be an unfinished existence. On the other hand, moral government in its relation to man's capacities is an incomplete system without immortality in man. As the subject of the physical laws and government of nature the life of man has reference to this present world; but as the subject of moral law and government his life has reference to the higher kingdom of morals. In the death of the infant its physical existence may have proven a failure, but it does not follow that its existence as a moral being has proven a failure. The possibilities of the physical nature have their realization in this world and concern this world, but the possibilities of the higher moral nature have their realization in the higher moral kingdom. The cutting off of the infant's relation to this world does not presuppose the cutting off of its relation to the moral sphere. Death is its release from the testing of a moral probation. All the possibilities for virtue and its blessedness which lie before that soul may still be realized without that test. The adaptation of the soul, even in its embryonic moral state, to existence in a purely moral realm after death, where its highest possibilities may only be realized, presupposes its immortality.

Virtue when subjected to the testing of a probation is rewardable, and vice, the dishonoring of virtue, is punishable. It seems to be beyond question that the righteous and the wicked do not receive the recompenses due them during this present life. Virtue may be its own sufficient reward, if in a

realm where it is not impugned or dishonored; but, once dishonored, its only sufficient reward is in its vindication. Virtue is often trampled upon and dishonored in this life, and goes unvindicated. Vice often flourishes and goes unpunished. We know that vice deserves punishment and virtue deserves vindication, but when may we look for a final allotment of recompenses? If death ends all, it should occur before death; but we know it does not. How often the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, while the virtuous pass their lives in sorrow, the victims of slander and bigotry. Generations pass away, and, so far as they are concerned, virtue has no vindication and wickedness no just reward.

Again, if death ends all, then death itself must be the reward of the wicked; but death thus becomes also the only reward of the righteous. Under a just moral government the righteous and the wicked cannot have the same identical rewards. Under a just system of moral government the immortality of the righteous, at least, seems to be demanded. Now, as death itself cannot be regarded as the reward of the righteous, neither can it be regarded as the reward of the wicked. Physical death is simply incidental to human existence. If annihilation awaits the soul at all, it must be inflicted after death and not at death. Existence after the death of the body is clearly demanded in the case of the infant for its realization of character, unattained and unattainable in this life; it is demanded in the case of the righteous and of the wicked for the vindication of virtue and the just treatment of vice. Without an existence for man after death human hope and duty and history have no reasonable explanation, man is a misfit in the system of nature, and his creation inexplicable.

1. The dissolution of the body in death does not presuppose the destruction of the soul. The relation between soul and body is that of coexistence, not of identity. The abstract possibility of the existence of the soul apart from the body admits of no denial. Every real existence must be assumed to continue until its annihilation has been proven. The burden of proof will thus be seen to lie entirely upon the advocates of

annihilation. The annihilation of the soul, however, has not yet been proven. In the endeavor to prove it, however, it is said that thought is a function of the brain, and hence, if the brain be destroyed, the soul must perish. The error here is due to failure in distinguishing between forms of being and forms of action. The destruction of the brain serves only to prove the ending of a particular form of the soul's action, namely, thought. The cessation of some particular form of the activity of the soul or being does not presuppose the annihilation of the being itself. Personality is a form of being, it is the ultimate form of being. It has several native, inherent properties. Among them may be mentioned life and self-consciousness. Thought is a form of action. It has its origin in the soul, or personal being, itself. The brain is simply the instrument employed by the personal being in producing this form of action. This and all other forms of the soul's action exercised through the agency of the brain or physical organism may cease without affecting the personality or any of its inherent properties. To illustrate this, notice a steam engine. The engine and the steam coexist, they are not identical. Action is the function of the steam engine. If the engine be dismembered, or if the steam escapes, this function of the engine ceases; and the same is true if the engine remain intact, but devoid of steam. The engine may exist apart from the steam, and likewise the steam from the engine; and, while the expansive power of the steam may cease to be exhibited apart from the engine, still that capacity of the steam is not lost, but will exist as long as the steam exists. As the function of the steam engine ceases in the absence of the steam, likewise the function of the brain ceases in the absence of the personal being. When the steam is out of the engine a particular form of action ceases, but the steam still exists, as also its capacity for that action; likewise, when the soul is out of the body, some particular forms of its activity may cease, yet the soul itself and its capacity for those actions are not destroyed. The destruction of the brain in death, therefore, proves only the ending of certain forms of the soul's action.

In the endeavor to prove the annihilation of the soul in the death of the brain, it has been claimed that life is a function of the brain, and, hence, when the brain is destroyed the soul must perish. The error here is due to failure in distinguishing between the personal being itself and its inherent, native properties. Life is one of the native properties of the personality. The brain lives simply because the living personality resides in it. The brain dies when the living personality goes out of it. Life has no objective existence apart from personal being. To be is not a function of the brain, but to do is its function. Hence, the function of the brain may be destroyed in death without affecting the personality itself, its capacity for action, its life, or any other of its native properties.

5. In our conception of God we think of him as a living, self-conscious personal being who exists and acts independently of any physical organism. Assuming his existence—and we are compelled to assume our own—it is not inconceivable that man may also exist and act apart from a physical organism. The necessity for the physical in man is a mark of human finiteness. He requires a brain and physical senses that he may interpret the world and be capable of realizing its possibilities. Man acquires knowledge through consecutive thought in the processes of conception, reasoning, and judgment. God does not acquire knowledge, but the infinite mind is in itself the ground of knowledge. Knowledge is the relation of living, self-conscious personality to reality—the knowing to the knowable. Knowledge may be mediate or immediate. Divine knowledge is immediate. Human knowledge is both mediate and immediate. When a store of knowledge has been acquired mediately, or by sense-perception, it may be possible for man to continue in a self-inclosed thought-life apart from a brain. But, even though all mediate knowledge should perish with the brain, still the soul itself and its immediate knowledge, together with its capacity for mediate knowledge, may not be affected. If God, a purely spiritual being, thinks and acts without the agency of a physical organism, it is conceivable that man in

a disembodied state may be capable of similar action. It may be objected, however, that God in his purely spiritual state is in his normal condition, but man in his disembodied state is in an abnormal condition, and hence that the analogy breaks down; but it may be urged that the physical life in man is simply preparatory to an ultimate spiritual existence, and hence, since God in his perfect estate is capable of action, man in his perfected state must also be capable of the same.

6. The indestructibility of matter points by analogy to the indestructibility of the soul. The chemical element bears the same relation to the physical world that the soul does to the moral world. The chemical element, as gold, may be compounded with other elements, yet is still gold. In a similar way the spiritual element, as the soul of man, may be united with a physical nature, yet is still a soul. Then, again, the assayer may separate the chemical elements; he does not destroy them, but simply separates them. Their relation to each other is changed; the compound no longer exists, but the chemical elements still exist. In a similar way death may separate the soul from the physical body. It does not destroy the elements of the body, it simply separates them; and it does not destroy the soul, it simply liberates it from union with the body. The compound of chemical and spiritual elements no longer exists, though the elements themselves are not destroyed. Their relations to each other have merely changed. Furthermore, since the properties of the gold in its simple state are more easily distinguished and more perfectly displayed than they are in its compounded state, it follows that the properties of the soul may in some degree be masked and undiscovered in its union with the body. Death may be the unmasking of the soul, just as assaying is the unmasking of the gold. In any event the gold and the soul both survive the process of assaying and of death.

7. The present existence of the soul warrants the assumption of its continued existence, in the absence of proof that death destroys it. We do not know just what death is. We know only its effects, or some of them. As the soul and body

coexist, but are not identical, proof of the dismemberment of the body by death is not proof of the destruction of the soul. As death is not the destruction of the simple chemical elements composing the body, it also is not the destruction of the soul or simple spiritual element. Death seems rather to be the open door to man's higher estate, much as birth is to his lower estate.

8. It is often objected that human immortality must also suppose the immortality of the brutes. So far as we are concerned, we hope they are immortal. Much of the charm of the forest and field is lost here without them; and, if the soul of man in the hereafter has capacities and endowments as in this life, much will be added to the charm of the Elysian fields by their presence. The home of the perfected man must be something more than a place of wandering minstrels and inactive ease. It must be thoroughly adapted to man in all the powers of his perfected nature. We find sweet communion and sympathy with God, as we study nature and sympathize with the creatures he has made; and so, in the regions of the blessed, we may even know God better in the unhampered study of his works and in more perfect sympathy with his humbler creatures. But human immortality does not necessarily presuppose the immortality of the brutes. The argument for human immortality based upon the fact of the present existence of the soul proves as much, perhaps, for the immortality of the brute as it does for man; but the probability of human immortality is not argued so much from the fact of the soul's present existence as from its adaptation as a moral being to immortal life. If the brute possesses no moral quality and is not subject to moral government, there appears no reason why it should share for its own sake with rational beings in immortality; however, it might do so for the sake of rational creatures, or on purely sentimental grounds.

9. The existence of a First Cause presupposes immortality in man. The infinite perfection of this First Cause in wisdom and power is in itself the promise and guarantee of a universe, illustrating and in keeping with that wisdom and power. Man is in himself proof of a disposition and purpose in the First

Cause to create him. Man, with all his physical and mental and moral possibilities, is simply the fulfillment of a prophecy. As a rational and responsible being capable of immortality his existence and destiny are entirely consistent with the wisdom and power of his infinite Creator. Since the First Cause is what it is, man is what he is; and, since man and the First Cause are what they are in their relation to each other, immortality in man is a necessity. If God be admitted a place in the universe, immortality in a being capable of receiving it must be admitted. If, on the other hand, God be denied a place, and eternal matter be claimed as the seat of all energy and life, still all the facts of infinite power and wisdom in the First Cause and all the facts of the created physical and moral universe remain the same, and immortality must be admitted in beings capable of it.

In the inherent powers of the Creator—without reference to the question of identity—were the promise and prophecy of all intelligible forms of being and of action. If we but knew all the facts of the created universe, we would know God, for they illustrate his character and attributes; again, if we but knew the infinite God to perfection, we would know all the facts of the universe, for he is the promise and prophecy of those facts. In God was the promise of mortal life to the form of being capable of receiving it; again, in God was the promise of immortal life to the form of being capable of receiving it; and, again, in God was the prophecy of both mortal and immortal life to the form of being capable of receiving them. Moreover, the facts of human life and duty and character point to human immortality, they actually demand it. Whatever is demanded for the completion of an intelligible plan may be rationally expected; and whatever is consistent with an all-sufficient First Cause cannot be reasonably denied; therefore, since man exists, immortality cannot be denied him.

Geo H Bennett.

Art. VIII.—ROME AND PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

The unhappy division of Western Christendom is certainly not least unhappy in the field of missions among the heathen. Whatever virulence there may be at home, there are not wanting many instances of mutual acknowledgment and appreciation. Abroad, these seem hardly to exist. Instead, there is a spirit of suspicious vigilance, always ready to find shortcomings, and indeed scandals, and hating to own personal excellence or good results. Which side is the greatest sinner? Naturally, each accounts the other the chief offender. There is as yet no court of final arbitration. We propose, therefore, to state the Protestant side.

There is one universal complaint by Protestant missionaries, which may be reasonable or very unreasonable, according to the man that propounds it. This is the complaint of continual encroachments by Roman Catholics on Protestant mission fields. Now there cannot be encroachments except where there are mutual rights. If we deny Catholic rights to occupy one district unmolested by us, we cannot demand that they shall acknowledge our right to the occupancy of another district unmolested by them. We may deplore their advance into our territory as a calamity, but plainly we cannot resent it as a grievance. What we will not grant we cannot ask. For instance, the late President Happer, of China, declared explicitly that he could not acknowledge the occupancy of any territory by Roman Catholics as an occupancy of it by Christian missions. Dr. Nassau also says that he cannot acknowledge the Church of Rome, since the Reformation, as being any longer a true Christian Church. Of course, then, her missions cannot be true Christian missions. There can therefore be no talk of mutual comity. Neither gentleman, so far as we know, has complained of Roman Catholic encroachments, as indeed he could not reasonably, having taken such a position. Many missionaries, however, appear to take Dr.

Happer's and Dr. Nassau's position and at the same time complain of Roman Catholic advance in their districts as not only an evil, but a wrong, which is inconsistent.

Rome, of course, utterly denies the right of Protestant Churches to exist. "*Nŏn licet esse vos*" is her word to us, as it was once the word of pagan Rome to the Christians. Our missions, therefore, like our worship, are rebellion against Christ. "Messengers of Satan" is what the present pope has officially called Protestant missionaries. Facts, however, will make their way, in spite of all theories. Christian men must in the end acknowledge the fruits of Christian living where they exist, whether theoretically they ought to exist there or not. To say that devils are cast out by the prince of the devils is a mark of incipient reprobacy. As Dr. Schaff says, all the haughty pretensions of Rome have never kept the spirit of Christian charity and brotherhood from working its way in by the back door, as often as it had been driven out at the front. A foundation was laid for this possibility fifteen hundred years ago by the reception into the canon law of St. Augustine's words, declaring that, no matter how perverse the opinions of schismatics may be, yet if they have inherited them and hold them in the spirit of candor, willing to receive new light, they are in no way to be esteemed heretics. It follows from this that they are within the covenant of salvation and may receive the graces of the Spirit. And, indeed, the Church has canonized a semi-Arian heretic, one of the few martyrs of Julian's reign. His willingness to die for the faith, she has rightly argued, showed his doctrinal error to be only intellectual, not moral. So, also, when the great missionary bishop, Ulfilas, died at Constantinople, about 380, the Catholic bishops honored him with a magnificent funeral, notwithstanding the explicit Arianism of his testamentary creed. They rightly judged that a long life spent for the Gospel among the Goths covered his purely hereditary heresy.

There are few signs of this largeness of view in the centuries of storm and stress following. Yet, as late as the eleventh century, Hildebrand, whom Neander and the later historians

remark on as a man of great breadth of apprehension, even endeavored to bring about a friendly understanding with the Mohammedans. He reminded the sultan that both parties worship the God of Abraham, both reverence the Scriptures, both acknowledge the prophets, both own Christ for the Word and Messiah, both account him—and indeed his mother also—as sinless, and expect him to judge the world. Why not, then, said the pope, live in peace, since up to a certain point we are joined in fellowship? These overtures failed through the intrinsic fierceness of Islam, yet, as remarked by Bishop Creighton, Rome always remained milder in temper toward Mohammedanism than the Catholic world at large. She seems to have made no particular protest against Saracen worship in Italy, and of course always allowed that the Moslems, like the Jews, being unbaptized, were free from her jurisdiction, for which Mr. Lea rather ridiculously reproaches her with inconsistency. Even yet, some highly educated priests at Rome in a private discussion lately concluded that it is lawful for a Christian to join in prayer with a pious Mohammedan, which seems to be a very reasonable opinion. We surely cannot be forbidden to say to any human being, "Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule."

Toward the Albigenses Rome showed no disposition to avail herself of the benevolent presumptions of the canon law. And, indeed, the researches of modern scholarship, exemplified in Neander, Creighton, Paul Sabatier, Hitchcock, and others, seem to make it certain that, although the Albigenses read the Scriptures diligently and gave a Christian complexion to their system, this was really estranged, not only from historic Christianity, but from intelligible theism. It owned a supreme God, indeed, but denied him to be the Creator of the world. Creation thy held to be the work either of a malevolent, or at best of a blundering and unintelligent, being. Elect spirits alone were, not a creation, but an emanation, of the good God. Matter they viewed as essentially evil. Even to take food was almost a sin, and the Perfect hardly took enough to keep them alive. Marriage was abominable, al-

though devoted service to the Perfect might perhaps save the laity from absolute damnation. All the ways of that time were cruel—which we often forget, when speaking of the persecutions—but so extreme a Protestant as Paul Sabatier declares that in this instance the victory of Rome was the salvation not only of Christianity, but of rational human society. Among the Albigenses, however, there were doubtless groups of Christians agreeing with Rome in fundamentals, but disliking her hierarchical haughtiness and the frequent corruption of the clergy, and desiring a simpler—in some respects a shallower—creed. However, as the eminent Waldensian scholar, Dr. Emil Comba, says in Herzog, they still regarded themselves as standing within the general range of Catholic tradition, and were regarded rather as an aberrant Catholic party than as absolutely distinct. They seem to have wavered between denunciations of the pope as the man of sin and the reception of baptism and the communion in the churches. Though sincere and moral—bating a Protestant looseness of divorce—Archbishop Trench remarks that their spiritual life seems by no means to have been so deep as that set forth by the great mediæval saints. Yet they stood distinctly on the ground of historic Christianity. As Trench remarks, they alone, of the mediæval sects, survived the persecutions, and they alone deserved to survive. Indeed, after clearing themselves of the traces of Catharism, they are said to have been sometimes very helpful to the priests in disputing with the Cathari, being so well grounded in the Scriptures. Fierce and almost exterminating persecutions, as we know, burst out against them again and again. Yet, being more deeply rooted in the truth than the earlier sects, and also sheltered by their cliffs, they survived and at last, long after the Reformation, identified themselves with Calvinism, and so entered into a deeper spiritual life than their earlier. Having outgrown some old faults on this higher plane, they seem to have gradually won a kindly regard from the Catholics. Gioberti speaks of them affectionately as "our good Waldenses." A successful petition to King Charles Albert for their enfranchisement,

signed by six hundred leading Turinese, bears the names of eighty priests. We have lately observed a friendly reference to them in one of our own zealously Catholic sheets.

The Reformation was too desperate a struggle on both sides to allow of much charity on either. The Catholics naturally held those who had broken away from the Church to be in mortal sin. This is their general position to this day, as regards new Protestants, although Cardinal Newman, remarks his friend Arthur Hutton, never seemed to concern himself very much about changes either way, while the Jesuits are disposed to maintain that no doctrinal aberration short of atheism is absolutely conclusive against a man's hope of salvation. Indeed, Leo. XIII, in speaking of Renan, goes farther than this. The Protestants almost universally maintained that the Catholics could not possibly be saved, remaining such. Luther declared, indeed, that no one could be saved unless he held with him concerning justification, the enslavement of the will, and the bodily presence of Christ in the eucharist. All papists, Anabaptists, and Calvinists, therefore, were equally children of the devil. A good deal of this, doubtless, was merely polemical brag. Melanchthon's friends said that out of every hundred words of Luther he really meant about five. In old age he allows that all papists are "authentic Christians." However, except to some extent in France and England, very few Protestants who valued their standing would allow that a papist, remaining such, could be saved. How long this severity of view prevailed among the Protestants we do not know. Toward 1700, however, Richard Baxter signifies that it required considerable nerve for him to maintain that a Roman Catholic may be a child of God. Among the Catholics this possibility for Protestants was recognized much earlier, except by the Jansenists. In 1667 the Jesuit general sharply rebukes a brother who denies that a Protestant may be a true saint. Not far from this date a Jesuit wrote a book to prove that probably not one German Protestant was by this time a real heretic. The treatise was received with great applause by his order. An Italian Jesuit answered it, but his general

would not suffer him to publish his answer. It was, however, published six years after his death, by his friends.

This Jesuit teaching of the possibilities of Protestant sanctity—maintained still more strongly among themselves, as has since been discovered, than in public—won its first great formal victory in 1713, in the bull *Unigenitus*. Since then it has spread steadily in the Church, and at last, on August 10, 1863, it received in its fullest form solemn confirmation in a papal encyclical to the Bishops of Italy. This declares that everyone who, though invincibly incapable of apprehending the claims of Roman Catholicism, is intent on shaping his life acording to the innate law of God will never be given over to eternal punishment, but is able by the operation of divine light and grace to lay hold on eternal life. Thus, we see, not only devout Protestants, but devout Jews, Moslems, and even pagans, are authoritatively pronounced, even though remaining such to the end, to be within the possibilities of salvation. The visions of Catherine Emmerich, which have been virtually commended by the Holy See in declaring her Venerable, carry all this out to the fullest extent.

It might have been supposed that this change of theory, which began to make way for itself two hundred and fifty years ago, would by this time have decidedly affected the temper of Rome and of Roman Catholics toward Protestant missions. In the end, doubtless, it will have this effect. How many Protestant papers on Roman Catholic missions rise above a tone of steady disparagement? Very few, certainly, although those of Mr. Robert E. Speer, of the Presbyterian Board, in the *Missionary Review of the World*, are an eminent exception. We have even known a Protestant missionary sheet to liken the adherents of another strictly evangelical school to the worshipers of the bloody goddess Kali, and to declare that it is as lawful to make converts from one body as from the other. There are some Protestant Churches as unscrupulous toward Protestants as Madagascar Jesuits.

Even the theoretical advance of Rome toward us is not so great as at first appears. Most of us acknowledge that a pure-

minded pagan may be a child of God. Do we therefore believe that there are many pure-minded pagans? Even so liberal a traveler as Mrs. Bishop, who has gone all over the world, could find very slight traces of such in the decay of the old religions. Islam also, although it tolerates the love of God in its adherents, neither teaches nor encourages it. It also sets forth a morality which shuts out chastity and almost shuts out humanity. Yet we do not doubt that, however few relatively, there may be many pure souls, both pagan and Moslem, that will at the last be received into the kingdom of heaven. Yet we do not therefore desist from endeavoring to bring pagans and Moslems into the Church, with her infinitely sounder morality and richer religious influences.

How far does Rome view us as we view the Mohammedans? In a good deal the same way. This, to be sure, is very much as we regard her. We do not commonly deny that heathens by accepting Islam are raised a few steps in the moral scale. Yet we dread any large missionary successes of Mohammedanism because we know that they bar the way, perhaps for ages, to Christianity. Rome of course acknowledges that heathen evangelized by Protestants are raised, not in degree only, but in kind, very much above the Moslem. Indeed, the administration of baptism, so far as it is validly given—for Rome says that we are very careless in the matter—brings the heathen within the covenant of regeneration, and brings them out from among the *infideles*. Rome never officially calls baptized Christians, of any persuasion, *infideles*. The Council of Trent is careful not to apply the term even to apostates. Protestant countries are *terræ missionis*, but never *partes infidelium*. Indeed, the present pope, finding, as he says, that this misunderstanding continually recurs—the nominal diocese of a bishop *in partibus* being confused with his place of abode—has abolished the style "bishop *in partibus*." He substitutes for it "*titular* bishop." Regions Christianized by Protestants, therefore, would no longer be regarded by Rome as *partes infidelium*. However, they are still *terræ missionis*. Rome would regard any very extensive and enduring successes of

Protestant missions with very much the same dismay with which we regard large Mohammedan successes. Once on these lower grounds, which now protect them against the surging errors of heathenism, the new Christians, she thinks, are likely to be content, without lifting their eyes to those clear and healthy uplands, and to that infinitely greater affluence of spiritual benefits to which, as she thinks, she alone can conduct them. Therefore the Roman Catholics, excepting here and there a brotherly missionary, pay very little attention to Protestant missions. Where they can they ride roughshod over them. How unscrupulous they can be—like the Judaizers of old, to whom they bear a sad resemblance—let Tahiti witness, and the Loyalty Islands, and Madagascar, and Chota Nagpur, and Fiji, and, in short, almost every region in which they think they can save newly evangelized heathen from settling permanently into Protestants. "The end sanctifies the means" is not taught by Rome, or by the Jesuits; but in fact it has governed the movements of religious parties in a scandalous degree, and assuredly Rome rather goes ahead than falls behind, especially as she is mostly served abroad by Frenchmen. The French Protestants, as Zola complains, have kept the sense of veracity, but the French generally have lost it, and with it the sense of justice. We need not enlarge on this now. The whole world is gazing at the lesson. We lately read a private letter of an eminent English Jesuit, sent us by the Catholic friend who had received it. This father declares that both French and Italians have lost the sense of veracity. Whether they are believers or unbelievers, says he, they are credulous or incredulous beyond and against all reason and evidence. Absolute unscrupulousness of dealing is the almost inevitable offspring of such a temper. The French Catholic missionaries have many excellences, but delicacy of conscience in dealing with Protestants is seldom one.

This same distinguished English Jesuit in this same letter, referring to some complaints of ours made to his friend touching the steady disparagement of Protestant missions by most Roman Catholic journals—let us except the principal weekly

in English, the *Tablet*—declares that he thinks us wholly in the right. Such hasty and ill-willing assumptions against the good success of Protestant missions, he remarks, are not only contrary to charity and justice, but betray a very imperfect acquaintance with Catholic principles. Every Catholic, he declares, is bound to believe that where there are good faith and sincerity, which may usually be assumed, God will bless his truth, so far as it is spoken by Protestants, allowing, of course, for the abatement made by errors. Nay, he goes on to say, if the Jews still had missions God would bless his truth so far as spoken by them. Marshall's passionate glorification of Catholic and passionate disparagement of Protestant missions, he says, render his book odious. Indeed, he gives the gratifying information that he does not know a cultivated English Catholic who does not detest it. For himself, he declares, he has never been able to read more than a page here and a page there of so ill-tempered and reckless a thing. Yet this is the book which our Roman Catholic journals are continually citing to the discredit of Protestant missions.

The worst thing in the temper of Roman Catholic writers on Protestant missions is the positive refusal of so many of them to assume "sincerity and good faith," as the Jesuit above mentioned rightly says that they are bound to do. Take, for instance, the recent work of Alfred Young, the Paulist, turning on differences between Protestant and Catholic countries. This has many cogent facts, though very little cogency of reasoning. It contains a great deal to make us blush for our superficial glorifications of Protestant countries and our superficial vilifications of Catholic. When he comes to missions, however, he loses all moderation, all justice and charity, and forgets even Catholic orthodoxy. Rome condemns, without reservation, the statement, "Grace is not given out of the Church." Every restriction of the condemnation is, as was remarked by the Rev. E. S. Ffoulkes while still a Roman Catholic, an invasion, and, in fact, an infraction of it. When, for instance, the Jesuit, Sylvester Hunter, owns that there is among Protestants a great deal of common grace and goodness,

sufficient for salvation, but not any heroic grace and goodness, adequate to great Christian achievements, he makes a limitation really forbidden by the bull *Unigenitus*, a bull procured by his own order. Any Catholic, of course, may say, "There is incomparably more grace among us than among you." Hunter may say, if he will, "Heroic grace with us is to heroic grace among you as a hundred to one." To declare, however, that this or that kind or degree of grace does not exist among Protestants appears inconsistent with the *Unigenitus*.

Young, however, is much worse than Hunter. He holds and maintains, even in public disputations, the possibility that a Protestant may make acts of justifying faith. Yet, when it comes to missions, he reverses all this, and not only suspects but imputes unworthy motives to the whole body of missionaries. This cannot possibly be interpreted as consistent with moral uprightness in this particular, for it is against all common sense. Make what abatements one will of love of romance, adventurousness, love of notoriety, or even commoner motives still, it remains true that missions in heathen and Mohammedan countries are, as a whole, the greatest wrench to the natural love of home and friends and to the natural disposition to use the relations and conditions already familiar as a means of advancement, rather than to go out among unknown conditions and liabilities. It is, in the very nature of things, principally souls disinterestedly concerned for the kingdom of God that offer themselves for service abroad. This is so absolutely self-evident that Alfred Young's utter refusal to acknowledge it, and his imputation of vulgar and selfish motives as essentially characteristic of Protestant missions, would become a vulgar nature, but strikes us as strange in a Paulist father. In this we are not speaking as Protestants, but, as the reader has seen, are merely reechoing the words of an eminent Jesuit.

Charles C. Starbuck

Art. IX.—THE DEATH SONG OF THE POETS.

We treasure the last words of a great man. If he has influenced many people, we prize his final sayings the more. If they have come from those we love, their value is measureless. When a poet has sung, and we have learned to understand his strain, his dying song is ever cherished. The Indian brave of less civilized times chanted, as he died, the story of his victories. The poet of our times with a mind permeated and influenced by Christianity sings a song burdened with the truths of resurrection and immortality. Let us listen as we hear these death songs anew.

Charles Wesley, the hero-poet, who could sing in the triumph of faith amid the shouts of a howling mob, gave the world more and better hymns than any other lyric poet. In his last days he called his wife to his bedside and dictated to her his last verses—an embodiment of the teaching of all his life:

> In age and feebleness extreme,
> Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
> Jesus, my only hope thou art,
> Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
> O could I catch one smile from thee,
> And drop into eternity!

Many to whom these words have become dear from their associations have used the last two lines to express their own wishes in their closing days.

A good man much beloved by the people to whom he ministered was dying by inches from the dread disease consumption. On September 4, 1847, Henry Francis Lyte, to whom we owe our greatest hymn of Church union, preached for the last time and administered the sacrament. Later in the day he penned that beautiful hymn, "Abide with me," which expresses again for us the thought of Charles Wesley:

> Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
> Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

As a theme in music appears now in "Home, sweet home" and again in the imperial grand march composed for the occasion of the reentry of the victorious German emperor into his capital, so through all these wondrous death songs runs the same theme. Again we hear it in the last poetical effort of that brilliant son of genius, Henry Kirke White. While dying, at the age of twenty-one, he writes "The Christian: a Divine Poem," the last two stanzas being:

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil, thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hours,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
O, thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day,
One little lapse suspend thy last decree.
I am a youthful traveler in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

Pathetic yet triumphantly do these stanzas of the youthful poet ring with Christian hope.

Beside the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning at Florence lies another poet, Arthur Hugh Clough,* who died in November, 1861. Entangled in doubt through the controversies of the Oxford movement, he nearly lost his faith; but in his last production the light gleams forth as he sings:

* Some years ago, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of London, Alexander Small made a brief collection of these death songs, occupying not quite two pages of that periodical. For suggestions concerning some of those that follow the author is indebted to him.

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look! the land is bright.

The last production of Byron is in contrast to this. It is the moan of a heart without hope:

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

Our beloved Longfellow wrote his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas," March 15, 1882. In this he strikes the same note that Clough sounds:

O, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

. . . . .

O bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the past again!
The past is deaf to your prayer;
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

But Whittier sings another song, more like the closing words of Wesley than the words of Clough or Longfellow.

His last words were in the tribute which celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> Life is indeed no holiday; therein
> Are want, and woe, and sin,
> Death and its nameless fears, and over all
> Our pitying tears must fall.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
> When at the eternal gate
> We leave the words and works we call our own,
> And lift void hands alone
>
> For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
> Brings to that gate no toll;
> Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
> And live because he lives.

Of the five great poets of one generation three were produced by America—Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes—and two by England—Tennyson and Browning. Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" is too well known to need repetition here. We would simply call attention to the fact that in the last verse he reproduces the theme of Charles Wesley and passes it along:

> For though from out our bourn of time and place
> The flood may bear me far,
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face
> When I have crost the bar.

"Never say of me that I am dead," said Browning, as he lay dying in Venice. His last words in verse are contained in the Epilogue to "Asolando." They ring with the courage and bravery of his life:

> One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.
> No, at noonday in the bustle of men's worktime
> Greet the unseen with a cheer!
> Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
> "Strive and thrive," cry, "Speed—fight on, fare ever
> There as here!"

It has been suggested that this reads as if the poet "had written his epitaph."

With one more of these death songs we conclude this little collection. In Edinburgh there lived a lady who was both a poet and a prose writer. Of poetry she wrote little, but what woman was more widely known than the talented author of *Makers of Florence, Makers of Venice,* and other charming books—Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant? On June 21, 1897, four days before she died, she dictated the following beautiful words which express the essence of true immortality:

On the edge of the world I lie, I lie,
Happy and dying, and dazed and poor,
Looking up from the vast great floor
Of the infinite world that rises above
To God, and to Faith, and to Love, Love, Love!
What words have I to that world to speak,
Old and weary, and dazed and weak,
From the very low to the very high?
Only this—and this is all:
From the fresh green soil to the wide blue sky,
From greatness to Weariness, Life to Death,
One God have we on whom to call;
One great bond from which none can fall;
Love below, which is life and breath,
And Love above, which sustaineth all.

Heirs to a twofold immortality, they lie buried yet not buried. Their words cause them to live on forever in the life of mankind. Their faith gives to them the greater immortality—not the immortality of genius, but the immortality of love. We no longer hear "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," but "I am the resurrection and the life."

S. G. Ayres

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

From an unlikely source, from a man whose standpoint is outside of all creeds, Christian or pagan, comes this tribute to the Hebrew Scriptures:

Jehovah, the God of the Hebrew Scriptures, is the most awful, the most imposing, and the most imminent of all the gods. . . . With a gentle and loving *alter ego* who stands between his stern and awful majesty and guilty and trembling man, namely, Jesus Christ, he is still the God of the most enlightened of the human race. With what power and solemnity he figures in the old Bible; how he filled and shook the hearts of the old bards and prophets! Open the Scriptures almost anywhere, and one seems to hear his awful voice and feel his terrible tread. It shakes the earth; it fills the heavens; the universe is the theater of his love and wrath. What an abysmal depth of conscience in those old Hebrews; what capacity for remorse, for reverence, for fear, for terror, for adoration; what a sense of the value of righteousness, and of the dreadfulness of sin! In them we see the unsounded depths of the religious spirit—its tidal seas; bitter and estranging, but sublime. Other sacred books are shallow and tame, are but inland seas, so to speak, compared with this briny deep of the Hebrew Bible. What storms of conscience sweep over it; what upreaching, what mutterings of wrath, what tenderness and sublimity, what darkness and terror are in this book! What pearls of wisdom it holds, what gems of poetry! Verily, the Spirit of the Eternal moves upon it. The Bible is such an expression of the awe, and reverence, and yearning of the human soul in the presence of the facts of life and death, and of the power and mystery of the world, as pales all other expression of these things; not a cool, calculated expression of it, but an emotional, religious expression of it. To demonstrate its divergence from science is nothing; from the religious aspirations of the soul it does not diverge. Little wonder it still sways the hearts and lives of men. Their imaginations go out upon it. Immensity broods over it. It is a record of the darkest deeds, and luminous with the sublimest devotion and piety. It is archetypal, elemental. The light of eternity is upon its face.

The following plain, wise, admonitory words, spoken by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York to young clergymen, may find a wider hearing and a larger usefulness on these pages:

There are temptations which nothing but self-sacrifice will overcome. You are in your well-lighted, comfortable study some evening. Outside the weather is forbidding. You sophisticate with yourself. You say: "To be sure, over the mountain yonder, or out on the marsh, or down in the slums, there is a sick

woman whose baby also is ill with scarlet fever; there is that smart hack driver who has lately stopped drinking and beating his wife, and I told her I would come down this evening and help her encourage him; there are some orphan children that may not have bread in the morning; there are two or three candidates for admission to the Church whom I should not be so likely to find at any other time; there is that contumacious vestryman who has got hold of a bit of parish gossip, and got hold of it, as usual, wrong end first, and will make more trouble with it in twenty-four hours than I can set right in a month, unless I see him; and there is Norah, the washerwoman, who is suffering for want of work, and she ought to know about the place I heard of to-day, so she can make sure of it to-morrow. But no! They can wait. I have in mind a capital subject for an uncommonly interesting sermon. I have been told that my special talent lies in the pulpit, and I think so myself. There will be hundreds of people in the church next Sunday, and they are of more account than half a dozen uncultivated folks in the outskirts. Preaching is a divine ordinance and must be attended to. I shall be excused if stay here and study and write." That is dastardly sophistry, and the sermon you make under those conditions is a sham, as you are a sham; and God does not use shams for any permanent or glorious upbuilding of his kingdom anywhere. Just how he will insert debility and failure into your ministry you may never know; but he will do it, for he cannot deny himself. Shirk your pastoral work, your humane work, your work of love, for the sake of your preaching, and you sap your preaching at its root. It was a pathetic but pungent satire of a dying lady, poor but polite to the last, who was asked if her clergyman should be sent for: "No, I thank you, I think not; he has never been to see me in these six years since I moved into the parish, and it would be a little awkward to have the ceremony of an introduction to my acquaintance just as I am breathing my last." Quite as good was the remark of another woman on her minister's habits: "Six days of the week he is invisible, and the seventh he is incomprehensible." The "invisible" goes to account for the "incomprehensible."

"A PRIMITIVE AND CHILDISH NOTION."

If we should believe what is told us by certain gentlemen who must be some centuries older than they appear, we would conclude that Christianity has been logically and scientifically dead a long time, though not yet sensible of it. It must be like the woman in Hardy's poem, "The Slow Nature." The foundations went from under it, they say, a long while ago, and it remains standing through sheer obstinacy, mere force of habit, or an inconsequent mind, like the gunner who stood by his gun and kept on loading, taking aim, and firing after his head was blown off. Unlike Dr. Holmes's katydid, which says "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way," these antique gentlemen keep repeating a thing which is not only generally disputed, but abundantly disproved. Their oft-reiterated irreligious dogma is that "dogmatic religion may be said to have received a fatal wound three centuries ago when the Ptolemaic

system was succeeded by the Copernican, and the real relation of the earth to the universe was disclosed." Yes, it "may be said," and it is so said by a few benighted and belated persons, who must be ignorant of the nature of things, unacquainted with modern history, and unaware of great Christian events now going on around them; but it must be retorted, with the instantaneousness of a rifle-flash, that there is no evidence of the truth of such a statement, so that whoever says it makes an assertion which he cannot prove, and which he ought to know is completely disproved by notorious facts under his own eyes and over all the world.

These antiquated doctrinaires reason that if Copernicus's astronomic theory is true, then the Gospel is false. Firing off their misconstructed syllogisms at Christianity, they watch to see it drop dead. They are the surprised and mystified victims of their own false reasoning and materialistic philosophy. They declare, with Goldwin Smith, that "Christian doctrine is geocentric; it assumes our earth to be the center of the universe, the primary object of divine care, and the grand theater of divine administration." They are three hundred years out of date and have modern Christianity that much out of focus. It is a pity they are not better informed and more careful in their statements. They ought to know that as a matter of fact Christian theology does not assume the earth to be the center of the universe, and as a matter of reasoning it has no need to assume it. In being the chief support of the schools and colleges which teach the Copernican astronomy Christianity does not undermine its own doctrines. And the idea that it has any logical, polemical, or apologetic need for Ptolemy or his geocentric theories is, as John Fiske curtly and pungently remarks, "a primitive and childish notion." Christianity holds, not exactly as Mr. Smith puts it, but that this small earth is *among* the objects of divine care, *one* of the avenues of divine manifestation, and that man is not so insignificant as to be beneath the notice of the immanent God revealed by modern science when rightly interpreted, but long ago declared by Holy Scripture, who filleth all in all and upholdeth all things by the word of his power, who, as Paul said, is not far from any one of us, in whom we live and move and have our being; of whom Tennyson wrote, "Closer is he than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." When a befogged and belated professor

tiresomely repeats, "It cannot be denied that the Gospel history is adjusted physically and theologically to the mistaken idea that the earth is the center of the universe," we must answer, if any answer is worth while, if the partridge is worth the cartridge, that it can be denied, that it is and ever will be denied; for the Gospel is not tied up with any particular cosmogony, ancient or modern. Most surely the great essential truths of the New Testament are not involved with the cosmography and astronomy of an unscientific era.

Frederick Harrison, the English positivist, thinks the Christian faith could not possibly have originated in an age that had a heliocentric astronomy. Why could it not as easily originate as survive, thrive, and expand in such an age, as it assuredly and visibly does? Against it, in fact, heliocentricism and cosmic vastness appear not to militate in the least degree. It is plain truth, as the London *Spectator* said in answering Mr. Harrison, that modern astronomical science has not impaired the validity of those conceptions of man's nature and value which are found in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures; men of the best brain as well as of the purest lives and loftiest character in this most scientific of centuries have held the Christian faith firmly, counting it intellectually rational as well as morally obligatory and practically necessary so to do.

The most highly educated mind of the age deems it a mistake to imagine that the stars, as arranged by Copernicus and his successors, shed down sinister, baleful, and lethal intimations around the altar of our holy faith. Boötes, leading his hunting dogs across the meridian in a leash of sidereal fire, is not hunting Christianity to death. Above the bowed head of the intelligent Christian worshiper the influences of the Pleiades and of all the other stars are sweet and friendly. The orrery which puts the earth in its small proper place is not a mill for grinding evangelical doctrine to powder.

Primitive, and puerile beyond belief, are some of the notions of a few supposedly intelligent men. One of them, in a very recent volume, says, in substance, to the Christian thinker: "Once admit that the appearance of the sun's rising and setting is an illusion caused by the earth's revolution, concede that the earth is round and turns over on its axis, and you have admitted a principle that makes your creeds and philosophies whirl like soap bubbles. Your creeds and philosophies are based on a

different fact, proceed from different premises, and are totally inadequate to face the scientific facts." To write in such a fashion now, after the Christian creeds and philosophies have known for centuries all about the earth's revolution, and long ago discounted it and adjusted their conceptions and teachings with it without showing the smallest sign of floating away like soap bubbles, but rather continuing to roll and shine in their ancient orbits, like solid planets illumining the darkness of humanity's night—this seems like mental imbecility foretokening softening of the brain.

There was a time when such notions were, in a sense, natural and in some degree excusable. Even the Church in the sixteenth century thought as these men now think. The official guardians of the Church then imagined that if the teachings of Copernicus were right, the doctrines of the Church and the Christian faith itself would be overthrown. In a panic of fear, afraid for its very life, the Church of that time did some wild, desperate, and wicked things. It persecuted men of science and burned Giordano Bruno to death. For its own safety, it reasoned, the teachings of astronomy and the deductions therefrom must be disproved or suppressed. If the Church could not disprove them, it would exterminate the men who taught them; as if shooting the captain were equivalent to sinking the ship. That the Church should hold such notions then is to be regretted, but was no more than might have been expected. Dazed and bewildered by the new discoveries, it had not had time to adjust itself to the new light. But the Church long ago learned better, got over its panic, adjusted its exegesis and its theology to the facts of science, confessed its errors, and repented of its sins. A most amazing phenomenon it is that the foolish old notion that Copernicus had demolished the Gospel, which notion from its very origin was all the time discredited by the steady survival of the faith, and was soon discarded as a bugbear raised by hysterical misapprehension, is now adopted and reiterated by a few poorly informed skeptical writers, ignorant of history and misconceiving the nature of things, whose clinging to a long-obsolete and shallow misconception seems most unaccountable. Nothing is more absurd than to imagine that the fate of Christianity is involved in the fate of grotesque primitive cosmogonies framed in the infancy of man's knowledge.

THE RELIGION OF GILDER'S POETRY.

If better, worthier poetry than Richard Watson Gilder's is now being written anywhere in America, we do not know where to find it. It is rich, delicate, refined, artistic, beautiful. In it there is nothing flippant or cheap, irreverent or carnal. Its spirituality is an antidote to the manifold materialism of our time. Its passion for beauty and exquisite joy therein are free from mere sensuousness. It is manifestly the output of a nature both sensitive and strong. It seems not artificial and purposed, but spontaneous, the utterance of one who has a gift and a call to sing. Most of it is essentially lyrical, full of feeling, genuine, deep, intense, uttering in simple purity and in words felicitous, musical, effective, its cry of aspiration, of love, of faith, of admiration, of patriotism, of adoration. It is ethical in every note, and makes pervasively for righteousness. The London *Daily News* says that Gilder's is "a scholarly muse, yet withal a muse of fire and energy and passion." This is true, but incomplete. It deserves and requires to be added that his muse is also religious in sentiment and Christian in belief. Faith and faithfulness breathe in his lines. All is morally wholesome and saving. As we follow the flow of his verse his own words seem applicable to their author:

> Thy mind is like a crystal brook
> Wherein clean creatures live at ease;

and we cannot but feel that he has obeyed his own injunction:

> In the home of thy spirit be true;
> Speak the message which in thee burns.

And surely no man who has not kept his own heart pure is likely to exhort his brother man in this fashion:

> Keep pure thy soul!
> Then shalt thou take the whole
> Of delight: thine shall be all the beauty,
> The perfume and the pageant, the melody and mirth
> Of the golden day and the starry night,
> Of heaven and of earth,
> O, keep pure thy soul!

This poet's attitude toward nature, whose beauties stir his sensibilities as the breathing air moves the strings of a wind-harp, does not stop short of being devout toward the Author

and Ruler of nature. To him the alternating splendors of dawn and evening are the rhymes of God, and sunset moves him to this reverent and trustful good-night to the world's great Guardian:

> Now the long shadows eastward creep,
> The golden sun is setting;
> Take, Lord! the worship of our sleep,
> The praise of our forgetting.

He wears from first to last the nobly serious countenance of one to whom existence is a lofty privilege and an august responsibility, as sacred as these lines avow:

> Each moment holy is, for out from God
> Each moment flashes forth a human soul.
> Holy each moment is, for back to him
> Some wandering soul each moment home returns.

But it is in the poem "Holy Land" that we plainly see what most makes life sacred to him. Because Christ walked the earth we walk on, because the sun and moon which shone on him shine now on us and light our pathway as they lighted his, therefore Gilder asks:

> Since then, shall mortal dare
> With base thought front the ever-sacred sky—
> Soil with foul deed the ground whereon He laid
> In holy death his pale, immortal head?—

reading which, one recalls from a less deeply devout source some lines of similar motive:

> Look starward; stand far and unearthly,
> Free-souled as a banner unfurled.
> Be worthy, O brother, be worthy!
> For God's Son was the price of the world.

Immortality is to Gilder not doubtful. Three voices, the voices of Love and Birth and Death, come crying to him from heaven, and this is what they cry:

> There is a deathless human soul:—
> It is not lost, as is the fiery flame
> That dies into the undistinguished whole.
> Ah, no; it separate is, distinct as God—
> Nor any more than he can it be killed;
> Then fearless give thy body to the clod,
> For naught can quench the light that once it filled!

Looking deathward, his prayer turns thus to the Maker and Redeemer of men, the Lord of Life:

> O Lord of Light, steep thou our souls in thee!
> That when the daylight trembles into shade,

And falls the silence of mortality,
And all is done, we shall not be afraid,
But pass from light to light; from earth's dull gleam
Into the very heart and heaven of our dream!

Like many poetic souls who feel how much greater is life than language, he hesitated at the fixed, framed creed his neighbor stands to repeat in the house of God, yet there surges through his soul an elemental faith deeper than creeds, larger than all forms of words—a groundswell, vast and mighty, rolling up and in from primal and infinite deeps.

When cast-iron statements and human definitions stick in his throat, and his voice ceases from the concerted recital, it is with something akin to the feeling which Wesley had when he wrote:

Weary of all this wordy strife,
These notions, forms, and modes, and names,
To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Whose love my simple heart inflames—
Divinely taught, at last I fly,
With thee and thine to live and die.

And Gilder's passionate and intense appeal to the Lord and Saviour of men is direct to the Christ of his own soul and not to another man's idea of him:

Christ of Judea, look thou in my heart!
Do I not love thee, look to thee, in thee
Alone have faith of all the sons of men—
Faith deepening with the weight and woe of years?

Pure soul and tenderest of all that came
Into this world of sorrow, hear my prayer:
Lead me, yea, lead me deeper into life,
This suffering human life wherein thou livest
And breathest still, and hold'st thy way divine.
'Tis here, O pitying Christ, where thee I seek,
Here where the strife is fiercest; where the sun
Beats down upon the highway thronged with men,
And in the raging mart. O! deeper lead
My soul into the living world of souls
Where thou dost move.

But lead me, Man Divine,
Where'er thou will'st, only that I may find
At the long journey's end thy image there,
And grow more like to it. For art not thou
The human shadow of the infinite Love
That made and fills the endless universe?
The very Word of him, the unseen, unknown
Eternal Good that rules the summer flower
And all the worlds that people starry space!

To the dull, blind skeptic few, who think, with the rough surgeon in Tennyson's poem "In the Hospital," that "the good Lord Jesus has had his day," Gilder speaks his powerful resisting word in "The Passing of Christ." He wants to know if they really think that the fierce rays of science which search through every cranny show nothing divine left on the earth; that because there are no physical miracles the Holy One is gone; that the Son of God, the Hope and Saviour of men, has been hurled from the throne of the hearts of the world? He asks if they mean to say that he who made birth holy and brought to the eyes of death visions of heavenly light; who looked through shame and sin and saw sanctity lingering or germinant within; who spoke the tenderest, truest words that sorrow has ever heard, and gladdened a world of men; whose life and death and memory have sanctified the earth, have been the stay and support of millions of noble lives, and have led the world on an upward path—do they say that he has lost his hold and is passing from power? To all such despairing deniers of our Lord this poet opposes a strenuous affirmative answer:

Ah no!
Behold Him now where he comes!
Not the Christ of our subtile creeds,
But the Lord of our hearts, of our homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs;
The brother of want and blame,
The lover of women and men
With a love that puts to shame
All passions of mortal ken;
. . . . . .

'Tis he, as none other can,
Makes free the spirit of man,
And speaks in darkest night
One word of awful light,
That strikes, through the dreadful pain
Of life, a reason sane—
That word divine which brought
A universe from naught.

Ah no, thou life of the heart,
Never shalt thou depart!
Not till the leaven of God
Shall lighten each human clod;
Not till the world shall climb
To thy height, serene, sublime,
Shall the Christ who enters our door
Pass to return no more.

If aught seems lacking in the words used or the titles accorded here to Jesus Christ, one can easily and plainly learn from Gilder's Christmas hymn and Easter verses and other poems that he whom the angels sang, and the shepherds went to find, and the wise men sought and worshiped, and who left an empty tomb where he had lain dead, was the Lord of heaven and earth, the King of kings, the Son of God and Saviour of mankind.

By far the most widely and frequently quoted of all that Gilder has written is his poem of only eight lines, entitled "The Song of a Heathen." The poet supposes this heathen man to be a sojourner in Galilee in the year 32 of the Christian era. He has heard the conflicting reports which filled the land concerning the strange Prophet, the mysterious Teacher who journeys to and fro, and who is by some reprobated and denounced as a political schemer, an impostor, an evildoer, and by others called a messenger from God, the true Messiah, the long-expected Redeemer. One feels that this thoughtful and reasoning heathen who speaks must have seen Jesus; perhaps has mingled somewhere in the crowd that thronged about him, looking upon his impressive face and listening to his wonderful words, and then has gone away to brood and ponder over it all until at last his captive soul utters its confession in these decisive words:

> If Jesus Christ is a man—
> And only a man—I say
> That of all mankind I cleave to him,
> And to him will I cleave alway.
>
> If Jesus Christ is a God —
> And the only God—I swear
> I will follow him through heaven and hell,
> The earth, the sea, and the air!

Although Gilder does not say so, it is left to us to perceive, what is perfectly plain, that the heathen man's affirmation contains a great doctrine and befits all thoughtful and reasonable men alike, from the first Christian century down to the twentieth and on to the end of earth's history. "What think ye of Christ?" is a question which no age and no intelligent race can ever let alone. It will not let them alone; it forces itself on every tribe and nation; it will finally hunt down and confront every human being on the earth, for to this end the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. To this insistent question one hears

numerous and widely differing answers given. It is sometimes intellectually confusing to hear what the many voices say. With the fine shadings of definition between those who almost agree and the point-blank opposition of those who vehemently differ, the listener is sometimes bewildered and perplexed in mind, and at a loss how to choose among the varying views. But practically he should not be at any loss. The push of Gilder's resolute poem is to the point that only one course is really open to the man who seriously considers Christ and reflects on all that is written and said of him.

For on the lowest of all decent estimates of Jesus there is but one thing for the rational and earnest soul to do, and that is to follow him. At the end of all dispute, and after all reductions and detractions, there remains enough of mysterious majesty, of singular purity, of lofty wisdom, and of superhuman love to command reverence and bind in affectionate attachment all sincere and thoughtful men. If a searching, weighing, and balancing mind stands and listens all down the line from right to left, from the most conservative orthodoxy to the most unbridled and venturesome heresy, to all that is said concerning the nature, mission, and power of Christ, the only respectable and sane conclusion that is possible at last must amount substantially to this: "I have listened, and pondered, and prayed. And now for myself I say, I hold to Jesus Christ. Him must I follow and obey. He is my soul's central orb. If only he will take me along with him, and turn my night to day, and give me warmth and light, why, he shall be my sun, I will be his satellite." That is what Gilder's heathen said in Galilee in A. D. 32. That is what every serious-minded, fair-minded human being ought to say to-day.

Doubtless the reverent spirit, decisive faith, and forcible right-reasoning of this poet are measurably due to heredity and early nurture. It is his honor to be the son of Rev. William H. Gilder, a member of the New York East Conference, whose patriotism and self-sacrifice and Christian devotion are tenderly sung, though without mention of his name, in the fourteen verses entitled "Pro Patria." Like his divine Master, he laid down his life for others, dying that he might minister comfort to human misery. The chaplain of the Fortieth New York Volunteers, he voluntarily entered the army smallpox hospital at Brandy Station, Va., to care for the suffering soldiers, and himself died

there of the foul disease on April 13, 1863. Of this Christian martyr the son sings, filially and proudly:

> Life was to him most dear—home, children, wife—
> But, dearer still than life,
> Duty—that passion of the soul which from the sod
> Alone lifts man to God.
>
> The pesthouse entering fearless—stricken he fearless fell,
> Knowing that all was well;
> The high mysterious Power whereof mankind has dreamed
> To him not distant seemed.

No one can wonder that to all the sons and daughters of godly ancestry, children of parents passed into the skies, this gifted and prophetic singer writes:

> Despise not thou thy father's ancient creed!
> Of his pure life it was the golden thread
> Whereon bright days were gathered bead by bead,
> Till death laid low that dear and reverend head.
> From olden faith how many a glorious deed
> Hath lit the world; its blood-stained banner led
> The martyrs heavenward; yea, it was the seed
> Of knowledge, whence our modern freedom spread.
> Not often has man's *credo* proved a snare—
> But a deliverance, a sign, a flame
> To purify the dense and pestilent air,
> Writing on pitiless heavens one pitying Name;
> And 'neath the shadow of the dread eclipse
> It shines on dying eyes and pallid lips.

Nor is it strange that a minister's son should have the compassionate heart, the sensitive conscience, and the sense of responsibility which ask:

> O, how shall I help to right the world which is going wrong?
> And what can I do to hurry the promised time of peace?
> The day of work is short and the night of sleep is long;
> And whether to pray or preach, or whether to sing a song,
> To plow in my neighbor's field, or to seek the golden fleece,
> Or to sit with my hands in my lap, and wish for ill to cease!

The world knows that this poet has not folded idle hands, nor sat in selfish ease, nor sought the golden fleece, neglecting the needs of mankind, but has remembered the forgotten, and gone down into the slums, crucifying æsthetic tastes and delicate sensibilities, and toiling to the last limit of strength for the purifying of human homes and the bettering of human lives, for the possible saving of the bodies and souls of his brothers and sisters for whom, as well, Christ died.

THE ARENA.

IDEALISTIC THEISM.

THE facility with which speculative writers are transforming the religion of the nineteenth century into pantheism is transcended only by the supreme indifference manifested by the general Church at this sacrifice of old-time orthodoxy. This stolidity may in part be accounted for on the ground that, as Hume said, "We may not be able to disprove the theory of idealism, yet it makes no difference, as the doctrine produces no impression upon the mind." If a topic is clearly beyond the reach of our faculties, as whether or not Mars is inhabited, neither affirmations nor denials amount to anything. More likely the Church remains undisturbed by the strides this gigantic heresy is making because clergymen in general, as well as laymen, know but little of the drift of current speculative philosophy. The speculators control the magazines, and the weekly religious press discreetly preserves the profoundest silence on all abstruse themes.

The January-February number of the *Review* for 1898 contains the following language, which gives us the basal idea of an elaborate article by Professor G. A. Coe on this subject: "Undoubtedly the analysis of knowledge brings us to idealism in the sense of recognizing personal existence as the only real existence, and to monism in the sense of positing a single being who is somehow the immanent ground of all beings. . . . If things are something more than mere ideas, and if the basal reality is an absolutely pervasive personality, nonpersonal things must be understood as functions of this being, in other words, as acts of will." Hence, if the idealists' theory of knowledge be correct, then we must conceive the universe to exist as follows: One "single being" exists, and only one; this "single being" embraces in himself, or is "the immanent ground of all beings." This one "personal existence" is "the only real existence," and all "nonpersonal things must be understood as . . . acts of will." The "basal reality is an absolutely pervasive personality." It follows that mind is not substance, not individuality, but is an "act of will," a phenomenon of the one "universal mind," and its intelligence is a fragment, more or less, of the universal intelligence. It is held that knowledge is being, "taking hold of itself." Being is thus conceived to be at the same time both subjective and objective. Being is subjective to its own thought exalted into objective being, and thought is subjective to being degraded into the objective; and this one "personal existence," this "universal mind," this "single being," this "absolutely pervasive personality," whose "acts of will" from moment to moment constitute the worlds about us, we are taught to regard as the God we worship, and worship as the reflex "acts" of God upon

himself. Whatever we may be, or think, or see, or hear, or taste, or smell, or touch "must be understood to be the acts of [God's] will." The champions of the above fancy structure find that the problem of this world's ignorance, crimes, and miseries presses upon it with the weight of a crushing avalanche. The professor says, "To escape this we must suppose that at the center of things all is light, though at the circumference there is some darkness." This language and the entire paragraph connected with it would be mere logomachy were it not that it limits and undeifies their God—he is weak at the "circumference" of his all-pervading personality. As this one "personal existence" is "the only real existence," and as it is "immanent" in all things and persons, if crime anywhere exist it must lie at the door of the God of this philosophy. Where there is no personality there can be no responsibility nor crime.

This theory of knowledge regards God as the energy, the attraction, the cohesion, the gravitation, and the mechanical force of the natural world. This is plain and easy enough, inasmuch as the apparent universe is simply the successive activities of the Infinite. Chemical atoms are held to be void of force, and God gives to prussic acid one force and sulphuric acid another force. God is also taken to be the life of creeping things, reptiles, vultures, and hyenas. It is the special act of God's will which gives to the tiger its ferocity. On occasion the trident of Neptune is put into the hand of God, and old ocean is terribly rocked in its cradle; then, again, he is conceived to be a Vulcan, forging thunderbolts and shaking earth in his wrath. Back of the cyclone, which in a moment wipes out slumbering towns and villages, we are not permitted to see anything but the will and power of God. "The less law the more God" is a basal principle of this religio-philosophy. The "pestilence that walketh in darkness" and "the destruction that wasteth at noonday" have their ground in that unitary being which is at the base of all things. The rattlesnake's bite and the scorpion's sting are God acting in different ways. Voltaire and Wesley were moved by the same will, the one to tear down what the other built up. Thus the self-communings of this "What is it?" are at war with themselves. Such is the assistance philosophy condescends to render theologians in their labors to render intelligible and lovely the teachings of Christianity. We defy heathenism to produce anything more revolting. For us the dreariest form of atheism would be a welcome refuge from such horrors. Were it the devil that was thus incorporated with nature, we could have more patience, but even then the doctrine would be detestable.

In another book we are taught that God "created." If so, he gave existence to beings and things, and surely the things created were no part of himself. Each chemical atom as a self-centered substance, each living thing and creature as self active, having properties and phenomena, fills out our idea of substance and individuality as fully

as does man, angel, or God himself. I cannot see the personality of God in the honeybee; but I do see the product of his skill and power. "You give us, then," some one will say, "a world and an outside God." Yes, in the sense that I am a father and have an outside son. Distinct individualities may be closely related and not identified.

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WHERE DID THE WISE MEN FIND JESUS?

A correct knowledge of the advent and early childhood of Jesus depends upon a correct interpretation of the events as recorded by the evangelists. It may not be strange that early tradition should still linger to obscure some of the plainer facts of the record. There ought, however, to be a willingness to take the history as it is, even if this should invalidate some of the poetry and art depicting the birth of Christ which the ages have produced. Critical interpreters of the word are insisting on the recognition of facts in all departments of Bible study, and each devout follower of Jesus to-day is willing to discard every theory touching the life of our Lord that will not stand the test of fact.

The belief that the wise men found the holy family in Bethlehem and there worshiped the young child is almost as sacred as though it were a matter of plain, unequivocal record. I ask, however, a brief consideration of the history as given by Matthew and Luke. The coming of the wise men is recorded by the first. Receiving instruction as to the place where Christ should be born, they leave Jerusalem. Perhaps very soon after leaving the city the star which they had seen "in the east" appears, and they follow it until, going before them, it "stood over where the young child was." This part of the record impairs the value of some of the traditions representing the wise men as following the star in their long journey from Persia. They had not seen the star during the journey; they saw it "in the east," and now at its reappearance they were glad. Whither did the star lead them now? The assumption has been that, as they were directed by Herod to Bethlehem, they must have gone thither. But, if they were to find the child in Bethlehem, they would not have needed the star as a guide. If they went to Bethlehem and there found the child, their visit must also have been after the presentation in the temple, which took place when the child was forty days old, the account of which is given by Luke; for, immediately after the visit of the Magi, the family fled into Egypt. But Luke ii, 39, says: "When they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth." There is not a word in the record of either of the evangelists as to the return of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem after the presentation in the temple, and in the face of the record in Luke there is no ground for a supposition that they did. What, then, are the facts?

At the end of the forty days they went to Jerusalem, performed the required service, and then returned to the Nazareth home which they had temporarily left, for the taxing requiring their presence in the city of David. They had no home in Bethlehem and no temporal interests there, and the going there was not a removal but a required visit, during which the child was born. Then why should they return there after the presentation in the temple? The account by Luke is most natural.

Now, later on, come the Magi. Reaching Jerusalem and making inquiry, they are directed to Bethlehem and, as the record shows, were guided to the place "where the young child was." If this was in Bethlehem, by searching diligently they could have found him. But, the holy family being in Nazareth, search in Bethlehem would have been in vain; and, as God had called these men from afar to see and worship the newborn king, he guided them in a way unknown to Herod and the chief priests and scribes to the realization of their desire. Then, how natural, being warned by God not to return to Herod, that they should depart "into their own country another way" by a northward route, so that, before Herod should realize that "he was mocked of the wise men" and his anger be kindled against them, they would be well out of his dominions and the reach of his vengeance. And how natural also for Joseph, in obedience to divine command, to start for Egypt over the route near the Mediterranean at a safe distance from Jerusalem and without any possible knowledge of his flight on the part of Herod or his court.

Besides, if the parents of Jesus had lived in Bethlehem for the year or two following the advent, the family and child would have been well known, and is it to be supposed that the sudden departure of the family, even "by night," would not have been well known, so that some of the people of the city would have informed the officers coming to execute the cruel edict of Herod, and thus have saved their own children from destruction?

Will those who adhere to the old, traditional interpretation for a moment lose sight of the poetry and art that have done so much to fasten this in the mind of the generations? Let them take up the accounts in a natural order, and read Luke ii, 1-39, before reading Matt. ii, and then between Matt. ii and iii read Luke ii, 40-52, which will give a perfect narrative of all the evangelists have written of the birth and early life of Jesus. Why should we cling to a view that is erroneous and unnatural, merely for the sake of saving a hymn or a picture representing the "star of Bethlehem?" The matter here presented may not be regarded by some as of great importance, and they may ask as to what difference it makes where the Magi found the child Jesus. Yet the integrity of the Scripture record is of greatest importance, and errors in reading the history lead to serious confusions in interpretation.

S. W. Lloyd.

Perry, N. Y.

"THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CURRENT RELIGIOUS UNREST."

In the January number of the "Arena" appears a "Rejoinder" from the pen of Dr. Chaffee, whose original article was published in July, 1898. In this reply he reviews the objections of his critics; and, inasmuch as the principal feature of at least one critique was a candid request for an explanation of the ambiguity of the original article, it is fair to presume that the rejoinder represents the best effort of the author to set forth his views, especially as to those particulars in which an explanation was asked. We may, in other words, legitimately assume that his sentences are carefully guarded and worthy of acceptance at their full meaning. We understand him to affirm the following propositions:

1. That the age of faith has passed away, or, at least, that it is merging into an "age of science and light." But, if this is accepted, it is no longer true that "the just shall live by faith," or that "without faith it is impossible to please" God. Abraham and Paul lived in an age of faith, which was also an age of "ignorance and superstition." Their faith may have been counted to them for righteousness, but this was merely because they had the disadvantage of not living in this age of "science and light" when we are enabled to walk by sight.

2. That such inspiration as guided the pens of Isaiah, or David, or Moses was vouchsafed to Zoroaster, Gautama, and Plato, and presumably may be experienced by Dr. Chaffee, or even Bilbie.

3. That the "miraculous stories about Jesus" are, like the legends of Lourdes, unreliable and absurd; and "anyone who can rationally explain both our sacred Scriptures and nature so as to reduce the miraculous element to the minimum should be regarded in a friendly way." And that this is not a perversion of Dr. Chaffee's language or a misunderstanding of his meaning will appear when we consider that this quotation is his reply to my question, "Was Christ's birth from a virgin a result of the operation of a 'natural force?' . . . Was it 'natural law' which raised him from the dead to eternal triumph and a seat at the right hand of the Father?" If Dr. Chaffee's system had permitted a more explicit reply to such important questions, surely the readiest way would have been to present it.

4. The supernatural has outlived its usefulness. "Running through both criticisms . . . is a frantic plea in behalf of the supernatural. . . . The weak point with my critics . . . is their clamor for the supernatural." Concerning the structure of the Pentateuch the statement is also made by Dr. Chaffee as follows, "If we find that Moses, or some one else, in writing the Pentateuch used material that existed in Egypt and Chaldea long before his day, we shall not on that account discredit these writings, and much less shall we exalt them into a supernatural revelation." Now we should not forget that these writings include the ten commandments, which

were written on tables of stone by the "finger of God" and enunciated from the holy mount by his audible voice, and that of these and other parts of the writings of Moses the Saviour declares, "For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." If God did speak on Sinai, was it so out of the ordinary course of nature as to be supernatural? Or, are the ten commandments to be laid aside because supernaturalism is no longer needed in "this age of science and light?"

5. Retribution is unknown to the government of God. "Such a view would forever make it unnecessary, and even impossible, for Brother Bilbie to ask, 'Is divine vengeance never just?' How anyone who has ever looked up into the bosom of infinite Love can ask such a question is more than I can understand." Now, vengeance is defined by the *Standard Dictionary*—whose rule of definition is that "the most common meaning is given first"—as "(1) The infliction of a deserved penalty . . . for the vindication of justice; retributive punishment." That such vengeance is attributed to Jehovah by Scripture cannot be successfully denied. Moses represents God as affirming, "Vengeance is mine, and recompense." Paul states the same thing: "Avenge not yourselves, beloved, . . . for it is written, Vengeance belongeth unto me; I will recompense, saith the Lord." He also speaks of "the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God; who will render to every man according to his deeds." And Christ declares, "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Many other like passages from these and the other writers and speakers of Scripture might be adduced, were it needed. Vengeance is affirmed of Jehovah, and such vengeance is just.

Now, if the above five propositions are not a misinterpretation of our author's position, it is legitimate to inquire

1. For the explanation of the efficiency unto salvation of a Gospel which is a tissue of absurdity and falsehood, if Dr. Chaffee's views are correct.

2. For the difference in results or logical conclusions from his premises and those of Ingersoll or Thomas Paine.

3. For the justification of such audacity as turns out of court the testimony of Moses, Paul, the evangelists, and Christ himself.

4. For the grounds for continuing in the Methodist ministry, while believing and uttering doctrines so contrary to her teaching.

In conclusion, if our author is an exponent of the teaching of the Gospel of evolution, or if his position is the logical outcome thereof, one may well hesitate before exchanging therefor that Gospel which has through the ages proved itself to be "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

H. G. Bilbie.

Owatonna, Minn.

THE ITINERANT'S CLUB.

IS THERE A DECLINE IN PULPIT POWER?

ONE of the prominent subjects of discussion at the present time is the assumed decline of the Christian religion. Statistics have been studied with the most patient care, and it is argued that the slow increase or actual decrease in the membership of the Church shows a decline in the confidence of mankind in Christianity. How far such a decline is temporary, as often happens in all great movements affecting mankind, or how far it indicates a general decadence of Christian faith and consequently of Christianity itself, are questions that need further discussion before a just conclusion can be reached. Assuming this decline to be real, the causes are being considered with much earnestness. It is held that modern critical methods have had much to do with it; that the weakening of the faith on the part of the people through the teachings of negative criticism has led to a neglect of the word of God, except in its literary aspects, and has thus weakened the influence of Christianity as a saving force, in the evangelical sense. Whatever may be the causes for this decline, it is safe to assume that a widespread feeling exists that such is the case, and philosophical students of Christianity are earnestly endeavoring to account for it.

Connected with the subject of the decadence of Christianity is the question as to whether the power of the pulpit has declined. This is asserted by many to be the case. If there is such a decline, there should be adequate reasons for it:

1. It is affirmed that the Gospel itself has ceased to impress men. The story of the cross has become old. It has been repeated almost two thousand years, and it is thought by many that the "old, old story" is no longer effective. These believe that, in order to impress men, there must be practically a new Gospel. But that this is not true is evident, for the facts will show as already indicated, that the largest congregations are found in Churches all over the country where the old, old story is adhered to most closely. Except in rare instances the people are not attracted by discourses on themes unconnected with the Gospel. In times of genuine revivals, as a rule, the houses of worship are crowded, prayer meetings are well attended, and all the interests of the Church advance vigorously. The story there told is the simple story of salvation, of redemption by the blood of Christ. It is difficult to find a vigorous Church movement, either in active Christian communities or in the desolate portions of the city, that is not carried forward under preaching which emphasizes the great heart facts of the Gospel, such as the incarnation, the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. A study of churches

where conversions most frequently abound will emphasize the same thought. The old, old story is not worn out, and when properly presented is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

2. Another possible explanation is that the method of the presentation of the Gospel is not as effective as that of former times. We may well pause to consider whether this may not, in a measure at least, be true. It must be conceded that with widespread intelligence public speaking has ceased to draw audiences to the extent which was the case in former times when books were not so abundant and when literature was less widely diffused. It has been claimed that there is a decadence in oratory. We are giving more attention to the substance of things than to their form, and a revival of the study of public speech is very desirable. Mere elocutionary practice, as such, is not sufficient, although it is of vast importance. The case involves the study of modes of address, expression, and argument which are best calculated to impress the people of our time. We may not return to the methods of former years, nor would it be wise to rely on the past too much as furnishing models for the present. But great attention should be given to the study of public speaking in institutions of learning, far greater, we think, than is now given to it. It often happens that one with less material, who has an effective mode of delivery, accomplishes far more good than those with more ability and less adaptation of method. How to combine substance and form, the matter of speaking and the delivery, with harmony and effectiveness is the problem of the orator and teacher of to-day. Simplicity of address should be cultivated. Men and women like directness. They will go to sleep over long periods, abstruse sentences, and high-sounding words, while a plain, straightforward statement will often be effective. To be simple in style is not to be commonplace. The richest thought has its most perfect form in language that is at once chaste and plain. It would seem that a revival of the study of public speaking, with the purpose of learning the forms which are adapted to our new era, is much needed at the present time.

3. Another possible explanation of the lack of pulpit power, if it exist, is that the preachers do not present the side of the Gospel which the present age demands. It is believed that it is the duty of our age to present the ethical side of Christianity, and that the Gospel fails to impress men because it is not sufficiently practical. There may be some truth in this, but the age when the ethical aspect of Christianity has been the sole one presented has not been the age when the Gospel has been most effective. There was fine preaching in the time of Wesley. The reading of the sermons of the eighteenth century will show that many of them are thorough expositions of the ethical side of Christianity. Dr. Briggs, in the *North American Review*, seems to claim that Christianity is advancing rather than

declining, and assigns as the evidence: "In our age greater attention is given to Christian ethics and sociology than ever before. A man who has the ethical enthusiasm of our times is inclined to criticise historical Christianity with great severity because of its failure to realize the highest ethical ideals, and especially those presented by Jesus in his teachings and example. . . . Some good men in our times are disgruntled with historical Christianity for its ethical failures, and keep aloof from the Church on that account; but these, after all, are proportionately few, and they are unreasonable, for they exaggerate the ethical phase of Christianity over against the doctrinal and vital. . . . Indeed, it is Christianity itself which is chiefly responsible for the ethical enthusiasm of the present time, and this is an evidence that Christianity is about to enter upon the last and highest stage of its development." It is evidently the thought of Dr. Briggs that a revival of ethical preaching, as distinguished from dogmatic preaching, so called, is to mark the new era upon which we are entering, for only by ethical preaching can ethical ideas be maintained in the Church. No one will question the importance of the presentation of the ethical side of Christianity. But it will be most effective when kept in vital relation to the life that is in Christ Jesus.

We cannot believe, however, that the remedy for any supposed decadence in Christianity is to be found in ethical preaching. It has already been shown that the attendance upon Christian services is greatest in those Churches where what are called the historic facts of Christianity—as the incarnation, the crucifixion, and the resurrection of Christ, in connection with his teachings—are most deeply and profoundly preached. We may again refer to the fact that the liberal Churches, so called, where the ethical form of preaching is most constant and of the highest order, have not made such advances in membership or in commanding influence as to give promise that this is the method by which Christianity is to be restored to its primitive vigor.

We cannot then believe that there is any clear evidence of a transition to a new age in which attendance upon Church services shall no longer be considered an evidence of the possession of Christianity, of which examples are cited on the continent of Europe. Nor do we think that there is any marked decline in pulpit power. It were easy to cite the names of the preachers who have swayed immense audiences in our great centers for the last quarter of a century, to show that preaching power is not dead. The Church and the ministry especially need the revival of a firm faith in the great historic facts of Christianity, a mighty baptism of power through the Holy Spirit, and a renewed purpose to bring the world to Christ, in order to exhibit to the world the old-time power of Christianity. The nineteenth century, so far as Christianity is concerned, is not closing in darkness or despair, but in light and in hope.

THE PROLOGUES OF ST. PAUL.—II. FIRST AND SECOND CORINTHIANS.

In the last issue attention was called to the remarkable prologue of Paul in his letter to the Romans, it seeming appropriate that such an elaborate prologue should accompany so profound a letter. It is probable that the prologues in the several epistles were determined by the subject-matter of the epistle, indicating the attitude which the apostle proposed to bear toward his readers. In Romans, for instance, Paul designates himself as "a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle." In First Corinthians he says of himself, "Called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ," omitting the word "servant." Further, in the former he mentions the historic fact concerning himself that he had been "separated unto the Gospel of God," while in the latter he asserts that his apostolic call was by "the will of God." These differences cannot have been the mere incidents of composition, but must have had a better reason for their existence. And what reason more natural can be assigned than that Paul was writing a formal treatise to the Romans and did not wish to express so much his apostolic authority as his relation to Christ both as apostle and servant?

A study of the epistles to the Corinthians indicates that among them Paul's apostolic authority had been impugned. This is especially shown in his second epistle. Indeed, many claimed that as he was not one of the original apostles he was no apostle at all. As he was about to give instruction on many Church questions which had been submitted to him by the church at Corinth, he deems it proper to indicate his apostolic authority. It is clear, however, that the church had a large measure of confidence in him, else they would not have sent to him for special instruction on subjects of critical interest. There had been on their part errors in conduct and faith unbecoming those who professed the Christian faith, and the apostle must speak to these inconsistent believers with the tone of authority. That he does so is found in some striking passages in the epistle. He further affirms, as we have already noted, that his call to the apostleship was by "the will of God," and therein he indicates his thankfulness to God for the great privilege of being his chosen ambassador.

In the prologue of the Epistle to the Romans, Paul associates no one with himself in his salutation. In the First Epistle to the Corinthians he joins with himself "Sosthenes, the brother," the article indicating that he was a well-known brother. Unfortunately, though he was well known to the Corinthians, he is not well known to us, and who he was must be a matter of conjecture. He is supposed by some to have been one of the seventy. By others he is thought to have been the ruler of the synagogue mentioned in Acts xviii, 17. But we are here in a region of conjecture, and must content ourselves with the thought that Sosthenes was a brother of the

Corinthians in church relations holding a position of sufficient prominence to lead Paul to associate him with himself in writing this important letter.

We may notice a further difference in the prologue, as relating to the party addressed. In Romans the apostle writes "to all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints;" in Corinthians, "unto the church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours." The language, "To all that be in Rome," has been held to indicate that at the time of writing there was no organized church at Rome, but that the letter was addressed to individual Christians or such assemblies as were gathered in private houses without formal organization. This view has been regarded as a help in ascertaining the date of the letter. The Corinthian prologue addresses the church at Corinth, which was well known; yet, the letter was not confined alone to the membership of that church, but was also intended for "all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours."

It is to be further noted that a very important section in the prologue to the Romans, namely, that which describes the Gospel and also sets forth the humanity and divinity of our Lord, is omitted in the Corinthians. This is easily explained, if we assume the purpose of the former to be a theological treatise, and of the latter to be practical advises—the former, as already indicated, demanding elaborateness of preliminary statement; the latter, the setting forth of Paul's authority over a church needing his instructions. Incidentally, we may notice the fact that the apostle affirms the custom of the age to pray to Jesus Christ when he addresses all that "call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord." Already men had learned to address their petitions to him as one of the holy Trinity.

It would be very natural to expect that, in writing a second epistle to the same church, the apostle should use language similar but less full, and such we find to be the case, the chief variation being that he associates Timothy with himself in the salutation instead of Sosthenes. He is evidently writing from a different place, and associates his own son in the Gospel. The language of this prologue is, "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, and Timothy our brother, unto the church of God which is at Corinth, with all the saints which are in all Achaia." The resemblances and differences of these two prologues to the Corinthians, as well as the greater brevity of the latter, furnish a striking confirmation of the identity of the authorship of the two epistles. The prologues to the Corinthians, as also that to the Romans, are in entire harmony with our knowledge of the personality and purpose of the writer of the letters. The prologue closes, as the one before noticed, with the usual benediction of "grace" and "peace."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

MORE PAPYRI.

While a number of archæologists are busying themselves with the remote past of the land of the Pharaohs, and by their methodical excavations and scientific classification of the objects found are helping to rewrite the story of Egypt in such a way as to disclose secrets hidden for millenniums, and are thus giving a lifelike picture of the first dynasties, others, and preeminently Grenfell and Hunt, have been devoting especial attention to the Greco-Roman period. The finds of these two English scholars at Ben Hesa, the ancient Oxyrhyncus, have been fully discussed in our pages. They have already published two volumes of these papyri, and more are still to follow. As our readers are somewhat informed concerning the contents of the first volume, whose chief attraction was the *Logia*, or sayings of our Lord, we shall not discuss this further, but shall proceed to the second volume, lately from the press.

The number of papyri discovered at Ben Hesa was very large. Many of these had suffered greatly, and were in a very bad state of preservation—so much so that it required the most patient and skillful manipulation to get the best results. Who knows the debt of gratitude we owe to the patient reader of old documents! It goes without saying that not a fragment, however small, can be passed unnoticed, but every piece must be read with the utmost care, since no one knows what wealth some of these musty scraps may contain. In deciphering documents already on hand, no less than in excavation, the unexpected often happens, and the greatest results have appeared when and where least expected.

The first thing that impresses the thoughtful reader of these two volumes is the character and varied nature of the literature dug up from the ruins of this unimportant and out-of-the-way Egyptian town—the books which were read by the people during the first centuries of the Christian era. Though the bulk of these papyri are the records of the domestic, business, and political life of the villagers, yet there is quite a liberal representation of the Greek classic authors, as well as a few fragments of the New Testament. Of the latter we find portions of St. John's gospel, as well as the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; the second of these was evidently "a schoolboy's exercise." Of the Greek authors we find fragments of Homer, Plato, Euripides, Thucydides, Aristophanes, Xenophon, Menander, and others less known. It seems strange that this little town on the Nile should have so many readers of the best Greek authors at so early a date. From the fragments found we have a right to conclude that Homer was a favorite of the people.

This is especially true of his *Iliad*, though, strange to say, the *Odyssey* is not represented among the fragments. Plato was likewise read, for portions of the *Phaedo* and *Laches* appear among these papyri. Demosthenes is represented by his masterpiece, *The Crown*. One writer has well said: "Of course the literary fragments from unknown authors, or lost works of known authors, are vastly more interesting, and of these there are a goodly series in the volume before us. We feel a pang at the heart when we learn that among them is the single title-page or label, Σώφρονος Μίμοι Γυναικεῖοι, showing how near Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt were to the recovery of that masterpiece which Plato made his study, which inspired the *Adoniazusæ* of Theocritus and the *Mimes* of Herodas. But, on the whole, we may congratulate the discoverers on their good fortune. Foremost among the novelties stands a scene from Menander's *Perikeiromene*, the play in which a girl's hair was cut off by her jealous lover. The cruel fate which stole from us all the manuscripts of this admirable playwright, and left us only isolated lines by way of compensation, seems now relenting, and in the remains of the 'Farmer' and of this 'Croppy Damsel' begins to allow the modern world some small insight into the workmanship of the master. The most likely of all future chances in Egypt is the finding of a roll of Menander."

Though the papyri of the second Oxyrhyncus volume disclose but little that is absolutely new, yet the incidental references and comments therein found reflect the state of culture of that day. This is especially true of the hundred lines or more of commentary or annotations upon passages in Book XXI of the *Iliad*. Another important fragment is a metrical treatise. The value of this is enhanced by the copious citations used by way of illustrations from authors, if not altogether unknown to us, yet from writings of annotations upon passages in Book XXI of the *Iliad*. Another important fragment is that which contains an imperfect list of the victors at the Olympian games, from olympiad 65-83. These papyri also reflect not only the official or political, but as well the domestic life of the people, demonstrating very clearly, were this necessary, that human nature was much the same in those early days on the banks of the Nile as at present on the Thames and the Hudson. Men and women, young and old, rich and poor, of the Greco-Roman period in Egypt met the problems of their day and the annoying questions of their localities much in the same spirit and temper as we do now at the close of our century. Then, as now, these papyri tell us, the schoolboy had his troubles; young lovers had their disappointments; husbands and wives had their domestic difficulties, yea, even divorce suits; business men had their losses and gains, and the capitalist his greed and his enemies. The details of a family quarrel and a divorce and the difficulties arising from a second union, found recorded in a portion of these old documents, would make good reading for some of our sensational papers. The science

of Greek palæography is perhaps the most benefited by the publication of these papyri. For, without doubt, when all the documents already discovered are edited and autotypes prepared, there will be very complete specimens of Greek writing from about "300 B. C. down to the discovery of printing accessible to the student."

Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have a mania for excavations, and, far from being satisfied with their past successes, they are still as eager as ever for more brilliant victory. A recent number of the *Athenæum* gives a short *résumé* of their work during the past four years. Here we are told that they carried on work in 1896 in an old cemetery at Umm el Atl. Owing to the fact that grave robbers way back in the ages had exploited this old graveyard, nothing of value was found. In the winter of 1898-99 they were somewhat more successful, for then they discovered a very large number of papyrus mummies; many of these were so badly damaged by damp and exposure as to preclude the best results. Last winter, however, gave them a perfect harvest. Let them tell the story in their own words: "Our luck changed in a manner which surprised all our hopes, and our new collection promises to be of even greater importance for the Ptolemaic period than our Oxyrhyncus find for the Roman and Byzantine."

What makes these last discoveries of the two great Englishmen of special interest to Americans is the fact that our country is to be most benefited by them, for the excavations are made under the supervision of Grenfell and Hunt for Mrs. Hearst; and one half of all the papyri discovered are to become the property of the University of California. The site selected was Umm el Baragât, in the southern part of the Fayoum, a little south of a village called Tutûn. Work was begun here on December 3, 1899, with a large force of experienced diggers for antiquities. Success followed the enterprise from the very first day, when a large number of papyri were unearthed. Some of them were in demotic characters, but by far the greater part in Greek. It may be added that few monuments with hieroglyphs were brought to light, owing to the fact that the objects dug up were in the immediate vicinity of a temple of the crocodile god, Sebek. Strange enough, no documents were found in the temple itself, but rather in the houses adjoining, which were probably residences for the priests and attendants.

A little south of the place just mentioned was another old cemetery which was also thoroughly explored. Indeed, fully sixty days were devoted to this old burying ground. Tombs of widely separate ages were discovered here—one of the twelfth dynasty, another of an age somewhat later, and two more of the new empire. As might be expected, scarabs, beads, and amulets of various kinds were found in these old sepulchers; so were also a large number of richly painted coffins, containing mummies rolled up in cloth cartonnage, which belonged most probably to about 250 B. C. There were other plain coffins in common wood, and still many mummies in papyrus

wrappings without any coffin of any kind; these according to the discoverers must have belonged to a later age even than those of 250 B. C. Though very many of these papyrus mummies were badly damaged, yet no less than fifty were in splendid condition.

Adjoining this cemetery a remarkable discovery was made. It was that of an extensive burying ground full of mummified crocodiles. Among the many thousands here interred some measured no less than thirteen feet, while others were tiny bits of baby crocodiles. They were all wrapped up in papyrus, some of them in more than one layer. Sometimes the mouth of a crocodile was stuffed with a papyrus roll. Most of the papyri were in Greek, though not a few contained demotic writing.

According to the laws governing excavations in Egypt, demotic papyri and other antiquities of whatever nature, except Greek papyri, are to be kept at Gizeh; the latter, however, may be divided equally between Egypt and other countries. Of the recent discoveries by Grenfell and Hunt, who are in the employment of Mrs. Hearst, we may say that the Greek papyri have been sent to Oxford for examination, and after these have been edited one half of them will be dispatched to the University of California. It will probably be many months before the public will be made acquainted with the contents of these documents, for those who discovered them will continue to excavate every winter, and then as time is afforded them will arrange and translate these latest papyri discovered.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF RESEARCH IN PALESTINE.

A LITTLE over five years ago the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis planned to establish a school somewhere in Palestine for facilitating the study of biblical archæology and research. The American Oriental Society and the Archæological Institute of America have both given the movement their approval, so that now the School of Oriental Study has become affiliated with the Archæological Institute under nearly the same regulations as the American schools at Athens and Rome, which have contributed so much to the study of classical archæology. Various universities and theological schools have evinced their confidence in the new movement by becoming responsible for at least one hundred dollars annually for the first five years. The promoters of the school have also appealed for at least one hundred thousand dollars, with which to erect suitable buildings either at Jerusalem or Beirut, or in both places, as well as to pay the salary of a trained archæologist and biblical scholar. Such a school will be a natural center for archæologists and explorers in Palestine, for no one can reasonably doubt that the land has still many a secret hidden underneath its soil whose discovery will prove of greatest benefit to the Bible student.

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A GENERAL summary of this recent gathering will not be amiss for future reference. The third general, or world, Conference on Foreign Missions, which convened in New York April 21 to May 1, 1900, was the first of such Conferences held on this side of the Atlantic, and was easily the greatest missionary assembly ever gathered in the history of the Church. More than that, it was the greatest manifestation of the aggressive forces of the Church in history. The programme, of which thirty thousand copies were printed, was itself an educational document, and will serve as a handbook of foreign missions in which every item of missionary intelligence is classified. The attendance was overwhelmingly great. Three months before the time set there was serious apprehension that the metropolis could not be roused to appreciative interest in the occasion. But when the time came the Protestant Christian forces of the city were a unit in their enthusiastic interest. Delegates poured in from all parts of the country sufficient to fill two thirds of the seats of the great hall, so that there was not room to accommodate more than half the people besides who desired admission. Other sessions besides those originally planned had therefore to be provided, not as overflow meetings, but as an extension of those in Carnegie Hall, projected on the same plane, with the same topics, and often with the same speakers to repeat the addresses delivered at the central meeting or to reread the papers just read. Yet even after these provisions other meetings had to be extemporized in various great churches, with equally popular and powerful speakers, taxing the utmost effort of the officers having to provide for these occasions.

This enthusiastic interest came as an overwhelming surprise to the projectors of the Conference. Evidently none had measured the depth and the reach of the hold that foreign missions have obtained on the country at large. It became evident that there is a latent interest in the churches in this direction which the most sanguine had not apprehended. The projectors of the last Conference—that at London in 1888—had a comparatively easy task in contrast with the responsibility of the managers of the New York gathering. The London projectors had thirty millions of people within easy reach of Exeter Hall, but the New York audiences represented the wide territory extending from Boston to San Francisco and New Orleans. They were also from every theological branch of the Protestant Church, and seemed as one man in their earnest purpose to learn concerning the forward movement of Christendom.

The present status of foreign missionary work was a reason why great interest should attach to the gathering. Within the twelve years since the last Conference had occurred the phenomenal development of the specific woman's societies and the Student Volunteer movement. Within this period changed political conditions throughout the heathen world had also put on the Churches new responsibilities. The masterly statistical summaries of Dr. Dennis showed, so far as figures may show, what the evangelistic force at home and abroad was which was represented in the assembly. Exclusive of societies engaged in the conduct of missions on the Continent of Europe, it was pointed out that there are in non-Christian countries no less than 449 organizations directly and indirectly conducting mission work. To these must be added the women's auxiliary societies, 88 in number, making 537 in all, with an annual income of nearly $20,000,000. The foreign missionary force is 15,460. This includes 5,063 ordained missionaries; 702 physicians, of whom 484 are men; 1,470 lay missionaries, not physicians; 3,567 married women, not physicians; and 3,403 unmarried women, not physicians. The total native force is 77,338, of whom 4,053 are ordained. The total number of principal stations is 5,571, and of other stations 26,247. There are 11,039 organized churches, with a membership of 1,317,684. There are 15,032 Sunday schools, with an enrollment of 771,928 members. The total native contributions toward Christian extension, chiefly, of course, in their home fields, was recently $1,841,757, and the entire native community is 4,414,236. The women societies are 120 in number with an income of $2,500,117, employing 2,251 missionaries and 4,804 native helpers in 1,532 stations. The literary department shows 421 Bible translations, of which 148 are in Asiatic languages, 115 African, 60 European, 56 Australasian, 35 North American, and 7 South American.

The delegates to the Conference, numbering 1,500, came from all parts of the earth, 48 countries being represented. In addition to this there were 600 missionaries, and these especially made a singularly favorable impression by their ability, their modesty, and their spirit of devotion. In all 75 meetings were held, and 115 boards and societies were represented. It was estimated that the total attendance on the meetings must have reached 170,000, while the visitors at the missionary exhibit were more than 50,000. The Rev. Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, Broadway, New York, has said that so deep was the hold the Conference had upon the people of New York that it "shook them out of their provincialism."

That, however, it had defects may be easily understood. There was necessarily almost no debate upon topics or papers in the vast auditorium. It could not be planned for that. Delegates who had had experience and could advance arguments suitable for a deliberate assembly in many cases would not have had the voice-power necessary to be heard in so vast an assembly. The Conference was there-

fore rather a series of mass meetings, valuable discussions being only possible in the smaller meetings of experts and being comparatively few in number.

That the whole movement made a profound impression on the country and has given a forward impulse to the cause of world-evangelism is conceded, and will be more manifest hereafter. Missionaries must have been greatly encouraged to find themselves as a body so greatly appreciated. Home boards discovered themselves in closer touch than ever before, and Churches were convinced that there was a possible solidarity of action not hitherto developed. The native Christians of the several non-Christian lands must come to recognize the unity of Protestant Christendom, and get broader views of the great evangelical operations over the world. Leaders of other religions will be obliged to recognize that they have to do with forces stirred by profound convictions, and must be impressed that Protestant political powers will protect European and American missionary interests. The presence and utterances of distinguished statesmen at the Conference, though unofficial, must have a far-reaching diplomatic influence on such potentates as the sultan of Turkey. The "white man's burden" will be more and more identified with the world's evangelism.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

Few persons now have the disposition to prophesy about the future of missionary work in China. Each day brings new phases of the problem, and the wisest can speak with as little assurance as those having lesser acquaintance with the facts. Prudent folk are only busy in the effort to obtain information as to the actual status of affairs, where all alike are bewildered, staggered, and ill-informed. That the ultimate result will be the larger advance of Western civilization and of Christianity, experience justifies us to believe. Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, of the North China American Board Mission, has expressed the faith of Christendom in saying, "There is a divine Ruler who presides over the ends of confusion, as surely as over the ends of order." He declares: "The day of great change has fully come to China, and under the guidance of Christian men the change, in its total results, will mean progress. Though sore in heart, I never had a stronger hope for China than now. This struggle is the effort of old China to shut out the new China, but it will be in vain."

The present disturbances, though precipitated with a magnitude that the European powers were unprepared to meet, cannot be said to have been unanticipated. Many of the most prominent of the China missionaries have for three years given the fullest assurance that a great convulsion was at hand. Conspicuous among these utterances are those of Dr. William Ashmore, of Swatow. Alluding to the wars of 1842, 1857, and 1895, he said at the Ecumenical Con-

ference, "These exposed the inherent weakness of the whole Chinese administration, not only to the outside world, but to the Chinese themselves." The nation thus found out how weak its rulers were. The speaker declared that the exposure of the existing rottenness, from the court of Pekin down to the lowest *Yamen* in the smallest city of the empire, changed the reverence of the nation for its rulers to contempt. He also spoke like a prophet of old when he said: "The soil is already prepared for insurrections and for rebellions. Feebleness and incapacity are so conspicuous that hope and confidence are paralyzed. Without orders, without leadership, without a definite policy, without unity of purpose, . . . the whole Chinese mind is bewildered, and the whole Chinese attitude is like that of a flock of sheep upon which a pack of wolves are deterred from rushing only through fear of bites from each other."

All this does not mean that the Chinese people are not stable, and have not virile qualities. Their industrial morality is high. The individual Chinaman is not suffering from decrepitude. "He is," said Dr. Ashmore, "an emigrant of ubiquitous adaptation, he is a business man, he is a mechanic, he is a trader, he is a sailor, he is a diplomat, and by and by he will be a soldier. Then let the world look out. His most wonderful characteristic is his capability of being built into a new structure, when his predilection happens to be that way." But his body politic, his judicial systems, his financial systems, his educational systems, his ancient usages all must needs be reformed, and that cannot be from within. "Reformation after ordinary precedents is impossible. . . . It is possible that dowager empress and dynasty may go down together. If so it should be decreed, the earth will shake at the sound of the fall and the Lord above shall be exalted in that day. . . . Let not the nations of Europe be blinded. The dynasty may go, and may go out like the flame of a candle, but the Chinese people are not dead, and theirs is not an emasculated manhood. . . . It may seem a visionary thing to say, but say it I do: There may be a representative government in China quite as soon as there will be one in Russia; the Chinese coolie may be a voter before the Russian serf; the Chinese uplift of the coming fifty years will exceed the Russian uplift of the past hundred years. . . . Drawbacks and checks there will be, but allowing for them all, after taking into account the nature of the Chinese people, once emancipated from their slavish allegiance to their literary class, considering that they have no India caste to keep them back, and counting as we do on the mighty power of God to be provident in the last days, we are safe in assuming that there will be such ingatherings as the world has never seen. It takes only a small minority of a population, provided that minority is assertive, to create ascendency in religous matters. Of course, it is our firm conviction that the coming century will witness the fall of heathenism in China and the dominance of the Christian faith."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK.

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

Theodore Walker. There can be no doubt that there is renewed activity on the part of the conservatives in Germany with reference to questions of Old Testament criticism. This is indicated by the large number of works which are designed to check or overthrow the more recent positions of the critical school. For example, a work has recently been issued by Wilhelm Möller which brings together the leading arguments of the opponents of the Graf-Willhausen theory. Whether or not these works will suffice to turn the tide of critical opinion, certain it is they will in some measure stay it. The particular significance of Theodore Walker, just at the present time, is that he discusses not so much the conclusions of the critics as the final court of appeal. In 1897 Meinhold gave a vacation course at Bonn in which he attempted to show that Jesus handled the Old Testament in such a way as to indicate that it was not, in his judgment, trustworthy. Walker takes exception to this. His views are published in a work entitled *Jesus und das Alte Testament in ihrer gegenseitigen Bezeugung* (The Testimony of Jesus and the Old Testament to Each Other), Gütersloh, C. Bertelsmann, 1898. According to him, Jesus did not subject the contents of the Old Testament to criticism, either as to its history, its law, or its prophecy, but recognized them as true and divine. He accepted the records concerning Abraham and the patriarchs generally, and concerning Jonah and Daniel, as historically correct. We think there can be no doubt that Walker has here taken the most natural position, and it is a peculiar fact that the more radical the critic the more likely he is to insist upon Walker's very opinion at this point. But Walker and the more radical critics part company when the question of the authority of Jesus is reached. He insists on that authority in every respect, so far as the contents of the Old Testament are concerned; they would limit his authority to the realm of the religious, including the moral. It is very sure that, if we are bound to accept Walker's views concerning the authority of Jesus, we cannot hold that he meant by his utterances to sanction the contents of the Old Testament—that is, we cannot so do without the greatest danger to the propaganda of Christianity among the more intelligent classes. For if, in order to be true followers of Christ, it is necessary to accept all his opinions relative to matters of science, and if in the ascertainment of those opinions we go on the theory that he believed all that his words implied, we shall be obliged as Christians to abjure our most firmly established views of science, for example, the Copernican

theory. This even Walker would not do. There are those who profess to think that to hold that Jesus knew the facts to be different from what his words implied is to attribute to him dishonesty. Rather does it appear to us that to take that position is to attribute to him good common sense.

G. Wildeboer. The Dutch have few scholars who so thoroughly represent the critical school and who at the same time so completely preserve their sanity. This has been illustrated in Wildeboer's previous writings, and once more is it clear from his *Jahredienst und Volksreligion in ihrem gegenseitigen Verhaltnis* (The Worship of Jahweh and the Popular Religion in their Mutual Relations), Freiburg i. B., J. C. B. Mohr, 1899. Wildeboer begins with the eighth century B. C., because there the writings of the prophets furnish a fixed point of departure. At that time there was a bitter struggle between the prophets and the people, whose Jahweh worship the former regarded as idolatry. Still, the prophets also believed in Jahweh as Israel's God and in Israel as the people of Jahweh. He thinks that the Old Testament affords us the following conception of the origin of Jahweh worship in Israel: From among the Israelitish tribes that remained on the peninsula of Sinai Moses went to the tribes that dwelt in Goshen as their deliverer and as the herald of a simpler and purer form of Jahweh worship which had developed among the Kenites. That, prior to Moses, the progenitors of the Israelitish people had a pure and lofty conception of God in nowise destroys the religious significance of Moses. God vouchsafed him a loftier revelation than had been granted to his predecessors, as may be seen in Moses's doctrine of the perfect justice and inapproachable holiness of God. This Mosaic religion had a hard fight before it overcame and supplanted the religion of the people, which, though not ancestor worship nor totemism, was polydemonism, instead of polytheism or monotheism. But the relation between the religion of Jahweh and the religion of the people was not wholly one of strife. The former unconsciously borrowed much from the latter, penetrated it with its own spirit, and allowed it to pass as Mosaic. For example, the provisions relative to sacrifices and feasts, and even the hope of immortality and the belief in the resurrection of the dead. According to this, the religion of Jahweh was not wholly a development. It was this in part, but it was also founded. The doctrine of evolution, according to Wildeboer, is not sufficient to explain the progress of religion in Israel, nor, indeed, in general, since it cannot do justice to the influence of personalities in a domain where personality has such vast importance as in religion. On the other hand, Wildeboer believes that there was development up to the time of the second Isaiah, who more clearly than any before him caught and expressed the idea of Jahweh as the One in the absolute

sense. This seems to do justice to those who have denied the supreme place to evolution in the origin of the religion of Israel, without its complete abandonment.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Der Prolog des heiligen Johannes, eine Apologie in Antithesen (The Prologue of the Gospel according to John, an Apology in Antitheses). By Karl Weiss. Freiburg i. B., Herder, 1899. This is the second recent work which undertakes to show that the prologue of the Gospel of John is an apologetic-polemical piece of writing. The difference between this book and those that have preceded it lies chiefly in the fact that it holds the Gospel of John to be a universal polemic against all the enemies of Christianity of the time, while the majority, but particularly Baldensperger, hold that the polemic is chiefly against the disciples of John the Baptist. For example, the words "In the beginning" were directed against those who were inclined to deny the temporal preexistence of Christ, while the close relationship to God indicated in verses 1 and 2 were designed to combat those who, in accordance with philosophy or theosophy, regarded the Logos as an abstraction, a world-idea, or as a being somewhere between God and man, but not as God. In short, Weiss claims that St. John, whom he regards as the author of the gospel, endeavored to destroy the doctrines of the disciples of John the Baptist, Judaism, and the Alexandrian and Greek philosophies. According to him, the prologue extends only to verse 14, which brings to an end the purpose of the prologue, namely, to consider the Logos only as unincarnated. The theme or thesis of the prologue is, The Logos is the highest principle of all being in the pre-Christian age. Weiss is of the opinion that St. John chose the word "Logos" because the four principal systems which he attacked had a Logos idea, in the place of which he wished to establish the true Logos. This may, perhaps, throw some light on the question why a purely philosophical idea, which has no mention elsewhere, was introduced by John. In considering the merits of Weiss's theory of the prologue it must be confessed that its comprehensiveness aids us in explaining some of its contents better than a narrower one does. Still, it must not be overlooked that, in order to maintain it, he is obliged to disconnect verses 15,ff., from the prologue, whereas they are apparently written in the spirit of verses 1-14. Much more suitable would it be to make the prologue end with verse 5. For verse 6 introduces John the Baptist, not merely, as Weiss seems to think, in order to gain him as a witness for Christ, but to show that he was inferior to the Logos. The discussion of verses 6-8 is taken up again in verse 15, and again in verse 19, and, if verse 6 belongs to the prologue, verses 15 and 19 do also. Besides, the contrast between John and the Logos, and

John's testimony to Jesus and his denial of Messiahship to himself, suggests that the prominence thus given to John arose from a consciousness that from John's disciples came the chief danger to the spread of Christianity.

Die Bekehrung Johannes Calvins (The Conversion of John Calvin). By A. Lang. Leipzig, A. Deichert Naclif, 1897. Students of the history of the Church are familiar with the fact that Calvin affords us but little light as to the manner or time of his conversion. Hence Lang's book will be a welcome contribution to our knowledge. By Calvin's conversion is not here meant chiefly the inner spiritual change which took place in his heart, but rather the influences which led him to reject the Roman Catholic, and adopt the Protestant, system of faith. One of the principal questions which Lang discusses is the relation of Luther to Calvin's conversion. He believes that Calvin wrote, as he is almost universally believed to have written, the celebrated address of Rector Cop for All Saints' Day, 1533. It so happens that Luther preached on All Saints' Day, 1522, a sermon which has many passages in common with that of Rector Cop. If, now, the writing of that address was the turning point in Calvin's religious beliefs, the dependence upon Luther for that important result is established. It cannot be supposed that the writing of that address was the occasion of Calvin's conversion, unless we think of him as undergoing the change as a result of his studies in connection with his task. But it seems that, even so, his conversion was not complete, for he appended to the address an *Ave Maria*, and held his benefice at Noyon until May, 1534, six months or more after the writing of the address. Weiss finds, in addition to the dependence upon Luther, a dependence also upon Erasmus in the address; but he also finds there portions which are the original work of Calvin. He concludes that the religious experience which made Calvin a reformer was quite similar to that which made Luther a reformer before him. Only, he thinks, the conversion of Calvin took place much more suddenly than that of Luther, in accordance with the character of the French people and of Calvin himself, but also because at that time (1533) there were advisers who were able to give Calvin the necessary counsel which was so slowly and painfully obtained by Luther. In other words, Lang holds that Calvin and his system are to be explained only as a result of the religious and dogmatic development of all previous Protestantism. Doubtless the doctrinal agitation and religious movements of the time influenced the mind of Calvin, and in this sense Lang is correct. But the Calvin known to history, the Calvin of Geneva, was not yet produced when he wrote the celebrated address. All the facts point not to a very sudden, but rather to a gradual, change from the strict Romanist views of Calvin to those strictly Protestant opinions which we find him enforcing upon the intractable Genevans.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The German Doctrine of the Resurrection of Jesus. The controversy which raged so fiercely over the Apostles' Creed has about ceased ; but in its place comes another equally violent in reference to the resurrection of our Lord. The whole trouble arose because Pastor Weingart in some sermons, in 1898, relative to the resurrection and ascension of Christ declared that what the disciples of Jesus saw was not his literal body of flesh and blood, but a vision of him wrought by divine power, which convinced them that he was alive forevermore and that they had seen him. For this Weingart has been brought to trial and suspended from the ministry, though the State continues to pay him his salary. Judged by the Lutheran standards, there can be no doubt that Weingart is unorthodox on that point. However, he has with him in his belief thousands of others, and even orthodox Lutherans who do not share his belief have in several instances held that it is tolerable, as, for example, Bernhard Weiss and Steude. It may be said that not for holding that view, but for the folly of preaching it, he ought to be suspended, and with this we would ordinarily agree. But in his case it was expected by his congregation that he would preach this doctrine, because they held it. Hence it seems strange to suspend a man for preaching what is held by a congregation which is still in good standing. But the strangest feature of the case is the fact that Dr. Düsterdieck, one of those who participated in the judicial condemnation of Weingart, himself goes so far as to assert that the account of the fall of man is a legend, that there are doctrinal errors in the Scriptures, and that even Christ was not free from such errors. In this instance, however, we find merely what is frequent, that those who most strongly condemn heresy in others are themselves heretics.

Protestantism in France in 1899. There are many denominations of Protestants in France, and there is, on the part of large numbers, a strong desire for union. The second Fraternal Conference, having in view a union, accomplished comparatively little of a direct kind. The proposition to form a commission composed of equal numbers of the adherents of the various dogmatic tendencies for the purpose of conducting a common warfare, offensive and defensive, against the common enemies of alcoholism, immorality, Jesuitism, and atheism met with favor. But any and every project looking toward a union of the positive and negative theological tendencies, such as would give each dogmatic position equal rights, was met by strong opposition from the conservatives. This result is all the more to be deplored because the opportunity is just now exceedingly favorable for Protestantism, were its adherents in a position to act unitedly, and because ultramontane opposition to the Protestants is at present particularly active and virulent. However, there are some branches of Protestantism which agree in some points. The Metho-

dists and the Free Church agree essentially on the conditions of receiving members into the Church, and at their latest authoritative assemblies agreed to work together more harmoniously in some particulars. Then the Association of Liberal Pastors at a recent meeting took action in favor of granting to women the same rights as men in the Church, while the Free Church took practically the same position. Perhaps it is too much to expect conservatives and radicals to unite voluntarily in such a way as to ignore their differences. These are too fundamental. The divergence is to be deplored, but so far as their convictions are conscientious they are to be respected more for staying apart than they would if they came together.

The Growth of Old Catholicism in German Austria. The "Away from Rome" movement adds members both to the Protestant and to the Old Catholic Churches. In the cities and among the middle classes the tendency is rather toward Protestantism than toward Old Catholicism; but among the peasants the tendency is the reverse. Indeed, among these there are many who, though discontented with Romanism, remain with that Church rather than become Protestants. This is because they find the Protestant form of service too cold and intellectual. They prefer the more spectacular and emotional services of the Roman Catholics or the Old Catholics. Unfortunately, the Old Catholics lack the means requisite for reaping the advantages of this preference. The civil authorities enact repressive measures far more frequently against Old Catholics than against Protestants. Besides, it is alleged that the Protestants do not give the Old Catholics the aid against the common enemy that would naturally be expected. If this last allegation is true, it seems as though the Protestants of that region must be very short-sighted.

Methodist Leaven in Germany. More and more the work of evangelization, essentially in our American sense of the word, is taking hold of the German Church. The enemies of the movement call it Crypto methodism; one of its friends calls it the new Lutheran Counter-reformation. The Methodist doctrines which are so offensive are three, and pertain to baptism, conversion, and sanctification. The Lutherans do not take to the Methodistic denial of regeneration by baptism. To this it is replied by the Methodistically inclined Lutherans that, with the exception of the Formula of Concord, the Luthern Confessions of Faith do not teach the regeneration of infants in baptism. As to conversion, the friends of the evangelization movement affirm that the Methodist methods can be rejected only where a more sober method of preaching conversion shall be employed with appropriate earnestness. As to sanctification, it is declared that if Methodism has carried the doctrines to extremes, it has been neglected in the Lutheran Church.

SUMMARY OF THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

In the *Critical Review* (London) for July, Principal Salmond examines *A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation*, by Andrew Lang, and seems surprised that Mr. Lang, the man of quips and cranks, smart sayings, sly hits and biting sarcasm, clever paradoxes and fine fancies, should be found attempting sober history and writing it in a staid and sober spirit, with occasional flashes of his usual brilliant whimsicalities. Dr. Salmond says, "It is prodigious," and Mr. Lang plays his present rôle ably and worthily, writing so that you *must* read him, even his much-relished occasional fling at what he calls "the unhistorical spirit of triumphant Protestantism." Principal Salmond says that the interest of the book deepens when we come to Wallace, the wars of Bruce, and the reaction. It gives a grateful and generous estimate of Wallace, as follows: "Wallace died as Archibald Cameron was to die in 1753, untried, by the same brutal method, and for the same crime. Like the limbs of Montrose, the limbs of Wallace were scattered 'to every airt.' The birds had hardly pyked the bones bare before Scotland was again in arms, which she did not lay down till the task of Wallace was accomplished. We know little of the man, the strenuous, indomitable hero. He arises at his hour like Jeanne d'Arc; like her he wins a great victory; like her he receives a sword from a saint; like hers his limbs were scattered by the English; like her he awakens a people; he falls into obscurity; he is betrayed and slain. The rest is mainly legend. He seems ruthless and strong, like some avenging Judge of Israel; not gentle and winning like the Maid, but he shares her immortality. For the scattered members, long ago irrecoverable, of the hero no stately grave has been built, as for the relics of the great Marquis of Montrose. But the whole of a country's soil, as Pericles said, is her brave men's common sepulcher. Wallace has left his name on crag and camp—

> 'Like a wild flower,
> All over his dear country.'"

The reviewer says the history shows Mr. Lang to be strong in his likings and in his hates. "His favorite aversions are the Douglas family and John Knox. One of his favorite predilections is the old Scotch clergy, the matchless pre-Reformation Church." "The clergy," says Lang, "saved Scotland's freedom. They later preached for it, died for it on the gibbet, and imperiled for it their immortal souls by frequent and desperate perjuries." Dr. Salmond closes by wondering if Andrew Lang will next give us a volume of sermons. Among the notices of recent books mention is made of the second

volume of F. J. Snell's *Wesley and Methodism*, of which it is said that the interest of its story never flags; that the account given of the beginnings of Methodism hardly goes to the root of the matter, since deeper experiences and larger forces were at work than Mr. Snell perceives; that his insight into Wesley's doctrinal attitude and teaching is inadequate; that justice is done to the nobler elements of Wesley's character; and that the estimate of what he and Methodism did for England is well put. Some statements are that "Methodism arrested national decay and infused new life into Christianity;" that "it is every way probable that the influence of that high Tory, John Wesley, over the masses did much to prevent an English analogue of the French Revolution by absorbing into the ranks of Methodism those who would naturally have been its leaders;" that "the emancipation of the slaves, and, after that, other emancipations, were the reflection and the fruit of that inward emancipation of which Wesley was the preacher;" and that "the Evangelical Movement and the Oxford Movement in the Church of England were both founded on the principle that religion was something other, something higher, than an aspect of civil life. This principle, which in the eighteenth century had been fairly lost, Wesley and his companions were bold enough to reassert." There are also reviews of Professor Royce's Gifford Lectures, *The World and the Individual*, and Canon Gore's *The Scientific Basis of Morality*.

THE highly successful measure which has been in operation at Minneapolis since 1884 for the restriction of the saloon is described by Captain Judson N. Cross in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* (Oberlin, O.) for July, under the title, "Limiting Saloon Territory: the Minneapolis Plan." The principle of operation—which consists in restricting places for the sale of intoxicating liquors within certain prescribed limits of police patrol—is declared by the writer to have been "no accident, but an evolution, directed, as other social reforms are brought about, by a law of, or by, a power above peoples, councils, officers, courts, and legislatures; for certainly those directly instrumental in its establishment built better than they knew." The results, in other words, have universally popularized the plan. "The patrol limit has greatly decreased the saloons, drinking, and drunkards; cut off many hundreds of recruiting stations for voters to uphold any wide-open saloon policy; broken the saloon political power in a great measure; freed the home districts from saloon disorders, where but few policemen are required, leaving the great majority of the police force to patrol the saloon district. . . . Time and test have crystallized so powerful a public sentiment and determination to maintain inviolate not only the patrol-limit principle, but the present status, that no man of any party in the State, running for United States Senate, Congress, State or municipal office would consent to have in his platform a plank demanding the elimination of the pa-

trol limits or the principle by which they were established." St. Paul has already adopted this "patrol-limit system," while Duluth will demand it when saloon encroachment makes it necessary; and when the measure has spread to other great cities of the land a long step would seem to have been taken toward the ideal of which reformers dream. The other articles of the quarterly are: "Oberlin's Contribution to Ethics," by Professor W. E. C. Wright, D.D.; "The Period of Doubt among the Friends of Jesus—A Study in the Life of Jesus," by Professor E. I. Bosworth; "President Finney and an Oberlin Theology," by Professor A. T. Swing; "The Economic Interpretation of the Fall of Man," by Professor T. N. Carver; "The Ideals of Christian Education—The Argument for the Christian College," by President J. H. Barrows, D.D.; "The Present Status of the Biblical Theology of the Old Testament," by Professor G. S. Burroughs, LL.D.; "The Catholic Counter-Reformation in Bohemia," by Professor L. F. Miskovsky; "Religion as a Personal Relation," by Professor H. C. King, D.D.; "The Lesson of the New Hymnals," by Professor Edward Dickinson; and "The Making of a Great Preacher—Bossuet," by Professor A. H. Currier, D.D. The last article is particularly engaging. Bossuet "was the leader of the Church of France in his time—more potent in its affairs than the pope himself. To the end of his life he continued to be a student and a learner, taking up the study of Hebrew in his later years and achieving a laudable scholarship in it, that he might be a better interpreter of the Bible. His vigor and vitality seemed to be unfailing; so that when, at length, he died men were astonished, it is said, at 'this mortal's mortality.'" Important editorial notes also help to make this issue particularly strong.

By the free consent of Bishop J. C. Granbery, D.D., the fifth of the Cole Lectures for 1900, delivered by himself, on "Conflict and Growth," is published in the *Methodist Review* of the Church South (Nashville, Tenn.) for July. The life of the believer, he declares, is changeful, and "the two great laws of change are conflict and growth." As to the warfare that the Christian fights, "his enemies are a trio—the world, the flesh, and the devil." His growth is to be in knowledge, self-mastery, purity and loftiness of motive, and heavenly hope. Though he has not passed beyond the reach of temptation, yet the prayer of Paul for the Ephesians furnishes "an admirable statement of the altitudes of Christian experience" where he may abide. "I do not claim the completeness of this gracious state," the bishop writes, "for the majority of even sincere Christians. . . . Yet it is much that they set before them such a life and strive to live it, and that they realize their aim in a greater or less degree. Moreover, there are saintly men and women, strong and steadfast in faith, harmless and blameless in behavior, zealous and tireless in good works, victorious over all seductions to evil, un-

spotted from the world, adorned with all the graces of the Spirit, fervent in devotion, and full of peace, joy, and hope in Christ. . . . They are the salt of the earth and the fittest souls for heaven. These jewels of the Church are not rare." The seven articles which follow are: "A Legal View of the Evidence of the Resurrection," by W. G. M. Thomas; "William Cowper (1731-1800)," by Rev. R. T. Kerlin; "Ecclesiastical Latin Poetry," by Professor E. W. Bowen, Ph.D.; "Gladstone's Categories of Religious Thought," by J. W. Hinton, D.D.; "Through Nature to God—A Critique," by C. T. Carroll, D.D.; "A Captain of the Book Industry," by D. W. Clark—his paper being a charming sketch of the life of H. O. Houghton; and "The Issues of the History of Dogma," a review by the Editor, Dr. J. J. Tigert. The closing article, by Rev. J. E. Wray, is entitled "Another View of Thomas Carlyle," and glows with the characteristic sayings of the famous philosopher. A few of his caustic judgments upon individuals may be quoted as follows: "Byron's verse was 'the screaming of a meat jack;' J. S. Mill was 'a logic-chopping machine;' Leigh Hunt, 'rose-water imbecility;' Bulwer Lytton, 'the dreariest phantom I have yet struck up with;' Douglas Jerrold, 'the last of the London wits, I hope the last;' Gladstone, 'talk copious, . . . but all gone irrevocably into House of Commons shape. . . . Man once of some wisdom or possibility of it, but now possessed by the prince, or many princes, of the air;' Disraeli, 'dizzy;' Keble, 'an ape;' Keats, 'a chosen vessel of hell;' Landor, 'gigantesque;' O'Connell, 'chief quack of the world, . . . first time I heard the lying scoundrel speak, . . . Demosthenes of blarney, . . . the big beggar man with £15,000 a year;' Louis Bonaparte, 'He has not been shot hitherto; that is the best that can be said.'" The closing statements of the writer regarding Carlyle include a still further mention of his quips and fancies: "He regarded the churchmen of his time as narrow pedants or conceited bigots. He said Dean Stanley was 'boring holes in the bottom of the Church of England;' Cardinal Newman had 'no more brains than an ordinary-sized rabbit.' He disliked Strauss, and spoke of Renan's *Vie de Jesus* with loathing. Colenso he hated. . . . Darwin's theory he styled 'a gorilla damnification of humanity;' atheism, 'the ghostliest of algebraic spectralities.' 'Yesterday came a pamphlet on the advent of atheism. It was like the shout of a hyena on finding that the whole universe was actually carrion.'" Of Carlyle's rank the author says, "He exerted a wider influence on British literature, and through that literature on the ethical, religious, and political beliefs of his time, than any other man of the nineteenth century."

The Christian Student (New York), issued quarterly by the Board of Education, is a most timely publication. Important papers on educational needs and methods, with late statistics and much more of a kindred nature, show the high aims of Dr. McDowell in his department, and entitle the quarterly to general attention.

BOOK NOTICES.

Personal Religious Life in the Ministry. By Bishop F. D. HUNTINGTON, S.T.D., LL.D., L.H.D. 12mo, pp. 212. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

For fifty years this man has been speaking learnedly and influentially to his own and other generations. Three of these addresses to young ministers have been printed before, but are worthy of reprinting. The Protestant Episcopal Church in our day has had few greater minds or nobler spirits than Bishop Huntington, whose words are always wise, spiritual, and weighty. The subjects here presented are, "Singleness of Heart," "Spiritual Sensibility," "Self-Sacrifice," "The Ministry of the Church a Ministry from on High," "Thorough Service," and "Spiritual Helps and Failures in Keeping the Royal Law;" the last two being addresses to ministering women in the Church. It were well if this small book were laid on the study table of every young minister, and if its lessons were absorbed and its spirit imbibed by him. On one of the first pages is this conception of the men of the ministry: "They live primarily and work distinctively in the kingdom of God's grace. It is their home, their intrusted estate, their field of husbandry, their banqueting house, wide and satisfying. They do a gracious service. They breathe a holy air. They handle consecrated things. They rise up every morning to sacred labors, and lie down every night under an almost audible benediction. They draw 'all their cares and studies this way.' . . . The ministry is the voice, the ambassadorship, the visible agency of the Lord from heaven, a quickening spirit. Heaven is peculiarly with the men of the ministry, and it is their privilege, incomparable and unspeakable, to work directly from its inspiration and by its power." The good bishop says that the Church wants ministers who have renounced self—self in the three forms of self-indulgence, self-will, and self-promotion; and it wants no others, for no others can rouse people from spiritual deadness in materialism, indifference, frivolity, and carnal luxury. And if men cannot come into the ministry with that self-forgetful mind they are forbidden to come at all. What strikes Bishop Huntington as a prime fault in the religious community is "a certain *thinness* of Christian character." He speaks of the infection of worldliness and the appalling risks to ministerial purity; and, seeing how the great Seducer tempts men to make the ministry into a trade and sell their souls for some disguised piece of the world's merchandise, he wonders that "scores of young men go skipping into ministerial orders with a kind of gay alacrity, as sanguine as if there lay no fearful nest of deadly snares before their feet, as if no fierce and cruel hands of principalities and powers, of the rulers of the darkness of this

world, moving in the shadows, were feeling after them to find them out, and to throttle all honor and fealty and simplicity in them if they can. Here is the first alarming condition besetting a clergyman's conscience. It is the world inside the Church using the secular element of its organization to secularize him, by its bribes and prizes, its official honors and personal reputations, its patronage and applause." He speaks of clergymen who "live in a shambling compromise between the principles of the kingdom which they are sworn to defend and the pretensions or fashions of the world which that kingdom was sent down from heaven to condemn and overthrow. . . . In like circumstances, they would figure along with Cardinal Wolsey or Paul of Samosata, who were but types of many country or city preachers; bending the knees of their hearts to Mammon, waiting on wealth, afraid of politicians, eager for showy success, rendering unto God only a portion of his clear claim, and unto this modern Cæsar or his courtiers a great deal that is not Cæsar's at all." He deplores the degrading effect of such servility and duplicity on the inner man, and says to the young ministers, "I adjure you to look at it through no mist, and to gird up the loins of your minds to withstand it. Could some purging breath of the Spirit blow away from those who are entering the ministry all ambition for place and power and display; could they be trained to an unquestioning faith that the Church stands in its own right, is independent of the world around it and only seeks the world's salvation; could they verily believe that neither numbers nor revenues have anything whatever to do with her honor and prosperity, and that her officers have everything they need in having their Master's favor, then how soon bishops, elders, and deacons would stand forth in every land content, serene, reverenced, and trusted, beyond the reach of vexation, beyond the fear of failure!" He tells of the bold fidelity of John Chrysostom, who, when king and queen and crowds in the street were most ready to flatter him, arraigned them with the keenest condemnation of their sins; upon which Bishop Huntington adds: "Satan had not then debauched the manliness of Christian parishes into the cowardice of dismissing a pastor for denouncing open iniquity. This apostolic rebuker was finally banished from Constantinople and went into the deserts to die. But it was not the common people that rejected him; their generous instincts clung to him to the last; it was Eudoxia and the Court. Once when the whole city seemed swept away by a contagion of sensuality he said to the people, 'Whatever you may do, I know what I have to do. I am responsible for every soul among you, and, whether you shut your eyes or become enraged, I shall so act that I may be pure from the blood of all men and be able to stand without fear before the judgment seat of God.' Fourteen hundred years later, in this country where the populace is king, we shall be but ill-furnished successors to this exiled John, or to that earlier John by the Jordan to whom he so often looked back as his pattern in boldly rebuking

vice, if we are not prepared to find a court, a Eudoxia, or a Herodias, in a self-willed, self-indulgent, and capricious community. What we are to pray for is that we may hold fast singleness of heart, faithfulness in reproof, and sweetness of spirit together." Warning is given against secular perversions and duplicities, "a perturbed and soiled current of selfish ambitions and appetites running along the course of our consecrated calling." This bishop, after long and wide observation, writes: "By far the greater portion of the actual and solid work of the Gospel and Kingdom of Christ has been done by men of moderate parts. . . . Of the examples of great religious prosperity in parishes that I can recall, nearly all have been produced by clergymen of average ability, but always by those who in a faithful stewardship made the best possible use of what talents they had, and who united common sense, patience, and cheerfulness with hard labor." Often the preacher "is mortified that the discourse which he took to church with confidence or hope turned out weak, confused, or unreal, and in his disgust he would be glad never to preach again. But the mood changes, and he gathers courage to struggle once more after that ideal sermon which always is to be, but never is." Again he writes: "A keen conviction of personal unworthiness has appeared as a permanent element in the spiritual frame of all memorable ministers whose interior life has in any way been opened to the world. In a very large proportion of cases that conviction has been attended by a deep feeling of incompetency to the high calling. This would seem to be just as common with the most distinguished as with the most obscure. Success, celebrity, admiration have apparently nothing to do with it. What could more impressively elevate the office of a Christian teacher than this solemn undertone of self-dissatisfaction, sounding along through the whole line of holy leaders from Pentecost to this hour, 'Not unto us, not unto us?' It is a confession of that mysterious secret which keeps sweeping from us for evermore; an unrealized ideal, an unfulfilled hope, a grief of shortcoming just as sad in the weary heart of the veteran preacher who lies down to rest at fourscore as in the sobered spirit of the consecrated young minister at his ordination." The good shepherd must give his life for the sheep, so that his flock will say, "This man cares for us for Jesus' sake." The bond between minister and people will be very slight, if he relies on his fine discourses and absents himself from sick rooms and deathbeds and the humble homes of the poor. The minister most increases his own strength and his power over the hearts of men by doing the hard things cheerfully. "It is hard when you are in the midst of a train of unusually productive thought in your study, which has come slowly and by hard pulling of many hours, when you feel as if interruption would be overthrow, to be summoned to listen to the story of some poor foolish body who has come to get you to explain to her the mysterious dealings of God with her in her hard lot and to give her comfort and advice. It is hard, but if you can meet it

gallantly, if you can pass from your books and writing table to this poor woman, crying out of the coasts of her Tyre, with anything like the look and tone of Him who stopped and listened whenever Jew or Gentile beggar besought Him, you will be quite as certain to appear among His priests and kings hereafter as if you had finished out your happy train of thought in the handsomest fashion, gruffly telling the perplexed parishioner at your door to come again at a more convenient season. It is hard to see your best days for study cut to pieces or frittered away; but one of the most efficient city ministers this country has produced, who had many interruptions to bear, used to say: 'Always tell me if anyone calls to see me; the man that wants to see me is the man I want to see.' It is hard to be addressed by a noisy, impudent upstart in your parish as if you were a huckster or a menial; but if you can so manage your temper and face and voice as to let him and others feel that you belong to an order of silent victors, taking your strength from Him who walked on in majesty when the rabble cried 'Crucify Him,' and who stood unmoved to be spit upon, you really cannot much regret your opportunity to show such a spirit." On the duty of lifting up Christ before men, it is recalled that that wonderful woman, Sister Dora, said as she lay dying, "If I went back to teach and tend my hospital patients again, I should dwell more than ever on the need of building our hopes on Jesus only;" and one evening when there was to be a mission service which all the cabmen of the town had promised her to attend, she said to the clergyman who was going to speak to them, "O, speak to them to-night on this text: 'What think ye of Christ?' Make it ring in their ears!"

Miracles: Were They, or Were They Not, Performed by Jesus? A Question of Fact, not of Science or Theology. By THOMAS J. DODD, D.D. 12mo, pp. 207. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.

With the relations which miracles bear to natural law Dr. Dodd does not particularly deal in the present discussion. While science certainly does not teach that miracles are inconsistent with such law, the proposition is to view them "merely as so many events in the life of Jesus, differing from other historical events solely in being of a most extraordinary nature," and then to discover the proofs that these events actually took place. The author well holds, however, that such evidence must be nothing short of conclusive. "While it is by the testimony of history alone," he declares, "that the miracles are to be established, the testimony must be far superior to that upon which other events in history have generally been admitted. . . . There must be an unbroken succession of authorities back to the dates of the deeds in question, and then these deeds must be attested by those who had personal knowledge of them, and who gave their testimony in circumstances which forbid all reasonable imputation to them of any kind of fraud, or even of all kinds of self-deception or delusion." The method thus proposed is by no means novel, and yet is one which is always profitable, and in the

present instance is followed with conspicuous success. The four evangelists, "with occasional statements in the Acts of the Apostles and in the writings of the apostle Paul," being the original source of appeal in establishing the historicity of Christ's miracles, the author first inquires as to the date of their authorship. Renan himself is made to do service for the faith in his saying, "Upon the whole, I accept the four canonical gospels as authentic. All, in my judgment, date back to the first century, and they are substantially by the authors to whom they are attributed." With Renan, therefore, as his authority, the author assigns "Mark's gospel to a date not far from the middle of the first century; Matthew and Luke somewhat later; with John about the year A. D. 90." From other similar works, which seem by references in the fathers and in Paul to have been written before the composition of the gospels themselves, they appear also to have been selected "after thorough investigation of their contents." Their "total disregard of many of the most important principles of historical composition"—and such peculiarities of style as lack of arrangement and of rhetorical effort, the absence of appeal to the sense of the marvelous, the apparent unconcern as to the acceptance of the narrative, and "the direct, clear, bold, unadorned statement of facts, without equivocation, self-contradiction, or concealment"—combine to mark the gospels as "the work of honest, simple-minded men, whose only purpose was the transmission to posterity and throughout the world of the main deeds and teachings of their Master." These very peculiarities, in other words, "add greatly to the *prima facie* credibility of the Gospel histories." In the second chapter of the book, entitled "Further Consideration of the Evidence," the discussion is continued. The line of the succeeding three chapters may be inferred from their captions, "Assaults upon the Evidence by Renan, Mill, Huxley, and Hume," "Alleged Inherent Incredibility of Miracles," and "General Review of the Adverse Argument." We thus reach the concluding chapter of the book, which has as its theme "Miracles the only Explanation of Christ's Power and Kingdom in the World." Making all allowance for the exalted character of Jesus and "the power of a noble life in enforcing new and difficult truths," we must also retain the record of his miracles, for, without them, "it is impossible to see that Jesus displayed the life or character to which his power in the world has been ascribed." And these miracles are proven by ample and explicit testimony. "Reject the miracles on the ground of want or insufficiency of the evidence," says Dr. Dodd in his concluding paragraph, "and, to be consistent, we should equally reject the greater part of modern, and all of ancient, history; reject them because of either dishonesty or delusion charged upon the witnesses, and then no testimony can be admitted as that of sane or honest men; reject them because of liability to error in the senses, and we have no absolute assurance as to things occurring within our own observation and experience.

All history may thus be shown to be a fable, all life a delusion or a dream." The argument of the author is thus evident, and, while already familiar to every student of Christian evidences, is one that may never be impeached. From the perusal of the book the reader rises with a new faith in the supernatural life of the Son of man which has been lived upon the earth.

Love Illumined. By the Rev. G. E. ACKERMAN, M.D., D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in U. S. Grant University, Chattanooga, Tenn., Author of *Man a Revelation of God.* With an Introduction by the Rev. GEO. T. NEWCOMB, D.D. 16mo, pp. 124. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

With many publications upon the subject of Christian holiness which have been at once metaphysical and belligerent this little handbook of Dr. Ackerman's stands in refreshing contrast. The theory it holds is stated with such perspicuity that none need grope for its teaching, as one who walks through a maze of word-jugglery and psychological subtleties to find the light. The first three chapters of the book point out with great clearness the figurative nature of the terms employed in the discussions on sanctification, the danger of being misunderstood in their use, and the consequent need of caution in speech. The professor of the high experience may, however, choose his own vocabulary—a position which to us seems impregnable, since the phraseology of sanctification is, after all, largely a man-made nomenclature. "Let not any man presume to dictate to me," writes the author, "the words by which I shall endeavor to voice this unvoiceable experience, and lead those for whom I must in some sense answer at God's bar into that holiness of life which I understand to be the purchased privilege of the sons of God. . . . It is folly of the most mischievous sort to refuse to believe in holiness, as plainly set forth in the Bible, on the ground of inability to accurately define or fully understand it. Such an attitude on the part of those who object to the positive teaching of holiness may seem more modest than the attitude of those who would compel all Christians to accept their extreme definitions and give holiness testimonies in their words and phrases; but both are alike contrary to the teachings and example of our one infallible Pattern." As for sanctification itself, Dr. Ackerman holds that in the last analysis the difference between it and justification is "one of degree, not of kind." It must also be kept in view that sanctification of the character differs from sanctification in the outward life, the latter inevitably following the former, "unless voluntarily hindered." Sanctification, the writer further teaches, is "both a progressive and an instantaneous work;" the time comes when it is complete; as men are not "equal in intellectual attainments," so "there cannot be two persons absolutely equal in the experience of holiness or perfect love;" logically, sanctification cannot be defined, and yet "is a proper subject of testimony and pulpit teaching;" while, finally, "the Scriptures do not warrant us in restricting the attainment of holiness to any definite

mode." In his closing chapter the author marshals the testimonies of some of the saints who have climbed to the heights of experience, such as Fletcher, Moody, and Frances Ridley Havergal. With the positions taken by Dr. Ackerman it would be too much to expect that all should agree. Yet the prize for which he aims is described in terms so exalted at the commencement of his seventh chapter, on "Definitions and Ideals," as to prompt the question whether he is far astray from all the great souls who have sought the gift of God. For, in holiness, he writes, there can be "no selfishness," "no murmurings," "no deception," "no covetousness," "no ill will," "no seeking for the highest places," "no envy," "no resentment," "no religious pride." Because of its sweetness of spirit, in other words, no less than its lucid statements of position, the book is highly attractive. And well does it close its winsome appeal for higher living with the words of the great Asbury: "I live in patience, in purity, and in the perfect love of God. God is my portion; he fills me with pure spiritual life. My heart is melted into holy love, and altogether devoted to my Lord."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Mind of Tennyson. By E. Hershey Sneath, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. 12mo, pp. 193. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25.

The specific aim of this book is to interpret and systematize Tennyson's thoughts on God, Freedom, and Immortality, in the light of his relations to the spirit of his age. Because Tennyson's aim was ethical, his message has a vital bearing on human life and conduct. The fundamental problems of philosophy occupy a conspicuous place in his works, in many of which he is a strenuous wrestler with skepticism. In "The Two Voices" he considers the problem of the worth of human life; in "The Palace of Art," important aspects of moral life and theory; in "The Higher Pantheism," the ultimate nature of reality, and of the relation of finite to Infinite; in "In Memoriam," the great problems of God and Immortality, the mysterious realities of sin and suffering, and the problems of knowledge—its origin, nature, reality, development, extent, and distinction from faith—constructing a kind of philosophy of life; in "De Profundis," the mystery of birth; in "The Ancient Sage," materialism and agnosticism; in "Despair," a heartless theology on the one hand and an atheistic philosophy on the other; and in such poems as "The Dawn," "By an Evolutionist," and "The Making of Man," he meditates upon the ultimate goals of man's evolution. Tennyson was one of the founders of the Metaphysical Society of Great Britain, in which the deepest questions of the Christian faith were discussed frankly and relentlessly by the most renowned minds of England, adherents and opponents of the Faith. The poet is essentially a man of reflection, and thus in touch with the permanent mood of the philosopher and apt to find the subject-

matter of philosophy. Professor Sneath shows, also, amply and clearly that the æsthetic nature is one of the main sources of philosophy. Tennyson had long and bitter struggles to get solid footing on the "Eternal Verities," but he gained it. He was seventeen years in writing "In Memoriam," during which he was fighting the wild beasts of doubt and beating back skepticism, and finding rational grounds for believing that God is; that he is personal; that he is essential Justice and Love; that life, with its love and duty, has intrinsic worth and meaning; that destiny is something loftier than the dust. Dr. Sneath truly says, "It was a sublime struggle and a triumphant outcome." The special value of the book before us is that it portrays that struggle and the lifelong campaign of faith, and outlines in lucid and masterful way the processes of reasoning by which the mind of Tennyson came to solid certitude on the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. Confining itself to this one service, it is the most useful, complete, coherent, and satisfactory book we know of on that particular subject. Going through the pages of this careful and studious treatise, one sees the quotations from Tennyson made so effective by their lucid interpretation that he is filled with joy at the glorious litany of Faith which can be woven together of the words of the great Laureate. How splendidly reasonable are the words of the Ancient Sage to the doubting youth, pointing out the limits of rational proof and the fact that many things regarded as certainly real and true admit not of absolute proof:

> My son,
> Thou canst not prove that I who speak with thee,
> Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
> For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
> Nor yet disproven.

"Therefore," says the sage, "be thou wise."

> Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
> And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
> She reels not in the storm of warring words,
> She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"
> She sees the Best that glimmers through the worst,
> She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,
> She spies the summer through the winter bud,
> She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
> She hears the lark within the songless egg,
> She finds the fountain where they wailed "Mirage!"

How nobly thoughtful and devout is Tennyson's humble and trustful adoration of God as revealed in the person of Jesus Christ:

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove.
>
> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
> Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

It was Tennyson's conviction that fear, doubt, and suffering can find relief only through faith in a God of Love, and, in the poem "Doubt and Prayer," he prayed that he might not die, before, as he said, "Before I learn that Love which is and was my Father, and my Brother, and my God." In January, 1869, Tennyson said to Mrs. Bradley, who at once wrote it down: "Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me, when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision, while God and the Spiritual are the only real and true. Depend upon it, the Spiritual *is* the real: it belongs to one more than the hand and foot. You may tell me that my hand and my foot are only imaginary symbols of my existence, and I could believe you: but you never, never can convince me that the I is not an eternal Reality, and that the Spiritual is not the true and real part of me." The poem entitled "Despair" contains his protest against a fatalistic predestinarian theology, and at the bottom of it he wrote: "In my boyhood I came across the Calvinist creed, and assuredly, however deep the mystery, if one cannot believe in the freedom of the human will as of the divine, life is hardly worth having." As to man's physical nature, Tennyson was an evolutionist. "He believed that the human body is descended from a lower form of animal life. But, in his judgment, this is not true of the human soul. That is not an evolution of the brute mind. Men are not 'slaves of a four-footed will,' but beings of 'heaven-descended Will.' And, since man is a compound being, consisting of body and soul, it is the province of man as 'heaven-descended Will' to rule over man as animal-descended body. In other words, man as spirit ought to rule himself as body. This involves severe struggle. But we are moral beings, so that it is possible, by the exercise of will, to

Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

Laying down Professor Sneath's effective volume, one reflects that the glory of English literature lies in no small degree in the truth of Voltaire's words: "No nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English."

The Culture of Manhood. By SILAS K. HOCKING. 12mo, pp. 32. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price, cloth, 35 cents.

Manhood is defined as the highest and most complete development of the individual—a strong physique, a vigorous mind, a pure and unyielding moral nature—a union of Samson's strength, Solomon's

wisdom, and Paul's intense spirituality. Essential aids toward the attainment of this ideal are properly regulated work, reading of wisely selected books, judiciously chosen friends and companions, and genuine religion. Each of these essentials is duly illustrated and impressed. We quote part of the last division of this wholesome and helpful booklet: "The crown and glory of manhood is religion. There may be fullness of learning; there may be perfection of grace and beauty; there may be brilliancy of intellect, maturity of judgment, charm of eloquence, and even correctness of conduct; but if religion be lacking, the passion of love that lifts duty into delight and makes service a joy, then the character is not yet complete. The ship is still without its rudder, the building without its topstone. Religion is like the sunshine. It is not only a beautiful thing in itself, but it brings out the beauty that is in every other thing. It is the great revealer as well as the great life-giver. Go out into the country among the hills and streams when the skies are leaden and there is not a gleam of sunshine anywhere, and how somber everything looks. How cold and gray the landscape, how bare and desolate the mountains, how dark and cheerless the valleys and streams. You had been told that it was a beautiful country; that the rivers flashed like sapphire and the mountain peaks glowed like burnished gold; and lo! everything is gray and dark and somber. The forms are perfect enough. The mountains are magnificent in their majesty and strength. The torrents leap and foam as they hurry onward to the sea. But something is lacking. You miss what you came out to witness—the gold and sapphire are absent. But wait a while—have patience. The next day dawns with scarcely a cloud. The sun climbs grandly the eastern steeps of blue. The very atmosphere is all a-sparkle with light. You pull up your blind in the morning, and look out with a start. What has happened? You seem in a new world. Can these be the same mountains, the same valleys, the same torrents, you saw the day before? Verily in the nighttime the heavens and the earth have been made anew. No, it is not that. It is just the sunshine that has made all the difference. A thousand beauties, unseen before, now stand revealed; a thousand colors gleam and flash that you never suspected; a thousand potentialities become active and real. Just as light and heat lie dormant in a lump of coal, and will remain dormant forever unless embraced and kissed by kindred elements, so the beauties of the earth lurk unrevealed till touched by the glory of the sunshine. When the day dawns, and the shadows flee away, when the morning sun kisses the mountain's cheeks and floods the wide landscape, then earth's loveliness flashes out in a moment, and you have the gold and amethyst and sapphire and chrysolite of the eternal city. 'Surely the light is good,' said the preacher, and verily it is so; for, like religion, it beautifies everything it touches. It creeps in through every window and doorway, through every chink and cranny, and gladdens everything on which it falls. It steals down

the cellar-steps, through iron gratings and cobwebbed lattices, and sleeps in grateful warmth upon the floor. It glides silently into rooms of sickness and kisses the cheek of the sufferer. It plays with the baby's ringlets, and washes them with gold. It lies in splendor upon gardens and meadows, and brings out all the beauty of the flowers. It bathes the fields and forests till they become transfigured. It puts a rim of purple round the modest daisy and shades the velvet of the pansy with a superhuman skill; and when evening comes it uses up its superabundance of colors in painting the glowing canvas of the west. Surely the light is good. And what light does for the earth religion does for man. It calls into play all that is best in human nature. It is health and healing, vision and inspiration. If a man have learning and culture, religion adorns and enhances them. If he have strength and position, it adds new dignity and grace. However great a man may be without religion, he is much greater with it. It is the crown of manhood, the keystone of the arch. Napoleon and Nero and Cæsar were great men. Their daring, their force, their resource have rarely been equaled. Yet no right-minded man can think that their greatness was of the loftiest type. Our admiration for them has little or no reverence in it. A shadow rests eternally upon their names. They lacked the most essential quality of true greatness. Over against their names let us place one or two others. Chinese Gordon was a warrior, yet there are very few peace men who do not revere his name. It is not that he was renowned for valor, that he was great in resource, that he was courageous in battle, that we enshrine him so deeply in our hearts and affections. Nero and Cæsar were also great in these qualities. It was his unaffected goodness, his simple piety, his unstained purity of heart and life, that so touch our hearts, and give to him the niche he will ever fill in the thoughts and affections of the English-speaking people. It is possible that David Livingstone had not a finer courage than Emin Pasha, and yet his name will be remembered and revered when the other is forgotten. And the explanation is to be found in the fact that he was a good man. Religion crowned his life with grace and beauty. His simple piety touched and greatened everything he did, and even the simplest word he spoke. It was not the brilliance of his intellect nor the splendor of his daring that made his name immortal, but the beauty of his religion. It would be easy to multiply illustrations. All down the line of history there are names that touch our hearts like a psalm. We cannot speak of them without a thrill of emotion. The story of their lives we reckon among the fine gold of the world's literature. Their influence is imperishable. Who were they? What did they do? They wrought righteousness; they subdued kingdoms; they feared God; they kept his commandments. They were not all kings, but they were all kingly. They were not all known. They were not all wealthy, and yet they have enriched the world for all time."

Our Presidents and How We Make Them. By A. K. McCLURE, LL.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 418. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $2.

This is an instructive, interesting, trustworthy, and permanently valuable volume, prepared by possibly the best qualified man in America. It is far more than a condensed biography of the twenty-four Presidents of the United States; it gives an illuminated insight into the spirit and methods of our republican institutions. The very best portraits of all the Presidents illustrate the book. The platforms of the various parties in the successive quadrennial elections are also here for reference. The crux of American politics is the quadrennial presidential election; in it all the issues and movements of parties crystallize into decisive statement and undergo scrutiny and discussion. Our system makes the President the center and focus; at once prime minister and independent executive; a vital part of the legislative power without being amenable to its control or dependent on its life; the framer of politics and the arbiter of parties. The successive epochs of national progress, with their passionate struggles and conflicting influences, are reflected in the quadrennial contests for control of the central government. Colonel McClure's admirable book is really a vivid and luminous exposition of our country's political history. One hardly knows where to look for finer character-sketches than are here given of the Presidents whom the author knew personally, from Buchanan down. A report is given of a conversation with Jefferson Davis at his home in Mississippi some ten years after the civil war, and of the tribute the ex-president of the Confederacy paid to Lincoln, whose character and actions and personal qualities he inquired about and discussed at length; and at the end he said to McClure, with much earnestness, "Next to the destruction of the Confederacy, the death of Abraham Lincoln was the darkest day the South has ever known." The sorest affliction of Lincoln's life, we are told, was an unescapable one, which had to be endured in silence. "Mrs. Lincoln was mentally unbalanced, but not sufficiently so to prevent the performance of social functions, and her vagaries and injudicious utterances often brought severe reflections upon the President." Colonel McClure writes: "I first saw Mrs. Lincoln at Harrisburg, on the night that Lincoln made his midnight journey to Washington, and the greatest difficulty we had on that occasion was to prevent her from making a scene which would have given publicity and ruined the plan. I thought her a fool, and was so disgusted with her that I never spoke to her afterward, although I frequently had to go with ladies to her receptions. I wronged her, for she was then not wholly responsible, and soon after Lincoln's death the climax came, leaving her to grope out the remainder of her life in hopeless insanity." Lincoln suffered keenly under a sorrow for which the world could afford no relief; but the author says, "No man ever really came in contact with Lincoln who did not learn to love, honor, and even reverence him." Concerning the obstacles to Grant's nomination for the presidency by the Republicans in 1868, the author writes: "First, he was not a Republican,

and never had been. He had never voted a Republican ticket, and he never cast a Republican ballot until after he had been eight years a Republican President. His last vote previous to that, cast before he reentered the army, was for a proslavery Democrat. Second, he was resolutely averse to being a candidate for the presidency. He was General of the Army, with freedom to retire without diminution of pay; he had no political training, and felt himself unfitted for a political career. Democrats and Republicans both desired to make him their candidate. But, as the Republicans were in bitter warfare with President Andrew Johnson, to whom also Grant was intensely opposed, the great general was in close sympathy with the Republicans in the immediate issues of the situation, and finally, with visible reluctance, consented to be their nominee." Colonel McClure, an authority whom it is difficult to doubt, says that Andrew Johnson, on the day of his inauguration as Vice President, appeared in the Senate visibly intoxicated, and delivered a maudlin harangue so disgraceful that a correct report was never permitted to be given to the public. He was immediately hurried away to the country residence of the elder Francis P. Blair, and there remained most of the time until the assassination, more than a month later. A singular story is that which tells how Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, the most brilliant woman in Washington society during the war period, prevented S. J. Tilden from getting the presidency, to which he had been elected by a popular majority of over two hundred and fifty thousand. The author thinks the greatest battle ever fought in a national convention was at Chicago in 1880, when the Republicans nominated Garfield against the desperate effort made for Grant, who had the ablest galaxy of leaders that ever appeared in a national convention for any one candidate. Garfield's election as President was made possible by Tammany's betrayal of his opponent, General Hancock. He was probably the most highly cultured and scholarly of our Presidents, and an able speaker, but not a courageous and self-reliant leader like Blaine, nor in any way a strong, firm, aggressive man. Chester A. Arthur, a man for whom greatness was not claimed, succeeding to the presidency on Garfield's death, gradually won the esteem of all parties by his genial dignity, courtesy, and manliness in every emergency, and went into retirement at the end of his term, the victim of a fatal disease, carrying with him the affectionate respect of the nation. Of one of the bitterest of political antagonisms Colonel McClure says: "Blaine and Conkling quarreled when both were comparatively young and rivals for the leadership of the House. In a heated controversy between them Blaine unhorsed Conkling, inflicting wounds which never healed, and they never spoke from that time. When both were members of the Senate, if either had occasion to refer to remarks made by the other, instead of saying 'The senator from Maine' or 'The senator from New York, they would say, 'It has been stated on this floor.' Many efforts were made to bring them together, but Conkling was an implacable hater, and Blaine would sooner be broken than bend to

his haughty enemy." What is known as Dr. Burchard's "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" episode in the campaign, which cost Blaine the State of New York and lost him the presidency, is described as follows: "Some of Blaine's friends in New York city assumed that it would help his cause if forty or fifty clergymen of the different denominations should call upon him in a body and express their approval of his candidacy. As originally planned it might have done some good, and certainly could have done no harm. It was intended that the Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany should deliver the address to Blaine. He was one of the most eloquent divines of the country, was well up in politics, had been active in political movements in Pennsylvania as a leader in the American party, when a professor in Dickinson College, and was a candidate for United States Senator before the Legislature of 1855. Had he delivered the address to Blaine, it would have been an elegant and faultless congratulation, but some of the ministers objected to Dr. Tiffany as the oracle of the party. There was little time for conference, and the dispute was ended by some one proposing that the oldest minister present should deliver the congratulatory address." Dr. Burchard was chosen by seniority, and made the disastrous "break" of denouncing Romanism in an address to a candidate whose mother and sisters were devout Catholics, and who had just visited a convent in Indiana of which one of his sisters was Mother Superior. In addition to this element of offensiveness to the candidate, the address enraged all Romanists and repelled them into the opposite party. Thus an innocent, elderly Republican clergyman gave the presidency to Grover Cleveland. McClure, himself a very able and brilliant editor, writes: "Charles A. Dana was the ablest editor ever developed by American journalism. Horace Greeley was more pungent and telling in his political articles, and Henry Watterson is more brilliant, but Dana was the strongest editorial writer this country has ever produced. He was versatile, powerful, and elegant." Of the Democratic convention which renominated Cleveland at St. Louis in 1888, the author says that it was the most perfunctory assembly of the kind ever witnessed; it was entirely devoid of enthusiasm, but renominated Cleveland as a political necessity. Of the campaign of that year he says, "I cannot remember a presidential contest conducted with greater decency and dignity than that between Cleveland and Harrison in 1888." Cleveland was nominated a third time at Chicago in 1892, solely by the masterly leadership of William C. Whitney, after the most desperate and acrimonious strife ever seen in a national convention. The one President to whom, while highly praising him, Colonel McClure fails to do full justice is Benjamin Harrison, whom a vast number of the most intelligently critical of American citizens regard as the ablest statesman at present alive who has been or is in public life. Certainly no American in the past forty years has matched him in the number, variety, ability, and faultlessness of his public addresses. The author truly says that Benjamin Harrison's record as chief magistrate will ever

shed rich luster upon the annals of the republic. Of the campaign of 1896 he says that William McKinley was "a strong candidate, a man of blameless character, of admitted ability, a soldier who had carried his musket as a private in the flame of battle, and possessing many attributes of personal popularity." He thinks no party contest in the history of the country ever showed so large a number of independent voters, bolters from previous party affiliations, as the campaign of 1896, in which he estimated that McKinley received not less than five hundred thousand Democratic votes. The volume closes with the full text of the present law regulating the presidential succession in case of death or inability of both President and Vice President. The order of succession is as follows: Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior. Our readers probably are convinced that this is a very valuable handbook of its subject and of related matters.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Joseph Glanvill: A Study in English Thought and Letters of the Seventeenth Century. By FERRIS GREENSLET, Ph.D., Fellow in English in Columbia University. 12mo, pp. 235. New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Company, Agents. Price, cloth, $1.50.

This is Volume I of Columbia University Studies in English, the series being issued by authority of the Department of English in that institution. This study of Glanvill was undertaken as part of the work leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. It begins with sixteen pages of a sketch of the tendencies of English thought, from 1579 to 1660. Then follows a careful and judicious chapter on the Cambridge Platonists, Whichcote, Culverwell, Smith, Cudworth, and More; then Glanvill's life and the order of his writings; and then we come to the real core of the book's interest and value—"The Philosophy of Glanvill," "Latitudinarian Theology," "Ghost Stories and Witchcraft," and "Glanvill as a Man of Letters." In the appendix are a chronological list of Glanvill's publications, a list of the principal writings of the Cambridge Platonists, and a bibliography of the more important critical passages in which Glanvill and his works are noticed by Hallam, Lecky, Tulloch, Owen, Robertson, Lewes, Remusat, Morell, Wood, Buhle, Erdmann, Garnett, Höffding, Stöchl, Ueberweg, and Windelband, as also by articles in various reviews, cyclopedias, and magazines. A sufficient index completes a creditable, useful, and well-written book. Joseph Glanvill, as the author says, was a man of amazingly clever and receptive mind, and, in the third quarter of the seventeenth century, a person of considerable distinction in English thought and letters. The fact that now he is to most readers an empty name, or at most known as the author of the old book which gave Matthew Arnold the story of *The Scholar Gypsy*, makes Greenslet's book as acceptable as it is serviceable to the readers of to-day. Few scholars know anything

of Glanvill's life or have ever seen one of his many works, notwithstanding the literary charm of his writing and his personal prominence and influence in a most complex transitional period. The second chapter is an interesting though overbrief study of the Cambridge Platonists, who were young men in love with wisdom, without a prig in the group. To cure the fanaticisms of their age they were zealous to make men sensible. They showed the unreasonableness of some contemporary systems of doctrine, especially of Calvinism. They simplified and relieved religion by emphasizing the fact that "the principles necessary to salvation are very few and plain and generally acknowledged among Christians;" and they said, "Orthodoxy of doctrine is not so sure a test of saintship as charity, humility, and reverence." Concerning one of them Burnet's *History of His Own Times* says: "Whichcote was a man of rare temper, very mild and obliging. He was much for liberty of conscience, and, being disgusted with the dry, systematical way of those times, he strove to raise those who conversed with him to a nobler set of thoughts and to consider religion as a seed of deiform nature (to use one of his own phrases). In order to do this he set young students much on reading the ancient philosophers, chiefly Plato, Tully, and Plotin, and to considering the Christian religion as a doctrine sent from God both to elevate and to sweeten human nature, in which he was a great example as well as a wise and kind instructor." A sample of Culverwell's style is an invocation to Light: "Welcome, thou firstborn of corporeal beings, thou Lady and Queen of sensitive beauties, thou clarifier and refiner of chaos, thou unspotted beauty of the universe. Let him be condemned to perpetual night, to a fatal disconsolate grave, that is not enamored of thy brightness. . . . That learned knight (Digby) in his discourse of bodies tells us of one totally blind, who yet knew when a candle came into the room only by the quickening and reviving of his spirits." The author calls the Cambridge Platonists "the most amiable and the most intellectually ambitious group of men in the history of English thought." They are considered here because of their influence upon Glanvill. Glanvill was described as an ingenious and florid writer. John Beale wrote of him: "He hath a flowing pen, and may do well if we can ballast him from Origenian Platonism and extravagant adventures. . . . His genius is apt for sublime adventures. I do always wish that such juvenile felicities could receive a contemperament from some that are seasoned by longer time." Quite early Glanvill was in danger from the fanatics at Bath. He wrote to Beale that he had been preaching twice a day to angry mobs, plainly and affectionately, but it had done little good. "He who will be a minister," he wrote, "must be content to be a martyr." His charity toward diversities of belief brought him into trouble which made him write: "This is the temper of my genius, and this some warm folks, with more heat than light, are apt to call Skepticism and Neutrality." He calls himself "a person that con-

temns all wranglings and vehemencies of dispute;" because, he says, "there is something of Hell in all wars." But this meekness was assumed; "his slashing sword-play in argument was a thing to beware of;" and his real temper is more exactly expressed in his message to Andrew Marvell, who was censuring Dr. Samuel Parker, a friend of Glanvill's: "If thou darest publish any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God, I will cut thy throat!" Yet Anthony Horneck, in his preface to a posthumous volume of Glanvill's sermons, wrote: "Though he met sometimes with disappointments, yet he remembered that he was a Christian, and as he was not without his crosses, so he carried himself under them like a true philosopher. His mind seemed to be serene when things went most contrary to his wishes, and whatever storm the inconstancy and fickleness of sublunary objects threw upon him, within he still felt a calm beyond that of Socrates, when the ungrateful Athenians sent him the fatal draught to drink his death." The author's criticism upon Glanvill's philosophy is that "he had no complete and consistent system of ideas, in the sense that Descartes or Spinoza had. His sympathetic and harmonizing intention sometimes led him into capricious eclecticism. His philosophy, like a chameleon, took some shades of color from the ground it was upon; now skeptical with Sextus Empiricus, anon Pythagorean with More, rationalistic with Descartes, or experimental with Bacon, it finally culminated in a reasonable and broad-minded Platonism. In the second place, he never sharply defined the province of metaphysics from the domains of science, ethics, and theology." Glanvill held that "the philosophy of Aristotle is litigious, impious, impertinent, inept for discoveries, and, save for its use in training the mind of youth, altogether void of practical good." He vindicates "optick glasses against a disputing man who is afraid to believe his eyes against Aristotle," by comparing him with the uxorious person asked by his spouse, "Will you believe your own eyes before your own dear wife?" In the following words Glanvill makes a partial explanation and defense of himself: "The certain way to be esteemed an Atheist by fierce and ignorant Devotos is to study to lay the foundations of Religion sure, and to be able to speak groundedly and to purpose against the desperate cause of the black conspirators against Heaven. This, I confess, hath been one of the chief Employments of my time and thoughts; and on this account I reckon I must be content in my share of the abuse, when better, greater, and deeper men have been pelted with this dirt while they have been laboring in the Trenches and endeavoring to secure the Foundations of the Holy Fabrick." And further, in similar strain: "The philosophers were the Priests among the Egyptians, and several other nations in Ancient Times; and there was never more need that the Priests should be Philosophers than in ours; For we are liable every day to be called out to make good our Foundations against the Atheist, the Sadducee, and Enthusiast; And 'tis the Knowledge of God in his Works, that must

furnish us with some of the most proper Weapons of Defence. Hard names and damning Sentences; the Arrows of bitter words and raging passions, will not defeat those Sons of Anak; these are not fit weapons for our Warfare. No, they must be met by a Reason instructed in the knowledge of Things, and sought in their own Quarters, and their arms must be turned upon themselves; This may be done, and the advantage is all ours. We have Steel and Brass for our Defence, and they have little else than Twigs and Bullrushes for the Assault; we have Light and Firm Ground, and they are lost in Smoak and Mists; They tread among Bogs and dangurous Fens, and reel near the Rocks and Steeps. And shall we despise our Advantage, and forsake them? Shall we relinquish our Ground and our Light, and muffle ourselves up in Darkness? Shall we give our Enemies the Weapons and all the odds, and so endeavor to insure their Triumphs over us? This is sottishly to betray Religion and ourselves." The sixth chapter, which is about ghosts and witches in Glanvill's time, reads like a section from the stories of Salem witchcraft. An interesting part of the book is "Glanvill as a Man of Letters." Some of the characteristics which Glanvill admired in literature may be inferred from what he says of Sprat's *History of the Royal Society:* "The Style of that Book hath all the properties that can recommend anything to an ingenious relish; For 'tis manly and yet plain; natural and yet not careless; The Epithets are genuine, the Words proper and familiar, the Periods smooth and of middle proportion: It is not broken with ends of Latin, nor impertinent Quotations; nor made harsh by hard words or needless terms of Art: Not rendered intricate by long Parentheses, nor gaudy by flaunting Metaphors; not tedious by wide fetches and circumferences of Speech, nor dark by too much curtness of expression: 'Tis not loose and unjointed, rugged and uneven; but as polite and fast as marble; and, briefly, avoids all notorious defects, and wants none of the proper ornaments of Language. I say, proper; for Styles are Cloathes and must be fitted to the Subjects they are upon, and altered according to the kind of things they describe and express." Of Glanvill's sermons, Dr. Greenslet writes: "If they do not repay the reader so well as the sermons of Donne and Taylor, or even of Tillotson and South, it is only because the style is made to serve the homiletic end, and not allowed to gather flowers by the way." He adds that "a certain clear and vigorous speed" is one characteristic of Glanvill's style, which does not emulate "the contrapuntal harmonies of Taylor, or the elaborate and conscious arabesque of Browne." We who have often realized the uncertainty of reaching wise and sober conclusions through the agency of strenuous and vehement debate will agree with Glanvill in this saying: "He is a wonderful man that can thread a needle when he is at cudgels in a crowd; and yet this is as easy as to find Truth in the hurry of disputation."

The Life of Dwight L. Moody. The Official Authorized Edition. Illustrated with More than One Hundred Reproductions from Original Photographs, many of which, being the Exclusive Property of the Family, were Reserved Solely for this Volume. By his son, WILLIAM R. MOODY. Royal 8vo, pp. 590. New York, etc.: Fleming H. Revell Company. Sold by subscription only.

It is not easy to write the life of Mr. Moody. He was so extraordinary a Christian worker, in a century of distinguished leaders of the Church of Christ, that only an extraordinary biography will satisfy the times or please the generations which are to follow. And, furthermore, it is too soon after Mr. Moody's death to trace in the most judicial spirit the story of his rise to the world-wide lay ministry which he exercised and to unfold the narrative of the phenomenal success which attended his labors. The fit portrayal of such a great character—as that of all the illustrious leaders of human history—needs a perspective which only the years can give. Towering mountains are best seen from a far distance, as Mont Blanc shows its snow-crowned head to the beholder upon the far plains of Geneva. Some biography of Mr. Moody being, however, absolutely demanded by present readers, there cannot be a moment's hesitation in pronouncing this life of the departed evangelist, written by his son, William R. Moody, to be beyond question the desirable volume for the purchaser. Several things naturally contribute to make it the best book of its kind which has yet been produced. The use of various "important data and incidents" furnished the biographer by different friends, the reproduction of many original photographs owned by the family and reserved for this work, and the interpretation of the revivalist's career from the peculiar standpoint of a son have all contributed to the completeness and worth of the book. It is, of course, impossible—as it is unnecessary—to quote even in outline the story of Mr. Moody's life as it is here written, including his obscure birth, his conversion, his early business industry, his drift into religious work, and his marvelous evangelistic and educational successes. Most of these facts are so definitely and vividly known to the Christian world that rehearsal is superfluous. Yet it is satisfactory to find so many of the incidents in Mr. Moody's career which have become household tales here receiving the stamp of authenticity. Such a result was, in fact, Mr. Moody's personal desire. "What I want is," he said to his son, "that you should correct inaccuracies and misstatements that it would be difficult to straighten out during my life. You are the one to do this. All my friends will unite on you and give you their assistance." With all their familiarity, nevertheless, these conspicuous incidents in the evangelist's career will serve as a tonic to the weak faith and a spur to the lumbering footsteps of the ordinary disciple of religion; and even the most zealous worker will find therein a new incitement to fervor in the King's service. But, dismissing all particular notice of Mr. Moody's life, personality, and evangelistic methods, we may only quote, at the risk of repetition, two items from the chapter entitled "Preparing Sermons," as reminders of the sermonic methods of the

rugged prophet who is henceforth silent. The first is a citation made by Henry Drummond—himself no mean master of Christian speech—from one of Mr. Moody's discourses: "I can imagine [spoke Mr. Moody] that when Christ said to the little band around him, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,' Peter said, 'Lord, do you really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you?' 'Yes,' said Christ, 'go hunt up that man that spat in my face; tell him that he may have a seat in my kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on my brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into my kingdom, and there will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a scepter in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth if he will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept salvation as a gift.'" "Prepared or impromptu," asks Mr. Drummond, "what dramatist could surpass that touch, 'Tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that?'" The other extract, illustrating Mr. Moody's method of sermon-making, may be of practical value to some: "Having decided to prepare an address on any text or topic—he preferred to use subjects mostly—he first took a large envelope, and on the outside wrote the title or reference: 'Heaven,' 'Psalm XXIII,' 'Backsliders,' 'Let the wicked forsake,' 'How to deal with inquirers,' etc. Many people wished to learn the secret of his sermon-making. 'I have no secret,' he said to a body of young men. 'I study more by subjects than I do by texts. If, when I am reading, I meet a good thing on any of the subjects, I slip it into the right envelope and let it lie there. I always carry a notebook, and if I hear anything in a sermon that will throw light on that subject, I put it down, and slip it into the envelope. Perhaps I let it lie for a year or more. When I want a new sermon I take everything that has been accumulating. Between what I find there and the results of my own study I have material enough. Then I am all the time going over my sermons, taking out a little here and adding a little there. In that way they never get very old. I am never ashamed to repeat a sermon.' . . . Hundreds of his sermon envelopes are in his study—many of them showing signs of frequent use, many representing sermons in embryo. When he wished to preach on a certain subject he ran through the envelope of clippings and selected such points and anecdotes as he wished to use on that occasion. Weaving these into an outline, he wrote out catchwords and fastened the sheets into his Bible by means of elastic bands. This method of making sermons he found to possess many advantages. It gave him full opportunity for impromptu speaking, since he was not bound hard and fast to a written manuscript. Many of Mr. Moody's best and most often quoted sayings were impromptu.

He always insisted that what the Church needs is 'men who can think on their heels.'" Of the great evangelist's last days and burial upon Round Top the biographer writes with a tenderness that will carry balm to thousands of sympathetic hearts which mourn for a father in Israel—his triumphant departure upon his "coronation day" befitting his long life of toil in his Master's vineyard. Only one general criticism seems possible upon the workmanship of this volume—it being the regret that, with such a vast quantity of material undoubtedly at his command, the author did not write a biography even more ample in its citation of incidents and characteristics. The fact of haste must, however, be accepted as a sufficient reason for any abridgment that may be felt, the assurance being given by the writer that "at a later date it is intended that a more studied interpretation of his [Mr. Moody's] life should be prepared to meet the expressed desire for a fuller account of his career." What is here written is most attractively embellished by frequent and speaking illustrations; so that the book throws a spell over the reader, as a gem among Christian biographies. Mr. Moody belonged not only to Congregationalism, but to the entire Church of Christ; and it is not difficult to discern, from the Arminian standpoint as well as the Calvinistic, the leadings of God in his rise from obscurity—like that of Moses, who kept the sheep of Jethro, and of Elisha, who plowed the fields of Galilee—to rulership over his generation. The fact that the profits from the sale of this biography are applied, according to our understanding, to the needs of the great Northfield schools incidentally adds to the wish that the widespread demands for this valuable and attractive book may far outrun its edition.

The Conquest of Arid America. By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE. 12mo, pp. 326. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $1.50.

This book, illustrated with pictures and maps, sets forth important victories of American pluck and industry. First, it treats of colonial expansion at home, in the conquest of this continent; of the home-building instinct; of the blessing of aridity and the miracle of irrigation. Next, of the utopias of the arid West; of the Mormon commonwealth, the Greeley colony of Colorado, the evolution of southern California, and the revolution brought about on the Plains. Next, of Idaho, and Washington, and Oregon, and Wyoming; of the potential greatness of Nevada, the prosperity of Montana, the awakening of New Mexico, and the budding civilization of Arizona. Lastly, the army of the half-employed, the surplus of people of crowded regions and why they do not go to the inviting lands of the West; the profitableness of colonization with cooperative capital, colony plans and institutions, the administration of cooperative settlements, the adjusting of old ideals to new conditions: ending with a look forward to the greater republic of the future when the waste lands shall have been redeemed and the vast resources of our country fully developed. The author has been moved to

write this book because he sees in the East a multitude of landless men, and in the West wide tracts of manless land, both under the same flag. Many parts of the West have advantages of climate and other natural resources, which, if they were known, would attract many from older and thickly settled regions. He thinks the time is ripe for the occupation of the great unoccupied West, and hopes his book may be a sort of Star of the West to light many on the pathway to homes, to independence, and possibly to wealth. He insists that the true opportunity for us lies not in the tropical islands of the Pacific and the Caribbean, but in the unsubdued and undeveloped portions of this huge continent. There is room for a population of one hundred millions between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, a region which now holds only an average of three persons to a square mile. Undeveloped America has in this book a vigorous exploitation. "The development of all the lands bordering the Pacific, the rise of Alaska and the North, the opening of Russia's new highway from Europe across Siberia to Asiatic shores, the building of the Isthmian Canal with the cheap and ready access it will give to both the American and European coasts of the Atlantic —these great events all prophesy the rapid settlement of Western America during the twentieth century."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Junior History of Methodism. For Young People, Study Classes in Epworth League, and the General Reader. By Rev. William G. Koons, B.D. With an Introduction by Robert R. Doherty, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 95. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, 35 cents.

It is to be feared that an intimate knowledge of denominational history is not extensively cultivated among the Churches. To this rule, in so far as it is unfortunately the fact, Methodism is not an exception. Any effort, therefore, to inspire in our membership a more thorough acquaintance with our romantic origin and history is praiseworthy. And, since the hope of the Church is in this and all other respects with the young, such booklets as this history by Mr. Koons are to be greatly commended. Its different chapters were first used by the author in the leadership of his own Junior League, and are now sent forth upon a wider mission. They cover the whole growth of Methodism, from its origin at Epworth to its present vantage in 1900, and are at once comprehensive and inspiring.

The Prophet of Hope. Studies in Zechariah. By F. B. Meyer, B.A., Author of *The Way into the Holiest*, etc. 12mo, pp. 157. New York, etc.: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.

In these discourses on Zechariah the speaker has aimed to present "the salient features and lessons of each chapter," in the hope of inspiring a closer study of the prophecy. They bear Mr. Meyer's well-known and attractive characteristics.

METHODIST REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

ART. I.—A LITERARY STUDY OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

THERE is no single book that has entered so completely into the substance and spirit of our English literature as the King James version. Considered merely as literature the English Bible is a marvelous collection of beautiful prose and still more beautiful poetry. While sacred as the instrument of divine revelation, and also through a thousand associations, it is not lacking in the charm and loveliness of art. "Scripture not ornamented in diction and musical in cadence?" exclaims Cardinal Newman; "why, consider the Epistle to the Hebrews—where is there in the classics any composition more carefully, more artificially written? Consider the Book of Job—is it not a sacred drama, as artistic, as perfect as any Greek tragedy of Sophocles or Euripides? Consider the Psalter—are there no ornaments, no rhythm, no studied cadences, no responsive numbers in that divinely beautiful book?" But the habit of fixing our attention upon isolated passages of divine writing and of ignoring the whole, in a vain endeavor to see the parts, has largely closed our eyes to the pure poetry of this divinest expression of truth ever given to man, while use and custom have led us far into the wilderness of inappreciation. It is a duty owed to our faith, if not to our imaginative powers, to cease to do violence to the literary spirit of the Bible. For at least truth and beauty are indissolubly wedded, so that whatever will increase our sense of the beauty of its expression must inevitably contribute to our appreciation of the sacred truth of Scripture. It were surely no idle task, then, to seek to acquire a deeper sense of the loveliness inherent in the form and content of the sacred volume.

Our purpose is, therefore, to apprehend some of the purely literary qualities and to secure a vital literary appreciation of one of the most imaginative portions of the word of God—the Book of Job, at once perhaps the most ancient product of dramatic art preserved to us and one of the most perfect dramatic poems the world's genius has produced. All consideration of its strictly theological aspects is, however, beyond the limitations of this paper, as well as the many questions that criticism has propounded concerning the authorship of the poem and the exact date of its composition. It seems quite likely, however, as Davidson has shown from certain characteristics which Job has in common with Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, that it belongs to the series of books constituting the Wisdom Literature of the Bible, is the highest creation of the Wisdom Literature, and consequently belongs to a period considerably later than the reign of Solomon; but further than this we may not go. Moreover, whether the book has come down to us in its original integrity and whether there have been additions to the original poem and transpositions of parts are questions with which we are at present only remotely concerned. It is our purpose to consider the Book of Job, for the most part, as it stands today in the English Bible.* And we shall find in it consummate art, a melody of diction, a rhythm and cadence of phrase that are endless music; there is pathos—tender, human, melting; there is sublimity—awful and divine; and back of all towers the noble conception of a Titanic soul, who, in the face of fate and amid the impenetrable clouds of human suffering, holds fast by sheer strength to his integrity.

An analysis of the book reveals that it is written partly in prose and partly in poetry; that the poetic portion constitutes a drama—the trial and vindication of Job—while the opening chapters in prose, relieved by occasional flashes of verse, and the closing passage of pure prose are the shell in which the dramatic element is preserved. It is not within our province to consider the much-mooted questions respecting the authen-

* There seems, however, to be a dislocation of the text in chapters xxv-xxviii. We have followed Professor Cheyne in making the following rearrangement: xxv, xxvi, 5-14 (Bildad); xxvi, 1-4, xxvii, 1-7 (Job); xxvii, 8-10, 13-23 (Zophar—the opening verses being lost); xxvii, 11, 12, xxviii (Job).

ticity of these prose passages introductory and conclusory to the story. While it is dangerous to argue in such matters upon æsthetic grounds alone, it is sufficient for our purpose to remark that these prose portions have an artistic justification for their presence which at least entitles them to recognition. The prose introduction constitutes a prologue to the action of the Job story, a presentation in narrative form of the incidents which explain the movement of the drama. It plays precisely the same part as the prologue in the old Greek drama, to which, indeed, it bears marked points of resemblance; it is set off from the rest of the structure much more distinctly than in the tragedy and comedy of modern literature; it contains all the essentials of the exposition, and furnishes an especially impressive introduction of the exciting force which impels the action—a characteristic which appears peculiar to the prologue of Sophocles. The conclusion, on the other hand, is an epilogue which gathers together the threads of the action after the dramatic movement has ceased, and tells the story of Job's vindication, the return of his prosperity, and the confusion of his friends. Though lacking in the grand scenic effects of the conclusion, or exode, of the Greek drama, this portion of Job likewise performs functions strikingly similar to it. Thus we have about the Book of Job an epic setting. And it is a setting of rare simplicity.

In regard to the purely poetic portions of the Book of Job, it were interesting to delay upon its formal and technical qualities. They are, however, merely the characteristics of Hebrew poetry in general, which with remarkable purity have been preserved and transferred into our language. As is well known, Hebrew poetry is the poetry of parallelism, and its effect depends not on meter and rhyme, whose flavor escapes in translation, but upon a balance of the thought conveyed by a corresponding balance of sentence structure—a characteristic which can readily be transferred from one language to another. There are also in the poem stanzas of the utmost intricacy that it would be delightful to illustrate did occasion permit. Then, there might be noted a perfect balance of the various stanzas that compose a single speech, an interweaving of strophe and antistrophe in complex arrangement; and also

the balancing of a definite portion of one speech with that of another. Likewise a balance between the two main dramatic divisions of the poem is evident. Job introduces the first half of the drama—the Complication or Entanglement—with a soliloquy, the curse which he pronounced upon the day of his birth; while the second half—the Resolution or Disentanglement—also begins with a soliloquy, Job's splendid oath of clearing, at once the climax of the dramatic movement and a magnificent assertion of Job's integrity. Moreover, the mystic number three enters into the ordering of the poetry in a noticeable way. There are three friends of Job; each delivers himself of three speeches, if we assign to Zophar a third speech out of the twenty-seventh chapter, as there seems to be warrant for doing; and to each Job replies three times. Thus, in infinite variety of balance, parallel, and antithesis has the Hebrew bard sought to restrain his passion, to measure it, and to bend it to the purposes of art.

Of the purely rhetorical qualities of the poem we need not speak at length. The diction is physical, sensuous, and concrete; and it is consequently remarkable for clearness, simplicity, and strength. Its imagery is vivid; though homely, it is never lacking in dignity, while in the silvery ring of the sentences and the varied melody of its cadences the Book of Job is unrivaled outside sacred volume. A single quotation will illustrate not only the consummate art of the verse-structure, but, as well, the felicity of the words and the lyric power and sweetness of the sentiment—perhaps one of the finest types of what Mr. Watts has called the "great lyric," which, he says, "seems to belong as a birthright to those descendants of Shem who, yearning always to look straight into the face of God and live, could [when the great lyric was sung] see not much else:"

> Man that is born of a woman
> Is of few days, and full of trouble.
> He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down:
> He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again,
> And that the tender branch thereof will not cease.
> Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,
> And the stock thereof die in the ground;

Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.
But man dieth, and wasteth away:
Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?
As the waters fail from the sea,
And the river decayeth and drieth up;
So man lieth down and riseth not:
Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake,
Nor be roused out of their sleep.

We have in these lines a poem of infinite tenderness upon that unsubstantial pageant whereof all the sages have sung. It is in such passages as this from Job—and there are many of them—especially when placed by the familiar lines of other great masters, that we detect at once the delicate charm, the sane and steady vision, the unlimited creative power, the deep insight, and the superior imaginative seriousness of this unknown Hebrew bard, "the shadow of whose name was taken, lest he should fall by pride, like Eblis." Impersonal, unconditioned, confirming thereby our sense of mystery and awe, the Book of Job, it were not presumptuous to say, is a magnificent type—perhaps the purest we have—of absolute poetry, which Wordsworth has so beautifully defined as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

Before leaving finally the consideration of the rhetorical and poetic qualities of Job, it is necessary to remark a difficulty in its literary interpretation arising from the very excellences that have been noted. Added to the effort involved in the understanding of any highly imaginative work of art is the impediment of a foreign style, which increases the labor of the student of all Hebrew poetry. Simply because the language is so physical, sensuous, and concrete, it is incapable of expressing clearly the high abstraction essential to the discussion of the problem of good and evil to which Job and the friends address themselves. Moreover, as Renan has remarked, perspective is wholly wanting to the Semitic style, for it is ignorant of the subordination of ideas, and consequently incapable of expressing the finer shades of meaning for which the modern reader looks. "Plain, and destitute of inversions, the Semitic languages are acquainted with no process save the juxtaposition of ideas, after the manner of Byzantine painting

or the bas-reliefs of Nineveh." Hence result strange inadvertences, tedious repetitions, and occasionally apparent contradictions. It follows, therefore, that for an adequate appreciation of the Book of Job the modern reader should not confine himself by a too servile dependence upon the literal text, but, seeking to catch the general drift of thought, should permit himself to be borne aloft by the movement of the poet's imagination and the rapid sweep of his passion.

Having glanced at its prevailing literary characteristics, we may now consider the more distinctly dramatic qualities of this poem of the man of Uz. Already, indeed, the intensely lyric texture of the drama has been anticipated by implication. Essentially suggestive in method, Job is a soul-drama—like the *Prometheus* of Æschylus—and is without action. It does not represent an individual at war against adverse circumstances; it represents the workings of an individual soul under adverse circumstances, bewildered by "the slings and arrows" of misfortune, but strong in its own integrity and reaching out after God, if haply he may be found. It presents the successive stages through which Job, under the impulse of the mystery of suffering and the cruelty of bigoted friends, rises strenuously, through the consciousness of his own integrity and the justice of God, to a higher apprehension of Deity and a more spiritual understanding of the enigma of life. In scope and lyric impulse, then, the nameless creator of Job is of closer kin to Æschylus and the Greek than to Shakespeare and the Romantic dramatist. The former trace out the complex movements of spiritual action under the incitement of given external conditions or of a presupposed deed; while the latter have to do with the bringing into being of a deed from the first glow of perception to passionate desire and action, as well as with its consequences upon the human soul. In the one the passionate excitement of feeling is the charm; in the other, the witnessing of thrilling incident. This view of its intensely subjective quality brings clearly before us the dramatic idea of the poem, the vindication of the righteous man. The prologue and the epilogue sustain us in this conception. "Doth Job fear God for naught?" is the challenge that the plumed prince of evil

flings down at the feet of Jehovah, when he has asserted the integrity of Job. And the words of Job are God's own answer, which in person he affirms in the epilogue, when he rebukes the false friends and requires them to approach him for pardon through the prayers of the priestly Job: "Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath." But, thus distinctly as the main dramatic moment is brought before us, it is involved in great dramatic complexity in its entanglement with two subordinate but very important themes—the confusion of faithless friendship and the enigma of life, the mystery of good and evil.

As is usual in lyric drama, the dramatic background is vividly presented in the development of the movement. The prologue pictures only in barest outline the setting of the action, but this outline is filled in with color and life as the theme is unfolded. Job was the richest of the children of the East, and dwelt in the land of Uz. While this land cannot be given definite geographical limits, for all purposes it may be identified with that rich and quiet region which never was and therefore always is, the haunt of the heavenly muse, the secret top of Oreb or of Sinai. To the imagination of the Jewish bard it lay in the heart of a desert whence the hot winds come at noonday, and the great tempest that tumbles the house in ruin; where the sweet waters lose themselves; where the lion lurks and the robber bands lie in wait to plunder the rich camels of the merchants, or to swoop down upon the dwellers in fertile places. In the midst of this desert region, protected by its swart terrors from the intrusion of the mean affairs of the world, smiles the land of Uz. Rural peace is there, and pastoral simplicity, and patriarchal dignity. Broad are the uplands where graze the myriad flocks of Job; rich the meadows that lie by the pleasant water courses, where the reed is green and the she-asses feed; fertile the glebe rounding away to the horizon, where the corn "cometh in in his season." The solitary hawk stretches her wings toward the south. Behemoth and leviathan plash in the rushes on the river, and the war horse "paweth in the valley." By night, the sky is alight with the beauty of the moon and gemmed with the diamond points of Orion and Arcturus, of

the Bear, and of the tangled cluster of the Pleiades—all so rare and radiant that men would fain kiss the hand to them and fall before them in adoration.

In this land dwelt Job, rich in herds and flocks, in traffic and gold, in servants and children, in reputation and good deeds. He was a priest in his household, a judge and a prince among the people. When he prepared his seat in the judgment place the young men hid themselves, the aged rose up and stood, and princes kept silence for his counsel. He put on righteousness, and it clothed him; his justice was as a robe and a diadem. He was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; a father was he to the needy; and as a judge he broke "the jaws of the unrighteous, and plucked the prey out of his teeth." God was proud of the integrity of Job, and boasted of his disinterested righteousness. But Satan sneered, "Doth Job fear God for naught?" Whereupon the Almighty placed Job in the hands of the adversary for trial. And Satan brought dire calamity upon him. His flocks and his herds, his servants and his children were in a moment snatched away from him. But he sinned not, nor charged he God with foolishness, exclaiming, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Then, in anger, the adversary brought more dire afflictions upon him and smote his body with "sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown," so that he took "a potsherd to scrape himself withal" and was driven from the walks of men without the city to the ash heap—the haunt of lepers and all unclean ones. His wife bade him curse God and die. His flesh grew black; the bones stuck through his skin; his garments, stiff with the excrement of leprosy, bound him like a collar; his eyes were wild with agony; and the vilest of the people gathered around him to mock. But still God's confidence was vindicated; Job held fast to his integrity, and sinned not. Traveling caravans carried far and wide the news of Job's appalling disasters, and by appointment came three friends, no laggards in sympathy and consolation. They were elderly men and rich, each a chieftain in his own country. With all the gorgeous trappings of Eastern potentates they drew nigh the squalid mound

where Job sat in ashes and desolation; and when, yet afar off, they knew not, in the blackened creature whom the curious bystanders averred to be Job, the courtly prince of their former friendship, "they lifted up their voice, and wept; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven. So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great." With this picture of delicate sympathy the prologue closes. But in that sympathy and tenderness is wrapped the instrument of a more subtle torture than the merely physical afflictions hitherto brought upon Job were capable of inflicting; and in the anguish which is to become the implement of the adversary's third temptation lies the force of the dramatic complication.

And now, in the beginning of the dramatic movement, the scene shifts from the stage of the objective in the prologue to the greater stage of the subjective. The soul of Job becomes the arena of a terrible conflict, wherein all the elements of human nature are arrayed against the righteous man's confidence in his own integrity and his consciousness of his own uprightness. Terrible storms of subtle spiritual agony, the bitter persecutions of well-intentioned but mistaken friends, the awful bewilderment of the human heart in the presence of a mystery it cannot fathom—all these strike upon the soul of Job and beat his spirit into the dust. His is an isolation terrible to contemplate. All the props of his life have been thrown out violently from beneath him, and he seems to be abandoned of the Almighty. For he cannot mistake the hand of God in the fire that came from heaven to consume his sheep and his servants; in the great wind that swept from the wilderness to destroy his children; in the loathsome disease that devours his flesh—to the Hebrew the very sign manual of God's wrath. He is bewildered; he cannot even imagine the cause of his calamities; his philosophy utterly fails him in the presence of this inexplicable enigma. To Job, as to Teufelsdröckh—for the story of the German philosopher presents no slight or fancied resemblance spiritually to that of the man of Uz—"it is ever the bitterest aggravation of his wretchedness that he is conscious of virtue,

that he feels himself the victim, not of suffering only, but of injustice." With what eagerness, therefore, does he turn, as to a last resort, to the expected consolations of his friends, in whose sympathy he thought he read a love that would outlast misfortune and time. Touched into words by the kindly bearing of these friends, Job broke the horrid silence of the seven days. In a soliloquy, which is the immediate occasion of the first cycle of discourses, he gave vent to his terrible agony in the curse which he pronounces upon the day of his birth—a curse that beats with human passion—from the heart of hopelessness a piercing cry for the ease of death:

> Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery,
> And life unto the bitter in soul;
> Which long for death, but it cometh not;
> And dig for it more than for hid treasures;
> Which rejoice exceedingly,
> And are glad, when they can find the grave?

Pitiful indeed were it, because of these wild utterances of pain, to call Job wicked. Yet the narrow orthodoxy of a traditional creed has power to crush all charity and love. But Job's bitter cry brought upon him the sting of faithless friendship. These aged men, so seeming tender, loosed not the fountains of their tears for Job's lament. Instead, they averted their eyes, and in their faces, which he eagerly scanned for hope and consolation, he found only stern rebuke and pitiless condemnation. For, to their ears, his language was blasphemy, and it confirmed their creed-begotten fears—Job was in rebellion against God. Their logic was remorseless: All suffering is a judgment upon sin; Job suffers, his leprosy is the very minister of divine vengeance; therefore, Job has sinned. Thus they made merchandise of their friend. Thus, with a self-complacency that could not admit of the possibility of mistake, they sacrificed to the horrid Moloch of an idea the tenderest demands of the human heart, and to the poignancy of Job's afflictions they added the stab of false friendship. "All suffering is a judgment upon sin!" This is their contribution to the problem of evil. With this idea they thought to measure out the infinite providence of God—to read the Sphinx's secret, the mystery of suffering.

But we should do these friends of Job a serious injustice, did we not recognize the kindness with which at first they endeavor to divert his attention from his misery to what they mistakenly conceive to be the justice of his calamities. Though they misinterpret the words of Job, are horrified at his blasphemy, and sacrifice their sympathy to an unbending orthodoxy, they do not at once surrender to a righteous indignation. For a time, indeed, they temper their wrath with love, only thereby, however, to render their misjudgment finally the more bitter. In a mild, suggestive strain Eliphaz, the oldest and most important of the three, opens the colloquy and catches up the threads of the drama for the beginnings of the entanglement. With delicate tact and subtle insinuation, but with remorseless tenacity, he presses upon the smitten protagonist the lesson he has commissioned himself to teach. And yet, seemingly, his words are those of friendly admiration mingled with encouragement. To impress upon Job the futility of a human plea against the visitations of God, he describes a vision which came to him in the silence of the night "when deep sleep falleth on men"—a silence, and out of the silence a voice:

> Shall mortal man be just before God?
> Shall a man be pure before his Maker?

Indirectly rebuking Job, he argues the infinite distance between God and man, and to the already bitter aggravation of Job's wretchedness he thus adds another agony, not softened by the seeming fairness of his concluding admonition to commit unto God his "cause;" for, Eliphaz continues:

> He shall deliver thee in six troubles;
> Yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.

Job, however, has no ears for the mild rebukes of misjudging self-complacency. He heeds not the arguments of the friends. His sufferings have given him a right to complain, so grievous are they, so inadequate are his complaints to express them. He is still engrossed with the single idea in which his afflictions body themselves:

> Oh that I might have my request;
> And that God would grant me the thing that I long for!
> Even that it would please God to crush me;
> That he would let loose his hand, and cut me off!

Almost with indignation he declares against God's pursuit of him. "Wherefore . . . holdest [thou] me for thine enemy?" he exclaims;

> Wilt thou harass a driven leaf?
> And wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?

Also, to like purpose, Job says:

> Am I a sea, or a sea-monster,
> That thou settest a watch over me?
> When I say, My bed shall comfort me,
> My couch shall ease my complaint;
> Then thou scarest me with dreams,
> And terrifiest me through visions:
> So that my soul chooseth strangling,
> And death rather than these my bones.
> I loathe my life; I would not live alway:
> Let me alone; for my days are vanity.

These are wild and whirling words, but they are words of unutterable and hopeless wretchedness, and not, as Job's friends imagine, of impious irreverence. The passion of the friends increases rapidly before the obduracy of Job. Stung into a frenzy of indignation, even the calmness of Eliphaz disappears, and Zophar at length in uncontrollable anger completes the first stage of the complication of the drama with the malevolent exclamation, "Know therefore that God exacteth of thee less than thine iniquity deserveth!"

Thus, in the first stage of the entanglement Job is caught in a mesh of interwoven emotions that becomes more and more complex as he struggles to escape. He is conscious of his own virtue; yet his friends have misjudged him and called him a wicked man. They are forgers of lies, physicians of no value; their memorable sayings are proverbs of mud. He scorns to answer them. He is apparently forsaken of God—why, he cannot even remotely imagine. The idea of God's omnipotence overwhelms him. The impassable gulf that separates the infinite One from man appalls him. God seems "at best only an absentee God, sitting idle ever since the first Sabbath at the outside of the universe and seeing it go." There is no helper in God or man. Driven in upon himself, he feels about blindly for a staff of support. He would find a daysman, an umpire, to stand between him and God and

vindicate his ways before the Most High. But there is none. He sinks back again into the darkness of despair, crying only for a moment's rest before he shall pass into that outer darkness whence he shall not return—"even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death." But this prayer also is denied. Baffled, beaten down, Job yet struggles to rise. Of one thing only is he sure, though all else is doubt, "I know that I am righteous!" And, as he bases his feet firmly upon this consciousness of virtue, there rises a sole star of promise, born of the very blackness of death to twinkle but a moment, then to fade into the darkness again—but a star. In the light of a possible future life Job's integrity assumes a sublimer meaning and dignity, and, awed before a fleeting vision of eternity, he whispers a hope:

> If a man die, shall he live again?
> All the days of my warfare would I wait,
> Till my release should come.
> Thou shouldest call, and I would answer thee:
> Thou wouldest have a desire to the work of thine hands.

While these words mark the first crisis in the rising action and contain the pledges of Job's future triumph over all the elements of dramatic complication, the friends in the second stage of the entanglement essay to reiterate their precious doctrine. With greater severity and harshness they marshal before Job the many instances in which, in their experience, God's retribution has come upon the wicked. Still Job makes no effort to answer their arguments; he is still engrossed within himself, still unshaken in the consciousness of virtue. From these misinterpreting friends, he turns to God with a confidence born of the new hope. God himself, and no stranger, shall be the umpire to plead his cause before heaven's throne. With sublime reliance upon the justice of God and upon his own integrity he appeals from God to God. Once more the star! And Job staggers to his feet in the strength of a new faith, and towers upon his friends in the majesty of a new conception which he declares to their astonished ears:

> Oh that my words were now written!
> Oh that they were inscribed in a book!
> That with an iron pen and lead
> They were graven in the rock forever!

But I know that my Vindicator liveth,
And that he shall stand up at the last upon the earth:
And after my skin hath been thus destroyed,
Yet without my flesh shall I see God:
Whom I shall see on my side,
And mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

But, sublime as is the position attained by Job at the close of the second stage of the complication, he has not even yet learned the noblest lesson of sorrow. That is reserved for the third and final step in the entanglement of the dramatic theme. The friends cannot understand the new hope and faith of Job. They are horrified by his impiety, and still further angered by his obduracy. Even Eliphaz rejects the mildness of his former insinuations, and with the effrontery of conscious falsehood—howbeit forced upon him by his creed—charges upon the saintly Job specific acts of sin:

Is not thy wickedness great?
Neither is there any end to thine iniquities.
For thou hast taken pledges of thy brother for naught,
And stripped the naked of their clothing.
Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink,
And thou hast withholden bread from the hungry.
But as for the mighty man, he had the earth;
And the honorable man, he dwelt in it.
Thou hast sent widows away empty,
And the arms of the fatherless have been broken.
Therefore snares are round about thee,
And sudden fear troubleth thee,
Or darkness, that thou canst not see,
And abundance of waters cover thee.

But Job confronts these charges with a quiet smile; he is now sure of his final vindication, here or beyond. He may even face the arguments advanced by his friends, which as yet he has scarcely noticed. He may front with unshaken faith the enigma of life and the mystery of providence, and thus rise to a higher conception of God than has hitherto been revealed to him or to the curious gazers about him. These friends have been zealously urging upon him their narrow views of the ways of God to man; but Job sees how inadequate these ideas are. They have been painting the direful punishments which, according to their philosophy, inevitably come upon the wicked in this life—for they knew

no other; but Job easily involves their conception of suffering as a judgment from God in irreconcilable contradiction, and they are confounded. He is awed as he reads the terrible mystery written in the incidents of life:

> Even when I remember I am troubled,
> And horror taketh hold on my flesh.

But, certainly, Job has seen the wicked prosper, and even the righteous afflicted:

> One dieth in his full strength,
> Being wholly at ease and quiet:
> His breasts are full of milk,
> And the marrow of his bones is moistened.
> And another dieth in bitterness of soul,
> And never tasteth of good.
> They lie down alike in the dust,
> And the worm covereth them.

"Who shall explain me all this?" he cries. "Who shall declare the ways of God?"

> Behold, I go forward, but he is not there;
> And backward, but I cannot perceive him:
> On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him:
> He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.
> But he knoweth the way that I take;
> When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

It is thus that Job lays all doubt, finding in God himself his solution of the mystery of good and evil.

With these words on his lips Job pauses. His friends are silent; they are amazed, and answer no more. Settling back upon the ashes, Job falls into soliloquy. The Sphinx's secret has been read, and in the light of a majestic solution of the mystery Job can front with seldom-wavering equanimity the glory of his former estate, even in contrast with his bitter present. There is no longer complaint or scorching passion. Job has risen in triumph over the afflictions that strove to beat him down and break him. He has trodden disaster and despair beneath the feet of victory. What matters it now that he is a leper; that he suffers pain beyond the tongue of man to tell; that the friends of his yearning are unsympathetic, unjust, and unfaithful; that he has become a brother to jackals and a companion to ostriches? In the school of

sorrow he has learned that in God all contradiction is solved; that sin, and sorrow, and suffering, and the mystery of life fade away in the light of his wisdom; that "there is in man a higher than love of happiness—he may do without happiness and, instead thereof, find blessedness." In the strength of this new-found faith, unshaken even by meditations upon his afflictions, Job rises grandly from the ashes and with arm extended to heaven challenges even the Almighty, and before him in that splendid oath of clearing—the climax of the drama—dares assert his integrity. Article by article he meets the charges of Eliphaz; article by article he purges himself of the imputation of sin—lust of the eye and lust of the flesh; injustice to servants and oppression of the weak; failure in charity to the needy and in hospitality to the stranger; the inordinate desire for gold and the chuckle of greed; the worship of "the sun when it shined," or of "the moon walking in brightness;" exultation at the destruction of an enemy; or the concealment of secret sin in fear of man. And, finally, if there be any other sin charged against him—of each and all Job declares his entire innocence:

> If my land cry out against me,
> And the furrows thereof weep together;
> If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money,
> Or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life:
> Let thistles grow instead of wheat,
> And cockle instead of barley.

In this final discourse and soliloquy of Job, as has been hinted, the dramatic climax of the poem is reached. In his oath of clearing the complication and the resolution cross, and into it enter all three of the threads which form the fabric of the drama. He has met the injustice of his friends, and risen above it; he has demonstrated the inadequacy of their theory of suffering, and resolved the mystery in the providence and wisdom of God. He has vindicated his righteousness and challenged Jehovah to affirm the integrity of his ways. Each of the three threads of complication thus becomes by a fine dramatic necessity in the skillful handling of the poet the clew to the final resolution of the main theme. There remains but one step to complete the dramatic movement and establish the dramatic idea as it is set forth in the prologue—the declara-

tion of God upon the questions at issue. And Job now sinks back upon the ashes to await the answer of the Almighty.

But the voice of God is delayed. Instead of Jehovah, Elihu, a nervous youth, appears upon the scene, bursting with self-importance and impatience, but courteous withal and the most sharply individualized of all the opponents of Job. His wrath was kindled against Job, we read, because he justified himself, and against the friends, because they found no answer and yet condemned Job. But Elihu is as much mistaken in his attitude toward Job as the three friends had been; for he also ignored Job's consciousness of integrity, and his theory of calamity—that it is a warning from God to the sinner to flee from the wrath to come—is as inadequate as theirs. He contributes nothing to the final solution of the mystery, nor does he add the weight of a feather to the burden of Job's trials. Why then, does he appear at all? There have been critics, indeed, who have argued that the discourse of Elihu is an interpolation by a later hand. But, without delaying to examine their proofs, it is sufficient for our purpose to observe that there is in fact great dramatic and artistic propriety for the presence of Elihu in the story. He serves as the unconscious herald of God, to announce the approach of Jehovah in answer to Job's challenge. As such, he is demanded by all the principles of dramatic art. The immediate approach of Deity into the high passion of Job's oath of clearing or the unannounced introduction of the supernatural would have destroyed inevitably the imaginative effect of the theophany. But the hesitation and prolixity of the opening of Elihu's discourse serve as an admirable relief to the emotions of the reader before the awful manifestation of Jehovah is made, and thus tend to an increase of the final dramatic climax of the poem; while this artistic effect is further heightened by the unexpectedness of his appearance, in contrast to the eagerly awaited advent of the Deity. Thus God used Elihu to prepare the spectators for his approach, and to herald his awful footsteps.

It is in the light of this that Elihu's discourse must be read. He has been standing by during the colloquy of Job and the friends, scarcely restraining his youthful impatience to bear a part in the controversy. But he has been restrained by the

venerable aspect of Eliphaz and his companions. Now that they are silenced, however, he thrusts his way through the press to a position immediately in front of Job, whom he addresses after a long and circumlocutory apology for his presence in the debate. He urges upon Job his view of the case:

> For God speaketh once, yea twice, though man regardeth it not,
> That he may withdraw the soul of man from his purpose,
> And keep it from the pit.

But Job, in the expectation of an ultimate answer from God, is silent, and makes no sign when Elihu pauses for reply. In the embarrassment of rebuff, he turns to the three friends to justify his position in their sight and to offer himself as their champion. Still he is met by silence. Again in his humiliation before the spectators he turns to Job, this time in the anger of rebuke, and declares him to be ripe for the fullest penalty of sin:

> But thou art full of the judgment of the wicked:
> Judgment and justice take hold on thee.

Still silence. At length, stung to the quick by the failure of his words to arouse the conscience of Job, or to move to approbation the stern faces of the friends, he falls back upon the ordinary and popular conception of the majesty and might of Jehovah, to which the friends and Job have already given expression, and of the impassable gulf between God and man. But, while he is yet speaking, his unripe wisdom is confounded. The sky begins to herald the approach of Deity, and Elihu, caught by the inspiration of the wonderful changes that are working in the atmosphere, bends them to an illustration of his theme. Even yet he does not read aright the signs in the skies; but, seizing upon every detail of the phenomenon, he brings visibly before our eyes, step by step, the mysteries of the theophany. The sun draws up the drops of water to distill them again in rain. The lightnings begin to play through the heavens, and distant reverberations of thunder roll from over the desert. The cattle stand huddled together in expectation of storm. The quiet first drops fall, and the earth exhales moisture. Now a louder peal of thunder shakes the firmament; the hearts of the people quake. The swift lightnings flash unto the ends of the earth. God thundereth with the voice of majesty, and sea and land are plunged in darkness:

> Then the beasts go into coverts,
> And remain in their dens.
> Out of the chamber of the south cometh the storm:
> And cold out of the north.

Darker and blacker grows the day, and the spectators are awed into silence. They cannot order their speech by reason of darkness. And now a marvelous change is wrought; the wind passes and is still, and out of the north cometh a blinding splendor—the light of the Omnipotent. In terrible majesty the Lord rebukes Elihu from the whirlwind:

> Who is this that darkeneth counsel
> By words without knowledge?

He is abashed. The spectators are overwhelmed. Eliphaz and his companions are confounded. Jehovah has answered the challenge of Job.

Here in the dramatic situation itself is the clew to the inevitable interpretation of the theophany. Its purpose is not the rebuke and humiliation of Job. So to interpret the words of the Voice is to ignore completely and absolutely the central dramatic idea of the poem, affirmed by God in the prologue and confirmed by him in the epilogue—the vindication of the righteousness and integrity of Job. It is to charge a mistake upon the Omnipotent, who expressly approves the uprightness of Job. It is to put him on the side of the false friends whom he expressly rebukes: "Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath." It is to give the sanction of Deity to faithless friendship and false love. It is, finally, to make God himself deny the adequacy of Job's resolution of the mystery of providence in the unsearchable wisdom of the Most High. On the contrary the theophany is, in answer to the petition of Job, a sublimely poetic declaration by Jehovah upon the issues of the drama, a marvelous revelation of the Infinite beyond the powers of the finite to comprehend. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Job bows himself to the dust before the revelation. In the spotless whiteness of the Godhead even his priestly purity is a filthy rag. By the infinite sea of God's wisdom even he is an infant playing in the sand.

Each faculty tasked
To perceive him has gained an abyss when a dewdrop was asked.
Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank to the Infinite Care!
Do I task my faculty highest to image success?
I but open my eyes—and perfection, no more and no less
In the kind I imagined full-fronts me, and God is seen, God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, in the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit I climb to his feet.

This is the *katharsis* of the drama, a purification, as it were, by fire. To the retreating Voice, growing fainter and fainter as the whirlwind recedes, Job stammers in humility:

Therefore have I uttered that which I understood not,
Things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.

Again the Voice calls faintly from a distance in the halls of thunder:

Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak;
I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.

And Job whispers a reply:

I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear;
But now mine eye seeth thee,
Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent
In dust and ashes.

With these words the drama closes. And in the lovely prose of the final chapter is written how the Lord rebuked Eliphaz and his companions—requiring them to do sacrifice and sue for pardon through the prayers of the priestly Job—and how he turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends. "So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning," giving him again a fair posterity—sons and daughters—and enriching him with flocks and herds. "And after this Job lived an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days."

William E. Sweet.

Art. II.—CHRISTIANITY AND RACE EVOLUTION.

A recent writer has said that Church history moves not in straight lines, but in cycles not always symmetrical, but more or less definite, and each cycle consisting of four segments. These segments he calls the mystical, the doctrinal, the scholastic, and the critical. In the mystical period "the truth is held in solution." In the doctrinal it is "precipitated and takes visible form." In the scholastic the molten doctrine has been "run into molds and has settled into cast-iron shape." And then comes the time when men, growing weary of forms, "go back to elementary facts" and reexamine foundations; this is the critical period.* The first is the age of St. John; the second is the age of Chrysostom; the third is the age of Thomas Aquinas; the last, the age of Erasmus. Then begins another cycle. The mystical period is represented by Jacob Boehme in Germany and by Madame Guyon in France. The doctrinal era finds worthy exponents in the Puritans and Scotch Covenanters. Then came Leibnitz and Spinoza and Lessing, who may fairly be said to represent the scholastic stage; and then the critical era—introduced by the textual criticism of the Bible by Kennicott, Griesbach, and others, and supplemented by what Eichhorn was pleased to call "higher criticism," to distinguish it from the linguistic and philological study of the book.

For a generation past we have been living in the critical segment of the cycle. It is the climacteric period, the aphelion point of the orbit where the flying body gathers itself for the return toward the center, the ebb of the night when animate and inanimate nature with a weird thrill of expectancy turns its face toward the east. There is reason to believe that another cycle is about to begin, that we are on the threshold of another mystical era. German rationalism is less positive in its findings. A radical American has already asked in some perturbation if Professor Harnack has not gone to Canossa. Professor Armstrong, of Wesleyan, writes of the return to faith, and says that the "era of doubt is drawing

* *The Cure of Souls.*

toward its close." The watchword of the day is, "Back to Christ," and a glance at the newest books suggests that the trend toward a moderate pietism is a sign of the times.

These periods are not so much cycles, after all, as spirals of progress—a sort of evolutionary switch back railroad on which the train apparently returns again and again to the same point but each time higher up the slope, a change of altitude, rather than a change of latitude. It is the struggle of Christianity with the inertia of the race; it is the natural ferment of the truth, and is inevitable when we consider the problem of race evolution to be solved and the character of the great Faith by which the work is to be done. Moreover, its consideration throws some light on the theological unrest which is so marked in the best thinking of the day.

I. Christianity is essentially constructive. It creates. Whatever it touches it improves. It destroys only to reproduce in better form. It permits the seed to die as the condition and the prophecy of harvest. John the Baptist came—rugged, fierce, declamatory—and said, "Now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees;" and the world waited and watched for the divine woodman. But the mission of Jesus was not "to destroy, but to fulfill." There was much that was wrong, many radical changes to be made; but it was correction and not destruction, fruition and not annihilation, that was needed. Thus the Master said, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding, he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." John was a destroyer. He declared war upon existing religious conditions. He thundered against the hypocrisy of the day; and, clothed in camel's hair and disdaining all luxuries, he dwelt a hermit in the desert. There was only one way to cure the evils of the time, and that was by unquenchable fire. This was his theory of reformation, and his idea of the imminent Reformer. So, when the Messiah had come and the world moved on undisturbed and political conditions remained unchanged, a great doubt oppressed the Baptist, and out from his prison came the momentous inquiry, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" John was in theory a destroyer, but

Christianity is not a system of destruction. The least of those who have caught its constructive spirit, who are filled with the instinct of growth, whose ambition it is to lift, to enlarge, to exalt, is in so far greater than the great forerunner who ploughed deep the furrow but had not the seed ready with which to fecundate the waiting soil.

No scheme can flourish on a "Thou shalt not." No system of destructive criticism can ever be incorporated and abide. The world wants more than negation. Agnosticism, which, according to Frederick Harrison, is "the belief that there is a sort of something about which we can know nothing," can never be the conquering creed. Alaric and Genghis Kahn and Tamerlane are not the world's heroes. The world prefers a Robinson Crusoe, building his hut in the thicket and making the wilderness fruitful, or a Robert Clive, who gave India to Great Britain and daybreak to India.

II. In the constructive process Christianity has sought everywhere for material and for plans. It lays the world of thought and of motive under contribution. The Bible contains the word of God, but it does not contain all of that word. It does not claim to possess it all. On the contrary, it constantly refers us to other sources of knowledge and of truth. The heavens declare the glory of God, as well as the book. Paul testifies that God has not "left himself without witness," even where there is no Bible, "in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons." Coleridge is not a heretic when he says:

> Believe that every bird that sings
> And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
> And every breath the radiant summer brings,
> To the pure spirit is a word of God.

Jesus calls the lilies and the sparrows to give testimony, and God is ready to refer his controversy with Job to the war horse, the leviathan, or to the swing of Orion and Arcturus. These things were before there were any Scriptures. There is the truth of God and there is the purpose of God revealed constantly in history. The daily newspapers contain his marching orders. The nations of the world are our schoolmasters to lead us unto Christ. Every fragment of figured

clay from the mounds of Chaldea, every page of lettered papyrus, every hieroglyph of hoary Egypt is a fresh installment of the message of God to man.

Christianity has drawn from all these sources. It stands ready to correlate all these truths. It is not ashamed to pick up a gem from the mire. It is not afraid to appropriate a great truth, even though it be born and bred in the haunts of great errors. It has heeded the counsel of Lowell written in a copy of Omar Khayyám:

> Where Doubt's eddies toss and wheel
> Faith's slender shallop till her footing reel,
> Plunge! If you find not peace beneath the whirl,
> Groping you may like Omar grasp a pearl.

Philo, the Alexandrian philosopher, sought to harmonize the Mosaic and the Platonic philosophies, and adopted the word "Logos." This word is intended to mean the embodiment of the divine powers. It is impersonal; it is unintelligible; it is misleading. Out of it came the formidable gnostic heresy. It was a dangerous word to handle, as it was full of unexplored possibilities. Yet Christianity caught it, domesticated it, and it became the shibboleth of the fourth gospel, the sign manual of John the Beloved. As a religious symbol the cross is prehistoric. There was a cross on the great glass image of Serapis brought from the Black Sea three centuries before Christ, and the priests of Egypt begged that it might be spared as it was the emblem of their god and of the life to come. The Spanish missionaries found the natives of America worshiping the cross. It is engraved upon the oldest temples in Mexico and Central America—buildings of unknown antiquity. It was called the "key of the Nile" by which Osiris opened the fountains of the south and poured the life-giving river over the land. "Thor's Hammer," as it is called, found on ancient stones in the far north, is but a rude figure of the cross. The old Viking made a sign of the hammer over the meat offered at sacrifice; the Romish priest makes the same sign in the various services of the Church. Egypt, Assyria, China, Scandinavia have thus given to Christianity its most sacred symbol, and Christianity has not disdained to accept that which comes fragrant with the mystery of a world-wide reverence and

hallowed with the associations of countless centuries. The pagan father in Norway received the newborn child, and, if he decided to preserve it, poured water over it and gave it a name. To destroy its life after that was murder. The child had been initiated into civil life—it had been baptized. And this, centuries before the first infant received its Christian name on the application of water and was thus initiated into the Church. Was there an exalted precept of Greek philosophy or a pregnant line of Greek poetry, it became a part of the message of this new religion to the world. Was there a suggestive Roman custom or a worthy Roman law, it has come down to us wearing the livery of the Christian faith.

III. Thus is prepared a system thoroughly qualified to become the efficient cause of race evolution. It is a specific compounded of the best ingredients. It is a piece of machinery in which are combined all the latest improvements. It is distinctly up to date, its appeal is ever fresh and new, and its tendency is always to construct and to dignify. For instance, it reveals God—a God large enough for the growing wants of the race, a God who by his essential nature helps the race to grow and gives it room in which to grow. In him we are led out into a large place. He is uncreated. He is infinite. He is the author of the past and the arbiter of the future. He is himself a builder, and whatever goes forth from his hand carries in it the impulse and spirit of development. This religious scheme reveals life—not merely the play of emotions, the enterprise of trade,' the interchange of greetings which make our diary record, but the larger life as it stands related to the universe; the end of the path which has been left out of sight behind, and the end which is not yet on the horizon ahead. We are not strangers to ourselves, when we have listened to the teachings of Christianity; we are not strangers and pilgrims on the earth, as were the old patriarchs. It is Immanuel's land, and it belongs to us none the less because we go hence, by and by. We have learned why we are here, what we are to do while here, and the path that leads hence when the school is over.

There are religions and religions. Some keep men as they are. There is no stir, no progress. The dead hand is on the

brakes. The will of the fathers is the way of the children, and life stagnates. Other religions are distinctly evil. They encourage vice. They pander to the lowest instincts; indeed, they make the perversion of these instincts a religious service, and bring man in his devotions—in fact, by his devotions—to lower levels. Idolatry manufactures its gods, and gives them "few of the attributes of heaven and all of the attributes of earth." They are usually inhuman, rather than superhuman. "Think of Buddha and you become Buddha" is Chinese, and it is also psychology. If the life is to be exalted, the object worshiped must be superior to the worshiper. Hinduism and Buddhism offer no help in this world, and Confucianism offers none in the world to come. Mohammedanism knows nothing better than the sword as an evangelizing agency, and nothing higher than sense as the motive or reward of service. But Christianity puts man on the upward path, shows him the sun blaze on the summit, fills his soul with longing, and wings his feet with hope; then it keeps step with him upward into the light. In the struggle for supremacy between flesh and spirit Christ's Christianity is never on the earth side. It does not degrade the body; it glorifies it by making it subordinate. It does not destroy sense; it directs it.

IV. The effect of this is to magnify the individual. The value of human life is a modern discovery. It was the cheapest commodity in the market until quite recently. And that not only in pagan lands—in Rome, where the flesh of slaves was used to fatten the fish for the patrician table; in the Fiji Islands, where a life was sacrificed whenever a canoe was launched; in Dahomey, where the living wives were buried with broken legs in the pit with their dead husband—but in England, and even in America. England executed three hundred beggars in one year for asking alms. To shoot a rabbit in the New Forest of William I was to be hanged or boiled alive. To cut down a tree in an orchard, to steal property to the value of five shillings from a shop or forty shillings from a dwelling house, to break through a window and take goods at five o'clock in the afternoon, to counterfeit the stamp used as a tax on hair powder—this meant death. To stay away thrice from church was a capital offense in old Virginia.

It is the modern Christ who emphasizes the greater value of a man than a sheep. In the days of his incarnation Jesus tried to teach that the hairs of the head are numbered, that all heaven sympathized with the return of a single sinner, that one sheep on the mountains at nightfall meant distress and confusion through all the household and a night of unrest and wandering on the part of the shepherd. But the world forgot all this, and is only recently bringing it to mind. During the late war with Spain a crowd stood in front of one of the great metropolitan newspaper offices reading the changing bulletins. A little fellow had been dressed as an American sailor and placed upon the scaffold where he could walk back and forth in full sight. Suddenly he stumbled and fell. A cry of dismay went up from the crowd and one man, rough-handed, brown-faced, rude-mannered, cried out, with more or less of unreportable expletives, "Catch him quick, he's worth more than the whole newspaper!" The ancestors of that man would have left the boy out in the forest to die, if it had not suited their fancy to maintain him. The famous line, "I am a man, and whatever concerns humanity concerns me," when first uttered on a Roman stage brought the whole audience to their feet with shouts of applause. Yet, the man in the play who gives expression to such a noble sentiment is the father who a little earlier had complained because his wife exposed one of their children, instead of killing it as he had commanded.

Abraham prepared to put Isaac to death without any scruples of conscience. His father-heart was broken, his faith in God's promise that in Isaac the earth should be blessed was shaken, but there is no reason to believe that there was any question in his mind from the ethical standpoint. To-day, the moral complexion of such a sacrifice would be argued as proof that the command did not come from God. Abraham had no such problem to solve, as his valuation of human life was vastly different from that which now obtains. Wherever Christianity has been permitted to proclaim its whole message it has taught that life is sacred. The Spanish Inquisition, the horrors perpetrated in the Netherlands, the atrocities of Cortes and Pizarro were made possible by first crippling the true Faith. The new head of the Church in Rome was a perver-

sion of, and a libel upon, the system he claimed to represent. One of the surgeons of the Charity Hospital, Stockholm, experimented at first upon calves with the virus of black small-pox. But this was expensive, and, according to his own declaration, he eventually used children as subjects since children were cheaper than calves. In the Vienna hospital experiments were made upon the hapless patients with hyoscyamine sulphate, while the tortured victims would again and again beg on bended knees for death as a relief from their suffering. Here, Christianity was virtually discarded, and a dead materialism took its place. Men and women are only animals. And this is science, whose "sweet reasonableness" is so often pledged to check the despotism of the Church, unlock the fetters of tradition, and preach the brotherhood of man. All these atrocities are perpetrated in this sacred name. Not a perversion of science, but a science without religion—a cold, planning brain, an unsanctified intellect, a lawless corsair steel-prowed and armor-clad that ranges the seas, obedient to no orders, owing no allegiance, carrying no flag, ready to ride down anything that crosses its path of discovery or conquest. Christianity founded those hospitals and now pleads to control them, and, when it does, experiments with living flesh to gratify curiosity or to establish some personal *dictum* will cease, for the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

A religious scheme that develops the individual gives the race better leaders, and the race has come into its kingdom largely through leadership. Men of power are more than a product of their times, they are the producers as well. They represent in the beginning the best possible raw material, before it has been wrought upon by the machinery; in the end they improve the machinery. The times help to develop them, and they enrich the times so that the next evolution is yet larger and better. The history of the race cannot be written if we leave biography out. It will be full of impassable gaps. Greek philosophy is *terra incognita*, without Socrates and Aristotle. Charlemange is another word for mediæval Europe. It has been said that "time was the parent, and silence was the nurse of the British Constitution;" yet the growth of that majestic unwritten instrument cannot be noted without a

study of the lives of Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Somers, and others. Christianity trains leaders. It brings out the best in the individual. In shows him, indeed, that there is a best in him. It plants the first seeds of self-respect in the heart, and stands guard over the field as the harvest matures. It makes the man who makes other men. It stimulates to the best endeavor those who become a stimulus to others. It is the normal class where the teachers of the world are in training. But it deals also with the rank and file. Its mission is not only to the man on the bridge, but also to the man behind the gun. In its leavening of the individual Christianity leavens the whole lump. The crowd is only an aggregation of individuals, the race is only a confederation of units. If each man is of the blood royal it is a race of kings. The religion of Osiris built obelisks, written all over with silly compliments to the reigning Pharaoh, and pyramids in which one man was buried and in the construction of which thousands of other men died under the lash. The religion of Jesus Christ builds in that same land a giant dam across the Nile, by which thousands of acres are to be irrigated and hundreds of thousands are to be fed. Rome called its inns *hospitalia*, and lodged there the favored guest; Christianity calls them "hospitals," and means either a place for medical treatment or an asylum for the poor. Christianity denies the theory of Epicurus and Lucretius, that the gods never interfere with life on this earth, that the concerns of the world do not affect them, that they dwell within

> The lucid interspace of world and world,
> Where never creeps a cloud nor moves a wind,
> Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
> Their sacred everlasting calm.

Its pleasure is to reveal to us a God who looks after the grass of the field, and provides for the ravens that venture upon the shelterless winter without storehouse or barn. When the barbarians came down upon Italy and the race seemed to be swept from its moorings, Christianity put herself at the head of these savage world-breakers, taught them how to form stable governments, and led them into the path of progress. When the dark ages followed, as a result of this

overthrow of order, and learning was about to be buried in the ruins of the cities and kingdoms that went down in the track of Genseric and Attila, Christianity opened her cathedral schools and trained her priests and monks to keep the "fires of literature burning by the side of the fires of the altar." When that learning seemed destined to become the heritage of the rich and leisured classes only, Christianity taught Gutenberg how to carve his movable types, and prompted Luther to break the dead hand of the obsolete languages and turn the Bible loose in the mother tongue.

The result of all this may now be clearly seen. The development of the individual means the overthrow of feudalism, civil or ecclesiastical. There are still traces of mediævalism in theological opinion and relics of feudalism in ecclesiastical polity, but they are doomed by the law of the survival of the fittest. This, of course, implies revolution, as well as evolution, and revolutions destroy many an ancient landmark and disturb many a night's slumber. It means the birth of modern criticism, and since Christianity is the foster mother of criticism we need not fear that the latter will ever become a matricide. Out of this uplift have come Columbus and Magellan and Da Gama in discovery; Bacon and Descartes and Darwin in science; Luther and Savonarola and Wesley in religion; Delitzsch and De Wette and Driver in exegesis. Out of it has come modern history, where every man has a right to look for the truth. And the honest quest of truth and its fearless announcement when discovered are the surest safeguards against the reactionary forces ever in evidence, that would block the wheels of progress, stagnate the currents of evolution, and stay the sunrise that is breaking over the world.

John D. Kelley

Art. III.—THE MINISTRY OF ART.

Art is not merely to rejoice and adorn man's being, but is necessary to his just balance and crowning. The true artist—be his language architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, or music—is ordained for the enrichment of human life. He reveals the scenes, invisible to so many, where heaven and earth meet and celestial glory mingles with commonplace realities. A great teacher of our day—one of its prophets—has said, "To the discernment of truth and beauty, to the arousing of man's imagination, to the widening of the span of this celestial region art is mainly dedicated, and this most truly is its mission." "I am convinced," writes Delaroche, a great French painter, "that painting, as much as literature, may act upon public opinion." Painting, art in all its forms, is literature for those who can read it.

That art has a religious mission is evident alike from its nature, history, and subjects. Dante declared that "art is God's grandchild." What did he mean by this aphorism? Probably, like many seers, he saw in the universe the expression of God's thought, and in man the crowning creation of the infinite Artist, the most significant manifestation of his glory. This was a part of Paul's thought in the passage, "The invisible things of Him . . . are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." Shakespeare also says, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" And man, in apprehension like a god, has a similar longing to create, to express his thoughts and desires in sensuous forms. When he does thus create, Dante would call his work "art," or "God's grandchild." As in the creation of the world, "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," when "the earth was without form, and void," fashioned it into order and beauty, and peopled it with myriads of living forms, so this selfsame creative Spirit, inspiring some veritable son of God, bodies forth in the works of art.

In all ages, among all peoples, the influence of the divine Spirit has been termed "inspiration" or "illumination;" it has been regarded as a fructifying afflatus of the creative Spirit, giving ideas and desires, quickening human insight to discern in the manifold and illusory appearances of nature a universal order and an eternal significance. Albrecht Dürer says, "The mind of the artist is filled with images; God gives much power to the man who is rich in artistic perception, for God alone knows how a beautiful picture ought to be made, and he to whom God reveals it knows it also." When Haydn perceived the tones by which he represents the breaking forth of the light at creation, he exclaimed, with outstretched arms and a loud voice, "This is not of me, it comes from above." Now this inspiration or illumination may be direct—the shining of the Infinite into the soul of the artist. Such was the inspiration of Fra Angelico. Raphael's letter to Castiglione is significant in this connection: "Since good judges and beautiful women are rare, I make use of a certain ideal that hovers before me; if this now has anything good in art, I know not, but I take much pains thereabout." Or the inspiration of the artist may be indirect; it may be kindled by sense impressions from the world without, the creative in man corresponding to the creative in nature and re-creating the world of appearances into an ideal world of general conceptions. The inspiration of Wordsworth was of this indirect character. He indicates its source in a poem written a few miles above Tintern Abbey:

> For I have learned
> To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> . . . . . And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

In another poem Wordsworth also says:

> My voice proclaims
> How exquisitely the individual mind
> . . . . . to the external world
> Is fitted; and how exquisitely, too,
> The external world is fitted to the mind
> And the creation (for by no lower name
> Can it be called) which they with blended might
> Accomplish.

Herder felt the same influence, when, addressing a harp, he asks, "What sings in you, ye strings, what sounds in your tones?" and answers, "The world-spirit steps forth into the harmony in whose hands our soul itself becomes a harp string."

The feeling that the external world awakens passes through many gradations. It may be the mere exhilaration of spirits, or intense sensuous delight in graceful forms and brilliant colors, or it may mount to spiritual rapture. It is not the noblest tendency of the soul to rest in feeling; thoughts are awakened, the ideas suggested by these sensuous objects are presented, and when intense thought is blended with intense feeling the highest religious and artistic activities of the soul are generated. The nature of these activities is explained by the character of the factors that produce them. Intense sensuous delight, with little thought, produces only beautiful idolatry in religion, gorgeous description in poetry, and picturesque fidelity in painting. On the other hand, intense thought with little sensuous feeling results in rationalism or formalism in religion, and in the merely allegorical or didactic in poetry and painting. Every great achievement in religion or in art involves the cooperation of keen sensibility and profound reflection upon lofty ideals. The convictions of the artist give character to his work; his grasp of truth, his ideals, his relations to humanity, and his environment—all these breathe in his creations and make them living. Inspiration would be only a passing flame, were it not fed by meditation; thought makes the mind of the artist a magnet, which draws to itself images and ideas and thus enables him to create out of the garnered wealth of his own soul and the universe. "Let no one hope without deep thought," said Plato, "to fashion everlasting material into eternal form."

Among painters of the present century Corot is one who has received his inspiration largely from nature, "the creative in him corresponding to the creative in nature," and by their "blended might" accomplishing creations that mirror in a remarkable degree his own character and that of nature. We are told of him:

> Even in the last years of his life you could see him, when night came, leaning out of his little window at Ville d'Avray, as in the time of his youth, his poetic soul absorbed in contemplation, and gathering from the tranquil purity of the stars treasures for the morrow. Corot dreamed by night; and by day, in the night of nature, wrote his dreams on his canvas. It was thus by the observation of beautiful things that his heart became golden and his palette silver.

Nature in her myriad forms has continually wooed the soul of the artist to give to her illusory appearances fixity and completeness. Her sympathetic power over the human spirit is revealed by the noble landscapes of Claude Lorraine, Turner's mystery of light and Rembrandt's mystery of darkness, Ruysdael's solemn pathos and Millet's humble grandeur, Diaz's evangels of color, and Daubigny's frank, human messages. The ministry of earth, sea, and sky has a goodly band of apostles, and the best of them reveal in their paintings the eternal Mind shining in a world of material forms.

Nature, however, has not in the past been such an interesting and inspiring theme with artists as has man in the ful developed energy of his physical, intellectual, and spiritua powers. The Greeks delighted in the external forms o human life. Their gods were made in the image of man. Man, as warrior, as athlete, as a lover of culture or of pleasure, was an engrossing object of study and a source of continual inspiration. The mystical element was ignored, except so far as it was expressed by an inner repose and dignity. Sculpture naturally became the favorite art of the Greeks. The genius of the sculptor was exercised in bringing out in their truth and significance whatever in man is sensuous and plastic. To artists under the influence of Christianity the spiritual nature of man has, however, furnished the most enthusiasm and inspiration. The soul is glorified, and often at the expense of the body. Christian virtues have no necessary connection

with bodily symmetry and grace. A Greek faun must be graceful, a Greek god must be beautiful, a Greek athlete must be vigorous, but a Christian saint without any physical charm might be enshrined with glory. The Greek had no appreciation for such beauty as Bernard of Clairvaux saw in his hymn to the Crucified One:

> All the strength and bloom are faded,
> Who hath thus thy state degraded?
> Death upon thy form is written;
> See the wan, worn limbs, the smitten
> Breast upon the cruel tree!
>
> Thus despised and decorated,
> Thus in dying desolated;
> Slain for me, of sinners vilest,
> Loving Lord, on me thou smilest,
> Shine, bright face, and strengthen me.

Christianity and art have always been intimately associated, except in the age of the Puritans, when, as Lowell says, "they turned beauty out of the meetinghouse, and slammed the door in her face." But that was a perverted Christianity, and the art of that age was also perverted; beauty was debased and made a substitute for something higher and purer. To use Tennyson's terrible phrase, "She was a procuress to the lords of hell." Art, however, generally courts the ideal, and the lofty ideals of Christianity have been the objects of profound and reverent study by the greatest masters of art. Why have the birth, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection of Christ been such favorite themes with artists? Because the absolute ideal of human perfection was in Christ made flesh, and these are the crowning incidents of its manifestation. Why have the Virgin Mary, Christ's disciples, and the saints of the Church figured so prominently in painting? Because they are conspicuous manifestations of the divine Spirit in the religious life of man. By their Christlike characters and lives they are, in some measure, re-representations of the divine ideal in humanity.

It is with such reflections as these upon the lofty mission of art that we pass to the consideration of a painting of wonderful spirituality which has recently been brought to America—

"The Disciples at Emmaus," by Dagnan-Bouveret.* This artist is remarkably sincere and truthful in his presentation of whatever objects he paints, and most painstaking in his work. No detail is neglected; everything, however small, has its own character, and is delicately and sympathetically presented. That religious subjects have much occupied his mind is evidenced not only by this picture but by "The Consecrated Bread," a "Madonna and Child," and "The Breton Women at the Pardon." His treatment of these themes is reverent, with none of the bumptiousness in regard to sacred things which disfigures the works of some French painters. A distinguished art critic says of his work:

> In the present day, when insincerity and superficiality parade themselves in the exhibitions, and too often receive from the world commendation they do not deserve; when fads and experiments are leading many a good man in art into devious paths; when a rush for notoriety and quick success almost excludes from view those who are content to strive in an honest way to achieve that which they know is true and good; when fame cuts capers and casts her laurels all too carelessly, it is more than gratifying to find such a man as Dagnan-Bouveret steadily pursuing his ideal, regardless of clamor and strife, and remaining faithful to the principles which have made all the good art of the world. When the dust behind the *fin-de-siècle* chariot shall be cleared away, we shall find the work of such men as Dagnan standing like signposts on the road to point the way to truth.

These strong words of this art critic are refreshing. Any influence, which in art or life, that leads man away from the merely material, from the mere facts of existence, should be commended. A shallow realism has been the dominating tendency in the last twenty-five years. The attention has been concentrated upon objects, upon facts, without any regard for their meaning or connection. The naive remark of a certain person, that he cared so much for facts that he disliked to think they had any relations, illustrates this tendency. We have had so many pictures that required a lecture on optics to explain them—kaleidoscopic juggleries in mysterious frames, unfamiliar and accidental collocation of objects, conundrums of color.

* Purchased in Paris, by Mr. Henry C. Frick, and presented to the Carnegie Institute, of Pittsburg, Pa., as a memorial of his daughter.

In fiction, also—another form of art—we have been deluged with literal transcripts, colored photographs of the seamy side of society. Zola, who is such a brilliant exponent of this style of art, says: "I can quite see the reason why classicalists and romanticists drag me in the mud. It is because we deny their *bon Dieu*, we empty their heaven, we take no account of their ideal." Zola repudiates the culture of beauty as heartily as he does that of all other worship. He also casts aside all ethical considerations. "You have nothing to do with them," he tells his disciples. "Sympathy with good or hatred of evil is as much out of place in your work as would be a chemist's anger at nitrogen, because inimical to life, or his admiration of oxygen, for a contrary reason. Your aim should be to produce a composition that logically classifies and correctly values the facts." These realists have worked in harmony with an iconoclastic disposition in our age which has been sneering at and seeking to smash sacred beliefs of all kinds. They have encouraged the tendency, all too prevalent in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century, to live wholly in the seen, to be satisfied with the bread-and-butter theory of life, to keep a keen eye for commercial values and a mastery of the means which command success as the world calls it, but to discourage imagination and faith, to be absorbed with the shams and shows of things.

All these tendencies mean spiritual deterioration and death. The materialist, whether in art or in life, faces a mass of dead facts without any means of connecting and explaining them. In the world of thought materialism has been put upon the shelf. All the great thinkers contend that a world of dead facts is an illusion; the truth of the world, that which makes it real, is its spiritual life. The smallest part of the world cannot be explained except upon the supposition that it is interpenetrated and energized by an infinite Mind. In no university of Europe or America is materialism taught to-day; and it is a significant fact in this connection that Dagnan-Bouveret's "Disciples at Emmaus," which was exhibited at the Salon in Paris in 1897, was regarded as the picture of Europe for that year. Thus the best and latest thought is teaching the same great truth, that the real includes the ideal,

that the crown and glory of matter is the spirit shining through it. The subject of this painting is the incident described in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, in these words: "And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight." The dominant note of this painting is its luminosity, which the artist represents as proceeding from the glorified spirit of Christ. There are many technical excellencies—faithful drawing, skillful gradation of values, a sympathetic color-scheme, faultless composition, characteristic figures—each full of interest and well worthy of study; but all these beauties of execution lead up to, and culminate in, the luminous glory which shines from the face of Christ with a splendor such as even the golden sunlight in the background cannot surpass.

The picture is a most ambitious one. To portray the reappearance of Christ in a terrestrial body, from which his spirit was gradually extruding itself and through which it was pouring its ultimating celestial glory; to delineate a face "decomposing but to recompose"—what a daring theme for a painter! That the painting is tolerated by an enlightened public is great praise; that it awes, tranquilizes the beholders and makes more real a spiritual world, shows that a great truth is struggling for expression. Following the precedent of some great masters the artist represents himself, his wife, and child as gazing intently upon the central figure. He thus indicates the different attitudes of mind by which persons in the nineteenth century regard this great truth. Some accept this truth of a risen Christ, glorifying all who come into communion with him, like the child in the picture, in a filial spirit; some receive it reverently and lovingly, like the wife and mother; others regard it as the artist himself seems to in the portrait, thoughtfully, perhaps skeptically, but with their best instincts

Cleaving to the sunnier side of doubt,
Clinging to faith beyond the forms of faith.

The picture was painted in harmony with the spirit of this hoping, doubting, yet believing nineteenth century, which is so well represented by Tennyson. He possessed the scientific spirit and was sensitive to the doubts of his age; his way was through shadows, but sorrow for the loss of his friend Arthur Hallam, gave him eyes for the other world; and, after long groping, by a sublime venture of faith he exclaimed:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

There are many pictures which have some sweet story to tell of the wonder, bloom, and beauty of the world; and whatever draws us into a more sympathetic appreciation of nature brings us closer to the heart of the Eternal. But this painting proclaims the surpassing glory of the divine Spirit and those eternal realities which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." This picture, furthermore, suggests how hazardous it is to assign a limit to the realities of the spiritual world which the soul may discern while in the body. The heights to which one may be carried when the high tides of the spirit come are far beyond all human measurements. Science builds its banks along the river of investigation and says, "The channel of the known is so wide;" but, when the flood of divine effluence comes, the river overflows its banks and spreads over territory which it has never touched before. In the whole course of history there has never been a time in which heaven has not broken through the veil and shone into the soul. "Authentic tidings of invisible things" have always come to the spiritually-minded, and some of their most precious messages are enshrined in art.

D. Dorchester Jr.

Art. IV.—A REVIEW OF THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

Should the present situation in China be looked upon as a calamity? Were the eight years' war of the American revolution a calamity? Or were the four years' civil war—with the millions of money spent and the millions of lives lost, with the homes broken up and friendships destroyed, with the social ostracism and political strife engendered—a calamity? Only the fool would answer, "Yes." There is that which is more precious than life and lucre, more desirable than present peace and business prosperity. Whether or not, therefore, the present situation in China should be looked upon as a calamity will depend upon its outcome. If the result leaves China as antiquated and antiforeign, as narrow and bigoted, as she has always been; if it engenders political disputes and national animosities among the European governments; or even if it results in the dismemberment of the oldest empire on earth, and its division among a lot of governments which are not able to control peaceably the territory they at present possess, it will be indeed disastrous. But there are conditions which may be brought about by the present situation which could not have been accomplished by any other. And there is no birth without travail.

The government at Washington is to be congratulated on the position it has taken from the beginning up to the present time. Its refusal, either because of the urging of interested business syndicates or the slurs of sensational newspapers, to be led, or driven, into a hostile position in regard to the Chinese government calls for our heartiest congratulation. The refusal of Admiral Kempff to join in the unjustifiable attack on the Taku forts was in harmony with the attitude which the United States has always held toward the Chinese government—an attitude which merits and receives the gratitude of the Chinese people; and it is a fact worthy of note that this gratitude has been shown by the Chinese toward Americans from the beginning of their intercourse until the present time. Our treatment of the Chinese has not always been the best, though it has probably been as good as those

who came to this country deserved. Our treatment of them, however, has been very unlike their treatment of us.

It is always an understood fact that the Chinese hate all foreigners and that the general sentiment of the people, exclusive of a very respectable and influential minority who have obtained a more or less intelligent idea of them by business or educational intercourse, is that they would be better satisfied if they would all leave China, taking with them everything they have brought and without any intention of returning. And this is not without reason, because every time they have come in violent contact with a European government the Chinese have "eaten grief," as they call it. England, France, Germany, and Russia have assumed an attitude of hostility and have punished the Chinese government because an ignorant or antiforeign official did not prevent a more ignorant populace from offending them. And it is only just to both parties to say that this attitude on the part of these Europeans was taken with the fond hope that it would give offense, not so much because they desired to cause trouble as that they wished to strengthen their own position in the East, and open up a lucrative foreign commerce. Not so with China and the United States. They have never met except as friends. Having come together in a business capacity, they have transacted their business peaceably and have parted friends. Having met as missionary teacher and pupil, their intercourse has always been one of harmony. For here is a fact which should be quoted by every newspaper in the United States that, unless the missionaries at Pao Ting Fu have been massacred, no American missionary nor any American has ever suffered death at the hands of the Chinese while peaceably pursuing his daily task.

It is always a recommendation in the eyes of the Chinese for a "foreign devil" to be an American. And this has been shown in more ways than simply their failure to murder them. It is a well-known fact that in their spasmodic efforts at reform the Chinese have established educational institutions at various times and of various kinds in different parts of the empire. For many years their only educational institution of any note was the Imperial College at Peking, and this

from the time of its inception was under the control of an American as its president. When, on the edict of the emperor, a university was opened at Peking, an American was chosen for its head. Again, when the Imperial University was opened at Tientsin, another American was chosen as its president. Still later, when it was decided by the China Merchants' Steamship Company and the Chinese Telegraph Company to open a college in Shanghai, an American was put in charge, and this same man was made the nonresident chancellor of the university opened by Liu K'un-yi at Nanking. And, when the Chinese merchants and other business men and officials decided two years ago to open a school for the higher education of Chinese girls in Shanghai an American lady was chosen as principal, while an American also stands at the head of the English school in connection with the arsenal at Shanghai. In case anyone has a disposition to believe that the Chinese despise the American missionary and look upon him as an uncultivated, uneducated mischief-maker not to be tolerated or associated with by the literary or mandarin classes of China, let us remember that all these institutions are not only presided over by Americans, but that all these persons went to China as missionaries, and that the missionary as a mischief-maker or a boor does not exist in China except in the mind of unchristian travelers and ungodly business men. But we have neither the disposition nor the need to defend the missionary.

If the mischief-making of missionaries is not the cause of the present trouble, to what then can it be attributed? There is no single cause to which the Boxer uprising and the sympathy it obtained from the official classes and the throne can be attributed. The uprising would have been a small matter and of short duration had it been without official and royal sanction. The Boxers themselves were untrained and unarmed—a mob of country villagers, who would have been unable to withstand the attacks of a trained army, however poor it might be, had it been placed in opposition to, instead of in sympathy with, them. The first and greatest cause, therefore, of the present national and international troubles is the hostile attitude assumed by the Chinese conservative govern-

ment toward all things foreign, this attitude having been brought about not by external causes but by internal dissensions and disputes. In other words, the present trouble, as it appears in Peking, is the result of the strenuous opposition assumed by the empress dowager and the conservative party to the proposed reforms instituted by the emperor and the liberal party, under the leadership of such men as Chang Chih Tung, Prince Ch'ing, and K'ang Yú-wei, two years ago.

We propose to show that if an accusation is brought against any phase of foreign innovation it must be made against all—business, educational, and religious affairs alike—and all must be led as prisoners to the bar and be made to confess that they had a part in stirring up the opposition of the conservatives. The cause of the disturbance began not less than a quarter of a century ago, when foreign stores were opened on Legation Street, in the city of Peking. The eunuchs from the palace came to these stores and purchased toys for the emperor, Kuang Hsü, in whose baby mind a love of foreign things was thus developed. As he grew older the character of the playthings changed, but his love for things foreign still remained, taking the shape of telegraph, telephone, phonograph, electric light, clocks, watches, stoves, electric cars, graphophones, gramophones, and X rays, so that, at the beginning of the present trouble, there was in the Peking University a kinetoscope which was brought there as a gift for his majesty, and left in its care because the person bringing it had to leave Peking posthaste on account of the *coup d'état.* From the babyhood of the emperor until he was dethroned there was not a year, perhaps not a month, when some piece of wonderful machinery or remarkable invention was not brought to him, until at the present time the emperor's rooms in the palace in Peking, we have been told by the eunuchs residing there, are filled with various kinds of foreign wonders, and present the appearance of a museum, rather than that of a palace or a home. Business, trade, manufactures, toys, curios, and inventions are at the root of the present difficulty. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Having tasted—no, having mastered the products of the modern inventive genius of the western world—the emperor

turned his attention toward education. First, he studied the English language, and then purchased and examined every work that has been translated from a foreign tongue into the Chinese. He confined himself to no one kind. Medical, governmental, scientific, philosophic, religious books—embracing treatises on mathematics, chemistry, physics, astronomy, physiology, mental and moral science, international law, and political economy, with all kinds of religious books, including the Old and New Testaments, and even the translations into English of the Chinese classics—were comprised in his list. To say that he studied them all would not be true. But it is no small part of an education to possess a book; and before he began his reform Kuang Hsü possessed every book in the Chinese language concerning foreign affairs. He spared neither pains nor expense in providing himself with tools. He was thorough. He not only studied foreign books himself, but he caused all those associated with him to examine them, and opened "foreign schools" in various places throughout the city and in other cities, in order that all those who were disposed to do so might follow his example, so that education is a party to the Chinese reform.

Among the religious studies of Kuang Hsü, he was especially interested in the gospel of Luke. Every day he had a part of it copied in large characters, which he read, and it soon became a street rumor that the emperor was going to become a Christian. This surprised some, delighted others, and angered still others, and, as a matter of course, caused a stronger opposition to, than sentiment in favor of, it, though there was a rush on the part of both officials and people for all kinds of books which pertained to foreign affairs.

It is a well-known fact that the difficulties which arose between the Roman Catholic Christians and Boxers in Shantung, more than a year ago, were the direct cause of the Boxer uprising. This, however, was not because of any fault on the part of these Christians, but because of their resistance to the persecutions of the Boxers. Nor was it because a Christian community aggravated the heathen about them. The sole cause of the trouble is that there are certain hoodlums in every village who are willing to take advantage of any sentiment of

opposition by a majority toward a minority and therefore to persecute them. So that in this view religion is also a party to the present trouble.

More than two years ago two German missionaries were murdered in the province of Shantung. That the Germans should have made the Chinese feel that it is not wise to ruthlessly destroy the lives of German subjects goes without question. Every government which of its own free will makes a treaty with another is bound to shield those whom it promises to protect, no matter what their business or profession, while they remain its citizens or subjects. But the feeling of the Chinese and the sentiment of the world has been that Germany made this a pretext for stealing a port and extending her influence over a province. It will be remembered that Li Ping-heng was governor of the province of Shantung at the time, and because of the killing of the two missionaries was cashiered until the time the emperor was deposed. When the empress dowager took the throne she appointed him inspector-general of the warships in the Yang-tse valley. When the present trouble arose she called him to Peking. That the German minister was massacred at the instigation of the man whom Germany had thus disgraced we dare not say; but it is significant that he was the only minister murdered. If anyone is disposed to raise the question as to why a member of the Japanese legation should have been murdered, we need only answer that China has not forgotten her disgraceful defeat of five years ago. If again, the question is raised as to why three missionaries of the English Church should have been killed, we answer that it is because they wear long black robes similar to those worn by the Romish priests, and it was between the priests and the Boxers that the trouble first arose. The murder of these three missionaries was the result of Boxer wrath, while the murder of the members of the German and Japanese legations was the result of official hatred. We therefore cannot but look upon the German and Japanese governments as being party to the present troubles. Nor, indeed, should we exclude Britain and Russia, for the Chinese have not forgotten the recent taking of Wei-hai-wei and Port Arthur.

A few years ago there arose a discussion about the division

of China into "spheres of influence." England, as is her wont, appointed a man eminently fitted for the position to go to China and make a thorough study of the question and report. This was done in a masterly way by Lord Charles Beresford, and ought to have ended the discussion forever. But there are in the ports of China several small sensational sheets—we wish it understood that we do not make this accusation against all the foreign newspapers in those ports—which have continued the discussion from the beginning to the present time. This has stirred up violent opposition among the conservatives, and especially in the mind of the empress dowager, as is shown by her edicts; and this opposition is not without reason. Let the Chinese in San Francisco or New York, or both, start newspapers in which they constantly discuss the shortcomings of the United States government, rebuking both city and national officials and advising the division of the United States into "spheres of influence" among the Powers of Asia, and what would be the result? The peaceful citizens of these two ports, in this land of freedom of speech and a free press, would rise *en masse* and destroy these Chinese printing houses at once, before the government had time to prevent them. In a word, the sensational foreign press in the ports of China was party to the cause of the present uprising.

To say that the Chinese government caused the repeated persecutions of Roman Catholic Christians in Shantung, which was the beginning of the present uprising might be true and might not—it would be a statement one would never be able to prove. To say that the government at Peking has been in sympathy with the Boxers from the beginning would only be an assertion for which evidence has appeared in the attitude of the high officials toward the Boxers and that of the central government toward those high officials from the beginning. When Yü Hsien, the antiforeign governor of Shantung at the time the Boxer movement began, was appealed to for protection by the foreigners again and again, his only answer to them was that he could not promise them protection. This continued until the complaints against him were so numerous and imperative that the empress dowager was compelled to recall him to Peking. She gave him two audiences,

conferred upon him the character for happiness, and appointed him governor of the province of Shansi. When his successor, Yuan Shih-k'ai, was appointed and gave his brother command of the army, with orders to put down the disturbance, the latter was soon recalled because of the harsh methods he used in dealing with the Boxers. When General Nieh Shih-chun attacked the Boxers between Tientsin and Peking, killing five hundred of them, he was immediately rebuked and ordered back to camp. It is also unnecessary to speak of the attitude of such men as Prince Tuan and the Kansu general, Tung Fu-hsiang, who when they came upon the scene, came as allies of the Boxers. What we wish to show is not that the central government was allied with the Boxers at the end of the movement only, but that it was behind it from the beginning.

Where, then, shall we look to find the real cause of the present trouble, and who can legitimately be held responsible? It is found in the conservative party and their opposition to the reforms of the emperor. This has appeared in many and various ways. As soon as the empress took control of affairs she burned all the foreign books the emperor had bought. This was told the writer by a eunuch from the palace who was a friend of the one who came to him daily to buy books; and the empress at the same time banished the eunuch who bought the books for his majesty. She then tried to prevent the opening of the new Peking Imperial University, but the emperor had set aside money in such a way that even she with all her power and ingenuity was not able to secure it, nor even divert it to other ends. Such a sentiment of opposition to foreigners and foreign affairs was created among the students of the institution that it was almost ruined as an adjunct to the government or an assistant in any efforts at reform. Such men as Ch'i Hsiu—who had been president of the Board of Rites, and who was dismissed by the emperor for an attempt to foil him in his efforts to allow the people to address him with closed memorials—was reinstated by the empress dowager and made a member of the Grand Council and the Tsungli Yamen. Chao Shu-ch'iao, one of the most antiforeign officials of the present time—a former governor of Chiangsu—was summoned to Peking and made the president of the

Board of Punishment, member of the Tsungli Yamen, and the successor of Chang Yin-huan as superintendent of the Board of Railways and Mining, the former having been banished at the time of the *coup d'état.* Such men as Hsü T'ung and Ch'ung-yi, lifelong antiforeign officials, were made tutors to the boy who was selected to take the place of the dethroned emperor.

These men were the advisers of the empress dowager, and the edicts which she issued embodied their sentiments as leaders of the conservative party, as well as her own, and as such leaders they should be held responsible. In two years of effort at government they have shown that they are out of sympathy with the whole world and are unable to carry on a system of government which is acceptable to the great viceroys and the liberal party or beneficial to their own people. They have compromised themselves with the whole world, if they do not prove to have bankrupted the empire. It is therefore impracticable and impossible that such men and such a party should be kept in power. The question therefore arises —and it is one of the most important, if not the most important, question which now engrosses the attention of the world— What should be done under the present circumstances? What is the duty of the allied Powers to China and the world in this crisis in the East?

China is not without resources. There is a China unlike that which has appeared in the cartoons of the past few months. The Chinese people are many-sided. They can furnish from their four hundred millions of people those who are prepared for every emergency that may arise. For twenty years and more a party has been developing which only needs a civil leader to make it the dominant power of the East. From all the schools that have been established in China have gone out young men who have carried with them an influence antagonistic to the ultra-conservatism of the octogenarian leaders we have just mentioned. In the conservative party at the present time there are no men of strong character and political power under sixty years of age. The liberal party is made up of young men who, in spite of all the opposition of the dowager and her party, have been steadily preparing

themselves for the revolution which they know is inevitable. A division of China would throw the power of all these young men in favor of China and against the allies; and they will fight to the death for China because they are patriotic. But put the emperor or a liberal leader in power, and all the great internal, as well as international, problems are solved. Put the liberal party in power, and there will be no trouble about the protection of the foreigners in any part of the empire. Not only so, but they will be sought as teachers of foreign ideas. Let the people feel and know that the officials and the throne are in favor of introducing western education and improvements, and the revolution of China may be accomplished in less than a quarter of a century.

This is not all. The Powers desire an "open door." Put the liberal party in power, with such a man as Kuang Hsü on the throne, and there will be no trouble about freedom of trade. The open door is as much desired by the liberal party as by the allied Powers. They realize the inability of any nation to accomplish its self-development, and desire to put into operation every resource which will bring about the opening up of the hitherto undeveloped wealth of the Chinese empire and furnish a proper living for the Chinese people. And they look upon intercourse with the West as the only possible way of doing it.

We therefore do not regard the present uprising in China as a calamity, but as one of the greatest opportunities of the age. It is a crisis. The disposition of China is put into the hands of the allied Powers. They may be controlled by selfishness or by benevolence and generosity. They may break China and destroy the peace of the world, or they may make China and guarantee the peace of the world. Which shall it be?

Isaac T. Headland.

Art. V.—FIRST, THAT WHICH IS NATURAL.

Religion can never become thoroughly wholesome until it becomes entirely natural. It is not an exotic, but has its foundations in the nature of things, having had its evolution just as certainly as civilization has had its evolution, and having followed much the same order. Religion is not an afterthought, nor a makeshift, nor a piece of patchwork, but must be recognized as an essential part of the outfit for humanity in this world. Its evolution has been so distinctly marked that its history can be clearly traced.

Man's sense of need and fellowship, which doubtless led to the worship of higher powers and which is of the very essence of religion, could find expression on a plane no higher than that of his own intelligence. He could not worship better than he knew, and we may well believe that it was a great thing for him to be able to begin to worship at all. He did well to worship trees and stones, rivers and wells, earth and sun, and whatever else represented to him that weird conception of supernaturalism which could find expression only in that way—nature-worship, and fetich, and totem losing in significance and true worship gaining just in proportion as man's knowledge of nature increased. As nature comes to be better understood, the significance of that which is behind it becomes more apparent. The heavens have declared "the glory of God," and the firmament has showed "his handiwork," but this has always been in the ratio of the knowledge men have had of them. Modern astronomy having almost infinitely increased our knowledge of the universe, it would be absurd to claim that the heavens declared the glory of God in any such measure to the psalmist as that glory now stands revealed. It all depends on how well we understand "the things that are made" as to how clearly the "invisible things of Him from the creation of the world" will be seen. The revelation of God, it may be, comes to no two men alike. The conception of his "eternal power and Godhead," even, must be very different in different minds. What can the child or the savage know of God's power as compared with

the man of science? Nature reveals God; but how far it can do so depends entirely on our ability to interpret the truth of nature. She can only testify to the things that are in herself; and only also to the extent of man's ability to comprehend and accept her testimony. It is this power to interpret nature with ever-increasing appreciation that changes worship from a fetich into one which is "in spirit and in truth," and which pays increasing honor to the Author of nature in proportion to the greater credit which it gives to nature.

It has been one of the strange conceits of theological thinking that nature should have been so generally held to be not a reliable teacher concerning God. The inspiration of this teaching has been, beyond question, a purpose to bolster up what has been called "revealed truth," or "revealed religion," as distinguished from "natural religion." That men should have thought it necessary to disparage God in his works, in order to exalt him through his word, has all the while plainly enough exhibited the fact of a weak cause. For, it should be remembered that what a man does is the best index to what the man is. If now we reason from men to God, it must be safe to conclude that what God has done is the highest revelation of what he is. No doubt this conclusion would be readily accepted and nature would be accredited as a teacher "sent from God," had not the idea somehow become well-nigh universal among Christian teachers that sin had so wrecked the physical world that its testimony for God could no longer be depended upon. But that there is any such relation between sin and physical disorder in this world —if, indeed, there be any such disorder—not a *scintilla* of evidence exists to show. It has simply been a case of not knowing. We have not understood nature—have not known her methods and laws, her possibilities and uses—and so we have stood in our ignorance and said, as impressively as ignorance can say anything, "Disorder!" But investigation has ironed out what we thought were disorders in nature to such an extent that we begin to feel that "righteousness and peace" will kiss "each other" until God shall be seen in all that he does.

This doctrine, that the physical world has been wrecked by

sin, has little, if any, foundation in the Jewish Scriptures, and none at all in the teaching of Christ. He says nothing about Adam, the fall of man, or death by sin. On the contrary, nature is very beautiful to Jesus, his attitude toward it is genial, and he is constantly making it teach its glorious lessons concerning the Father. He had a sublime faith in God; therefore, he never could have said with Amiel, "Certainly nature is unjust and shameless, without probity, and without faith." Such a doctrine can have its roots only in atheism, although Amiel surely was not an atheist. How much better is Carlyle's conclusion, that "creation is an unspeakable, godlike thing, toward which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration, and humility of soul-worship, if not in words, then in silence." To the same effect are the words of the psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches." And such also is the teaching of Paul, "All things work together for good to them that love God," the implication of which certainly is that, when man gets right with God, nature—by which is meant man's entire environment—will be found to be right with him. The world is in the service of the good; therefore godliness has promise of the life that now is. No other ground is tenable; for if the "Eternal, not ourselves, does not make for righteousness," and if the world is not so thoroughly God-governed that it does and must exhibit that fact, then we might as well abandon all show of defending his administration and hand everything over to "the prince of the power of the air."

There has a whole brood of errors grown out of this old doctrine of sin, conspicuous among which are these: (1) That physical death is by sin; (2) that God has cursed the earth for man's sake, on account of sin; and (3) that sin has so disordered the world that "nature is unjust and shameless, without probity, and without faith." Let us take these up and look at them one by one. And, first, this, that physical death is by sin. During the ages of ignorance it is not wonderful that such a teaching should have been thought to rest on rational foundations; but since geology has revealed that long

ages before man came into this world at all death reigned, not only "from Adam to Moses," but before Adam, always and everywhere, the doctrine of death by sin is seen to have no standing room whatever. It is impossible to conceive how it could have been otherwise. No animal can forage on herb or grass without destroying life, and every footfall and every breath is its destroyer also. In fact, the whole economy of nature includes death as a part of its plan, so that we may say death is just as much a part of the plan of God as birth, and that it is just as beneficent. The fact of death being justified, we may pass by its incidents of time, manner, and cause as matters of little moment. Let nature be "red in tooth and claw with ravine," if she will; she certainly, and she alone, ought to know and does know whether she can afford to feed her children on living meat. If she can, we have no occasion to stand aghast because some physical form has perished. It was made to perish; its work is done, and other life comes to take its place.

To the same effect is the teaching that God on account of sin has cursed the earth for man's sake, and that weeds are a part of the curse. When men knew but little of the world almost anything answered as a reason for anything. Primitive man, seeing weeds and not knowing their use, finding them in his way and being too lazy to cut them down, not unnaturally came to the conclusion that they were there as a curse for his sin. How could he know that these luxuriant growths are nature's green manure—the most economic stuff in its way that she could produce and use in order to the deposit of a vegetable mold—out of which should come in future ages the rich fruits and grains and grasses for both man and beast? And in many ways the weed we have cursed so much is still doing its beneficent work, and it is not in any place because its mission is to curse, but because our culture affords it conditions for growth. No, God has not cursed the ground for man's sake. He has packed it full of blessings. We are just beginning to learn how prodigal with bounties nature can be. Every new key unlocks another department of her great storehouse, larger than any known before and also the prophecy of better things to come.

But to what fatal errors in practice have these teachings led, that death is by sin, and that the earth has been cursed on account of sin. Under the impression that God, for judicial reasons, has been trying to make a hell out of this world for men, they have turned in to help God out. The sum of all these errors may be expressed in a single word, "Abuse the body, if you would save the soul!" Acting on this theory, through long centuries the Christian religion has been to multitudes of people a doleful thing. It has been the grave in which they have buried for this world their fondest hopes and their loftiest aspirations. Multitudes, having mistaken penance and fasting for righteousness, have done violence to the plainest laws of their being, as though nature were so lacking in "probity" and so "shameless" as to deserve to be treated only with contempt. Nothing can be more pitiable than this abuse of the human body in the interest of what so many have supposed to be religion. Carried to the extent of a complete ignoring of all human ties and the utter abasement of the physical man, their reward came to them during life from unctuous writers who congratulated them on the sweet odor of their sanctity, and after death in their canonization as saints. When one remembers how many saints rank high in the calendar of the Church whose chief distinction was that they lived in poverty and filth and in utter disregard of nature's plainest laws, he can but wonder how religion survived such a travesty of the pure teachings of the gentle Nazarene. Such a course of life certainly did not find its support in the teaching of St. Paul to the Corinthians, that the body is "the temple of the Holy Ghost."

But the most far-reaching and harmful of these teachings concerning the effects of sin is that which makes the physical world a wreck because of it. This is peculiarly a Christian Church doctrine, but not at all a teaching of Jesus Christ. It must be charged up to many of the Church fathers, beginning as far back as the earliest. But however that may be, it is of interest to note that no one—no modern, certainly— ever gave this doctrine a stronger indorsement than did John Wesley. One hundred years ahead of his times in most respects, he sadly fell behind himself at this point. In his sermon on

"The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes," first published in 1750, he wrote these remarkable words:

> Earthquakes are set forth by the inspired writers as God's proper judicial act for the punishment of sin; sin is the cause, earthquakes the effect, of his anger. So the psalmist: "The earth trembled and quaked, the very foundations also of the hills shook, and were moved, because he was wroth" (Psa. xviii, 7). So the prophet Isaiah: "I will punish the world for their evil, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible. Therefore I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place, in the wrath of the Lord of hosts, and in the day of his fierce anger" (Isa. xiii, 11, 13).

After quoting other passages to the same effect, Mr. Wesley further says upon the same subject:

> Nothing can be more express than these Scripture testimonies, which determine both the Cause and Author of this terrible calamity. But reason, as well as faith, doth sufficiently assure us it must be the punishment of sin and the effect of that curse which was brought upon the earth by the original transgression. Steadfastness must be no longer looked for in the world, since innocency is banished thence; but we cannot conceive that the universe would have been disturbed by these furious accidents during the state of original righteousness.

Not to raise the question as to whether there ever was any such state of "original righteousness," it is enough to know, in order to overthrow Mr. Wesley's contention, that the period of the world's greatest disturbances was long ages before man came into the world at all, and so before there was anything that could be called "transgression," whether original or otherwise. The seismic disturbances on this earth since man lived on it are as nothing in comparison with those by which it was convulsed during myriads of ages before his advent into it. Of course Mr. Wesley could not know that, because geology, which has so enlarged our knowledge and revolutionized our thinking, had not yet come to its birth. In Wesley's time it was generally thought that God made the mountains outright, just as they stand; men did not know that the cooling of the earth had caused it to shrivel and so throw up the mountains; they did not know that the mountains were thrown up long ages before man appeared on the scene; and, above all things, they did not know that the earthquake can have no possible relation to man's sin, but that, on the contrary, except for its

beneficent work in elevating the vast mountain ranges, the earth to-day would not be a possible abode for man.

But it does not matter so much that we should err as to the physical order of things as it does that in doing so we should be led to morally misinterpret God. The earthquake is no more a token, as Mr. Wesley supposed it was, of God's displeasure on account of sin than is a murmuring zephyr or a blooming rose; and to so interpret him in terms of wrath is to make God an almighty Gorgon, instead of a wise Creator and a loving Father. One would think that either of two considerations would have kept Mr. Wesley and people generally of his time from such absurd and unjust conceits: (1) That there are definite seismic areas—areas limited, too—to which these destructive disturbances are confined, this being not at all consistent with the idea that these disturbances are punishments for a transgression that is general; (2) that all equities are violated by any theory which visits the sins of the world on a few cities like Callao, Lima, Catania, and Pompeii—cities not worse in sin than thousands of others; and it shows how far ahead of that was the view of Jesus, when he taught that some men are not to be reckoned as greater sinners than others simply because greater calamities have come upon them. So he, the great Teacher, would say, "Let calamities fall where they must; but judge not, for they indicate nothing as to the guilt or innocence of the unfortunate."

The burden is on us to so interpret nature that she shall bear loving testimony to a wise, gracious, and righteous God. We must not allow ourselves in ignorance to malign nature and so misrepresent her immanent Author; but our attitude toward her should be genial, in the assurance that when she has fully unfolded herself it will appear that God is stamped on every particle of her matter and on every part of her history. It will then be plain that the earth never was "without form, and void" in such a sense as to imply chaos, but that, in times of greatest seeming confusion, there has been greatest order. The immanent God never began either to work or to reign, but over the material universe his rule has been complete and constant, and all changes, from incandescent nebulous matter to cosmos, have been determined by him. And

so those great mountain ranges that rib the continents are not, as Mr. Wesley supposed, the result of "furious accidents" or "God's proper judicial act for the punishment of sin"—they certainly could not be both—but are the fruit of a travail of the earth whose rigor was inconceivable; and those lofty mountain heights, covered with eternal ice and snow, are not the waste places which their desolation has seemed to indicate, but are the storehouses in which are kept the "treasures" of hail and snow, in which our showers are condensed, and from which come the streams which refresh the plains below. That cup of sparkling water with which we quench our thirst was brewed in those mountain heights, without which both well and spring would be impossible. God, then, is on the mountain tops and in all the waste places, and if to us they do not declare his glory we fail to read them aright.

Science is making all nature to speak in praise of God. Even the lightning is most glib of all. It is but a few years since men thought of it as lawless and fortuitous, or as being in the hands of the devil, or at best as in the hands of an angry God for the punishment of evildoers. But a man on the banks of the Schuylkill with his kite made discoveries which enabled other men to put bits into the teeth of this, one of the greatest forces in nature, so that now it is as obedient and beneficent as it is puissant. And if electricity will serve, so will every other force in nature; for what obeys God will obey man, when man has learned God's secret of control. There is no outlying domain of lawlessness, but order everywhere—a fact which has in it the promise of ultimate dominion. It must be so, because the world is a unit—a diversified, multitudinous unit, but still a unit. The atmosphere is one; and, because it is, a "high" barometer here and a "low" yonder makes it possible to predict that here we shall have fair weather, and that yonder there will be a storm. And the same is true of the waters. The multitudinous ocean is one. Given the motion of the earth as it is, the continents and islands as they are, and the tides and storms which sweep over it, and every ocean stream, whirlpool, and eddy is accounted for. So that there never was a cyclone or tornado which went howling over land or sea that was not a part of the natural

order of things, and that had not, on the whole, its beneficent work to do; nor is there a rippling wave on ocean or lake whose cause and sequence are not alike determined, and which, therefore, cannot fail of its mission.

In order to appreciate nature we must understand both her aims and her methods. We have demanded of her the impossible, and then complained because she fell short of it. In our ignorance we have required that she abundantly nourish her myriad children, and yet have complained if she allowed them to feed according to their appetite, and have grumbled if there were any fragments left after the feast was over; we have demanded of her that she be a chemist and transmute the washings and filth of the world into soils, and yet complain if she have a laboratory in the shape of marsh or sink hole in which to do her work; we expect her to keep the oceans, lakes, and rivers aerated so that their great burden of life may be sustained, and yet criticise her operations if sufficient wind blows for the accomplishment of her purpose; and we expect her to keep her face washed and all her garments clean, and yet demand that she achieve all this without any of the confusion incident to house cleaning. Nature has her limitations; but within those limitations she is neither "unjust" nor "shameless." She works everywhere by law, and that which is by law cannot be wrong, unless indeed the lawmaker himself be either incompetent or immoral.

If the world has been so disordered, so wrecked by sin as the old theologies would make out, we ought somewhere to find very plain evidence of that fact. Let us, then, see if we can find evidence of this disorder and wreckage. And, first, we will observe how our little world is behaving in her relations to other worlds. Is she in anywise discordant or belligerent? Here are Mercury, Venus, and Mars—sister planets and in close neighborhood; is our world orderly, or is she creating disturbances among them? And yonder, only two hundred and forty thousand miles away, is the moon, her own daughter; has she in anywise neglected her child? To her own parent, the sun, our earth has always been dutiful, so that no complaints have ever been lodged against her either as child, mother, or sister—a record surely that speaks for itself. But

there are still other tests. Our world not only travels on through space, keeping company with the sun, her parent, but diverts herself by traveling annually entirely around her parent, carrying her own child in her arms. Surely, to run in such a *stadium* as that, and with such results, would indicate that the earth is in prime condition. Indeed, if she is in anywise crippled, there are ways enough in which we must detect it. For instance, she has a way of making a complete revolution on her axis once in every twenty-four hours, so as to bring sunrise to us to-morrow morning at a fixed moment. It must be neither late nor early. Get out your watches, and be sure that they are exact to the second! Look yonder! There is sunrise, and it is exactly on time! No rust on the earth's axis! But let us make another test. The earth has a way of making a journey each year around the sun in an orbit that is something like 595,000,000 miles in its circuit. Amazing distance! In order to make it the earth must travel along that path at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour. She will be due in twenty seconds at the same place in her orbit where she was one year ago. Get out your watches, and be sure again that they are exactly right. There the earth comes, and on time to a second! Not much the matter with her running power! Let us be thankful that, without one discordant note, she can join in the music of the spheres.

Now as the world has not been in any way crippled by sin, so that it cannot handle itself perfectly in its relations to the outside universe, let us come into the inside and see if we can discover any tokens of disorder there. But, first, we must learn that to be ignorant of the use of anything is not the same as to know that that thing is harmful or even useless. It is but a little time since we did not know that electricity was anything but destructive; to-day it is doubtless one of the most useful servants man has, giving him heat, light, and power. Only a little way back men knew almost nothing as to the physical characteristics of the ocean. They did not understand the use of its furious storms, nor that, without its streams running everywhere through it and the tides which affect it so that it "cannot rest," it would be but a lagoon with reedy banks and stinking waters. And what is true of the

ocean is true also of the land. The tornado is a part of the whole atmosphere, and is charged with the beneficent work of reinvigorating that atmosphere. True, it may cause the destruction of some houses, and possibly the loss of some lives —every great and good work does cost something—but the cost is as nothing in comparison with the gain. The whole atmosphere needed purifying, and it has thus been swept and garnished. Everything, because of that storm, breathes freer and better, and life has taken on a new lease. We cannot know what a thing is good for, until we know in respect to all its parts what the thing is, and to what uses it may be put. We are just now learning what things are and what they are good for. Our knowledge of nature having been thus increased, we are better able to appreciate her utility. Take, for instance, the vast forests and the great mountain ranges. Until recently, what a waste they have seemed. But they are useful as oxygen factories and icehouses, to be drawn upon as we shall need. The world is built on the theory that a man must have more room than he seems to occupy; therefore it is not the plan of God that there shall be a great city in every township, nor a farm with a smiling orchard on every acre, nor a drop of nectar in the cup or chalice of every flower. That tiny drop of nectar in the cup of the clover blossom, which the busy bee is preparing for the palates, it may be, of kings and queens—if not for the palates of better people—is not the product of that clover plant alone; for, are not the roots of the plant deep down in the mold of ages, and the dews and showers which have watered it and the sunbeams which have vitalized it, have they not all come from afar? So of that New England home, sequestered among the hills. The Thanksgiving dinner so bountifully and yet so delicately spread there was not its product alone. Not to speak of fruits and nuts brought from the ends of the earth in exchange for the products of the farm, its own fields have been enriched by the wash from the seemingly useless mountain side, and snow-laden forests far away have sent their fructifying dews and rains. So also of the great city. It gathers from all the continents and islands, and lives by distributing what it gathers. But the great city, no matter how

greedy it may be, cannot enrich itself without enriching others. In a thousand ways, and when we least suspect it, we are compelled to help one another. Society—the whole world, in fact—is organized on that basis, and with a view to that result. The things of which, in our ignorance, we have most bitterly complained, are the things out of which have come so generally our greatest blessings. It is but recently, and only after much thought, that we have reached the grand generalization that diversity is necessary in order to unity, and that society is built upon difference. And yet diversity is the very thing of which we have so much complained. Differences of location, employment, skill, taste, education, power to think and to achieve—what are these but the foundations on which society has been built, and without which the work of the world could not be done? It is not difficult to see, therefore, that nature is wiser than we and that, where we have thought her least wise and beneficent, she has proved herself to be most so.

In nothing has nature showed herself so ethical, and at the same time so benevolent, as in the munificent manner in which she has cared for her myriad children. Her productiveness, both as to quantity and variety, in order to that end must ever cause us to wonder and adore. The problem of feeding the multitudinous life of the world is one that she has successfully solved. Sea and land alike bring their offerings into her storehouse, and every clime contributes to the feeding of the world. And the appetite of not one living thing, no matter how small or short-lived it may be, has been overlooked. So true is this that, if one will show us any living beast or bird, reptile or insect, assure us that it is where nature evidently intended it to be, and then state what its needs are, we will close our eyes and declare that the supply is within easy reach of it. And, in every case, the table is spread for only such as can reach up to it. The more important the animal, the more substantial and diversified is its food supply. This is so until omniverous man is reached, when, lo! the entire world is placed under contribution, in order to satisfy his tastes. Not only so, but man's needs are different in different latitudes—a fact which nature recognizes,

and so feeds him according to that need, from the blubber-eating Eskimo in the north to the man living under the equator, who feeds on rice, fruits, and nuts. Nature's productiveness thus enables her to carry these her children on her bosom, giving sustenance to all of them without partiality and without stint.

The wisdom and beneficence of that force which dominates all things in nature are capable of almost infinite illustration. In this line nothing can be more significant than the fact that there have been established throughout nature's vast domain what we may call "exchanges," implying wisdom and goodness inconceivable, without which the world could not exist at all. The first one of these exchanges to be noted is in the atmosphere, than which nothing in nature can be more important. The world of life is divided into two great halves, the animal and the vegetable. In this all-embracing atmosphere these two kingdoms in nature, the vegetable and the animal, stand face to face with each other, each taking from the atmosphere what the other does not need, and giving back to it what the other does need; and yet never in the least disturbing its balance of parts, the oxygen and the nitrogen, or in any way diminishing its quantity. Is there anything better calculated to challenge our wonder and admiration? Another of these exchanges, without which the earth long ago would have become tenantless, has been established between the burning South and the frozen North. We see now what those vast snow-clad mountain ranges are good for; we see the place in nature of the great regions, snow-bound and inaccessible to man, and no longer denounce them as waste places. The parched South is threatened with famine. From whence shall relief come? The hot south wind answers, "I will go to the North, will visit the snow and ice fields, and loosen them up, so that my brother, the north wind, can load himself with moisture before he starts south to warm his frozen fingers and his nose." And so the North has been warmed by the hot breezes from the South, and the South has been refreshed by the cooling breezes from the North. Without this exchange the South and the North alike would soon be without inhabitant. And the same thing, with the same end

in view, is going on in the ocean. That hot Gulf Stream and other oceanic currents, going north, are mitigating the rigors of northern winters, while the currents in exchange from the North are helping to cool the fevered brow of the South. How true it is that "none of us liveth to himself," the unity and harmony of nature being such that, if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." Nature, then, is not discordant, has not been disordered and made unsympathetic with man on account of sin, but is, so far as it goes, a true revelation of God.

But it is not enough to maintain that nature is not disordered and unsympathetic; our contention should be that she is beneficent and absolutely righteous. In fact, she can be beneficent only by being righteous; and, if she be not righteous, it is useless to talk of an Author of nature whom we can worship. But she is righteous. It is only our ignorance that makes us think to the contrary. We know this to be true because each lifting of the clouds of our ignorance, each new discovery as to the meaning and purpose of nature, sheds light that makes her better and more favorably understood. In order, therefore, to trust her fully, we have only to wait until we know her perfectly. The righteousness of nature's laws is such that she cannot afford to tolerate their breach, because it would not be beneficent to do so, even though the breach were made in ignorance or by accident. If arsenic or strychnine be taken in sufficient quantity, death results, and nature asks no questions as to how it happened. If the objector points to the suicide and says, "Death is by sin," we say, "No; it was not sin, but the poison that killed." We say it, because that other man over there, who took poison by accident, died just the same. It was not the accident that killed, but the poison. Nature has but one law, so that, if the fatal act be committed—it matters not whether by intention or by accident—the door is closed behind the victim, and the world moves on. So, then, everything depends on our keeping in harmony with nature. We must study her laws in order that we may know her secrets. If health is the quest, then sewer gas, malaria, and infection of every kind must be avoided, and the body must not be abused by dissipations of any kind; and

now it turns out that all these things which make for health are what right-minded men would commend, not simply because they are sanitary and wholesome, but because they are right. If a man would succeed in business—say, in banking—he will find that soundest business principles are such as harmonize exactly with the most exalted codes of morality. How could this be, if the "Eternal, not ourselves," did not "make for righteousness?" And how could this be, again, if nature were not a transcript of the mind of God, and so competent, in its measure, to reveal and enforce his will? The more we investigate nature, the more are we satisfied as to her perfect soundness and integrity, and that she is in no wise the corrupter of her children, or in the least degree harsh or unjust to them. Every day some new science illuminates her pages, and always to exhibit her in a better light than ever before. This fact, at least, must stand clearly out, that the reign of law is more complete than we had supposed, and, what is still more to the purpose, this reign is beneficent and righteous. The conclusions of science are every day making that fact more apparent. Nature is a chemist, and her chemistry is perfect and useful. Nature is a mathematician, and her mathematics is of universal application; for there is a mathematics of the flowers and crystals, as well as of the earth and the heavens. Whether we study the laws and processes of life here, or the movements and order of the worlds above, we can but exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

So far we have considered nature apart from man; but man is an integral part of nature, and cannot be left out of view here. He is not in nature, however, as an accident, or as one who is exempt from nature's laws, but is here in a divine order, to respond to God's laws and so to reveal God in a higher way than he has ever been revealed before. For, if the sun, say, can reveal God, how much more the man who can compute its distance, determine its weight, and measure its velocity! But man can reveal nothing unless he concedes the normal relations of that nature of which he is a part. He cannot declare everything else out of joint, and then turn around and certify to his own sanity. Having thoroughly

discredited nature, he has cut the ground out from under his own feet, and so left no way by which he may accredit himself. The fact is, the only safe ground on which to rest a doctrine of inspiration is not to base it on the exceptional, the miraculous, or the supernatural, but on the universal, which alone can interpret the Almighty to the universal consciousness of humanity. Our point of view, then, must be natural and not supernatural; it must be normal, and not abnormal; it must be that of reason and not of superstition, and it must be of a history whose lines run parallel with those of all other history. Our temple must have adequate foundations on which to stand; it cannot be built with its apex downward. And certainly there is no reason why we should not welcome broader foundations. The need of them is seen in the fact that much of what we call our Christian dogmatics has been in a very tottering condition, as witness the infinite concern of so many anxious theologians lest it should fall, and their frantic efforts to keep it from doing so.

It only remains to speak of Jesus Christ, in whose face God's glory is supremely reflected. The world's master in religion, he is so because he taught man how to consciously recognize his relation to God. Other men had taught that we should fear God and obey him; he showed us that we should love God, and be at one with him, having no will but his. But this greatest religious teacher of men, as well as greatest revealer of God, was in thorough sympathy with nature. He had not one word to speak against her, for was she not his Father's own fair creation? Lessons of providence, which were always lessons of God's goodness, were drawn by him from all sides—the beautiful lilies, the sparrows, and "the grass of the field, which to-day is." Even the catastrophe of Siloam's falling tower must not be left to represent God as being harsh and wrathful; its victims were not "sinners above all men." And so, under this genial interpretation of nature by our Lord, "truth shall spring out of the earth," and "righteousness shall look down from heaven"—the two being opposite sides of the same thing, the righteousness of God being vindicated just in proportion as the truth of earth is known. Listen to the "Earth spirit"

in Goethe's "Faust," where he speaks of this earth as being the living, visible garment of God:

> In being's floods, in action's storm,
> I walk and work, above, beneath,
> Work and weave in endless motion!
> Birth and death,
> An infinite ocean;
> A seizing and giving
> The fire of the living;
> 'Tis thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,
> And weave for God the garment thou seest him buy.

Goethe has well said that nature is the garment of God; and a beautiful garment it is, too. Like the coat of Jesus it is woven without seam from top to bottom, and must not be divided, but must remain an unblemished whole to the praise and honor of Him whose garment it is.

J. F. Schaffer

Art. VI.—A STUDY OF EMINENT DIVINES.

Great men are our best teachers. Inspiration comes not from what the books say, but from what men do. Out of feebleness into strength is the most marvelous journey in the universe or in all eternity. Not before the swift feet of angels does the path lie, but beneath the leaden tread of mortals. To study God's gifted ministers, as they walk along the historic ages, is therefore most helpful. Yet the theme of sacred eloquence, or the "golden tongue," is enough for volumes, and only a few of the elements of success can be noted here:

Health.—First should come that which is natural, and, afterward, the spiritual. Weariness in the study begets fatigue in the pew. Jonathan Edwards, the Plato of the pulpit, says that "a sound body is indispensable to a sound mind." No congregation wants a sickly minister. Work in the study, homes, and pulpit must be such as to keep up vigorous health. The preacher's body is to be a well-tuned instrument for God's hand, out of which to bring the richest music of all time. Yet some of the world's eminent divines have been men of feeble health. Peter the Hermit was of small stature, ungainly shape, and sickly appearance. But, with fiery enthusiasm and great flow of words, his passion swept like a torrent. Sometimes, with clinched fists, he would beat his own breast until badly wounded. St. Bernard was a man of feebleness, and no wonder, for he kept himself pale and ghostly on his food of barley bread with broth made from boiled beech leaves. This, with rising at two o'clock in the morning, with long chants and prayers, and with hard manual labor, reduced him almost to spirit. Calvin was small, slender, sickly, sunken-cheeked, and stooped with study and weariness. His bodily condition colored his theology. He had little of that human sympathy which glorifies the best thought and life of our age. He became a mighty intellectual force in the world, but gave "far more of law than Gospel, more of Moses than of Christ."

St. Paul had such grave defects of body that he thought himself unsightly, and must have a traveling companion and amanuensis; but he had insight to see the underlying philosophic principles, and gloried in his infirmities. Luther was healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked, and musical. God built him a magnificent body, as a means to an end. In such a personality the desires for freedom, simplicity, and equality which had been growing in the race for centuries found expression; and the new thought took the form of the universal priesthood of believers, with the right and responsibility of the individual to think, act, and answer for himself. Justification by faith was shown to be the privilege of men, and the union with God direct. Thence came a new order in society—in the State, as well as in the Church—which infused another spirit of progress along nobler lines. Ephraem Syrus was so ascetic as to look sickly, but beautifully exemplified the monastic virtues. Isaac Barrow was a man of extraordinary physical strength, and his force of character corresponded. In youth he was a bad boy. His father said that if it should please God to take away any of his children he wished it might be Isaac. His teacher went so far as to say that he was "an imbruted pugilist." After conversion his literary achievements were marvelous. He became a philosopher, preacher, profound mathematician, and the teacher of Sir Isaac Newton. His early habit of "tobacco," with other youthful imprudences, weakened his great body, and he died at forty-seven—the "bad boy" at last conquering the great man.

Education.—Next after the physical comes the mental. A few eminent ministers have not had collegiate training. Ephraem was a leading Christian orator of his century. His school he found in books and his contemporaries. Fuller, of the seventeenth century, had a brief period at Cambridge, but made himself by extensive reading. He absorbed the classical writings of Owen, and the afterglow of the dazzling days of Shakespeare was in his style. In him the world-spirit of the Elizabethan dramatists becomes urbanity, wit, and humor. But he had not the intensity of nature, profound conviction, and deep insight which characterize the true theologian of the grace of God. He was rather a cavalier at heart

and "a most jaunty follower of King Charles." Across the sweep of centuries perhaps not over six other eminent divines stand out as self-made men. The great mass of celebrities have been thoroughly educated in the universities. Ambrose (A. D. 340–397) was of a distinguished family and carefully trained by the ablest scholars at Rome. He practiced law at Milan with much success, and became civil governor. By the people, led by a little child, he was chosen bishop, and afterward he was ordained. Because of his fine appearance and elegant, flowing style he was called the "Christian Cicero." The influence of his preaching was greatly increased by his administrative talents, a much needed gift in our own age. He is a case in point to prove that Christian statesmanship is essential in the pulpit.

Bernard used to speak slightingly of learning, but took good care to secure it first. His eloquence swept all the keys of the human soul, from tender pathos to good-tempered humor. He was also a careful writer, and has left eighty-six sermons on the three first chapters of Solomon's Song. Basil the Great came of a famous family, rich, powerful, and very pious, with a tendency to ecstatic emotional enthusiasm back to the grandparents. This gave him all possible advantages. His father was a distinguished rhetorician, and gave him careful instructions from childhood. He spent some five years studying philosophy with the masters at Constantinople and Athens. Julian, the apostate emperor, was among his schoolfellows. It is said the Athenian students had such a high opinion of young Basil on his entering college that as a special favor they consented to exempt him from being hazed. He must have been a remarkable youth, and came to show a marvelous skill in constructing learned discourses. The sermons left by him on drunkenness and the Gospel view of evil are still regarded as remarkable. Ephraem, Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustine were from families of high social position. This gives a preacher an advantage which is of no slight importance.

Bossuet was of good family, his father being president of the parliament of Metz. The child was brought up and trained in a house full of books. He delighted in Latin and

Greek literature, Homer being his lifelong companion. One day he chanced to find a Bible left open at Isaiah, and began to read. He was thrilled by the poetry, and thenceforth it became his chief book. The Scriptures were transfused into a man. His intellect was quickened by the new philosophy of Descartes, and he achieved distinction in every department while in the university at Paris except mathematics, for which he seems to have possessed neither taste nor faculty. His passion for the one book became so great that he memorized almost the entire contents, but mostly shaped his style from the prophet Isaiah. Bourdaloue's father was a gifted lawyer, who equipped his son with a thorough collegiate education. His early training in a cultured home gave him peculiar advantage. He was able to be simple with the simple, erudite with the learned, and a dialectician with sophists and disputants, so that he exercised a sort of empire over all minds. In this ascendency he owed much to the gentleness of his manners. He "lifted his profession," and never did Christian orator infuse into his discourses more dignity, energy, and grandeur. His discourses have been described as embodying in themselves a complete course of theology. Voltaire said of Bourdaloue that he tried to convince, but not to please. This itself was one of the great secrets of pleasing. At thirty-seven he came to Paris, where they regarded him as an angel of light and where his church overflowed. For over thirty years he was the leading court preacher of France, until the brilliant star of young Massillon blazed upon the horizon. Fénelon, the younger contemporary of Bossuet and Bourdaloue, was educated with greatest care and became the foremost of all French preachers in that magnetic unction so delightful to those people. He was a man of fine culture and the highest charm of style.

Claude, the noted Protestant divine, was the son of a learned minister. Being first carefully educated at home, he was sent to the best colleges to study philosophy and theology. Then he took a small country charge, where he pursued his studies and taught some until forty-seven, when he was prepared to enter Paris and take a commanding position. His "Essay on the Composition of a Sermon" was for over one hundred and

fifty years a favorite Protestant text-book. Saurin, another eminent Protestant preacher, was the son of a lawyer famous for his elegant style. At Geneva he had excellent advantages for education, which he fully improved. Knox was educated for the Catholic priesthood, but was a Protestant at heart. He was a notable instance among those entering the ministry late in life, his first effort being made at forty. At forty-nine he was at Geneva, busily studying Hebrew. What would be better for our ministers than, after preaching until middle life, to spend a year or two with the profoundest scholars and broadest thinkers in our great universities? At that age they know the ground on which they stand, and comprehend their own needs more perfectly, and such a course would increase their power and start them refreshed toward a more useful career in later life. For rivers to broaden and deepen new streams must flow into them. When from mountain heights they come with greater sweep of power it is all the better. John Howe, the famous Puritan preacher, was a graduate of both Cambridge and Oxford. Through his entire ministry he was a devoted and appreciative student of Plato. He became a great philosophic theologian and was also a very popular preacher. He combined an extraordinary intellect with a brilliant imagination, and worked both to good effect. Robert Hall said he had learned more from Howe than from any other author. Luther was eminent for classical scholarship. Whitefield and the Wesleys were all Oxford graduates. Much good has been done by self-made men, but the facts show that from the age of Constantine down nearly all the distinguished preachers have attended the centers of secular education. One can best become self-made by using some first-class college as an instrument in the making. A want of mental discipline and of constant study in ever-widening fields is the real reason why so many pastors are shelved almost as soon as God bestows on them their silver crown of wisdom.

A Genuine Call.—It is quite remarkable that many of the world's ablest ministers have been guilty of shrinking from their task. Jonah in this respect was a model, and has had many followers. He thought the divine call might be controlled by his own will and preferences. Fleeing from duty

he met storm and devouring monster. When on his feet again he obeyed God, and boldly preached the truth to the wicked city, the result being a great revival. His pay was fatigue, hunger, and a gourd vine for shelter. He was despondent at the results, and ready to take pessimistic views of God's work and man's nature. Becoming more concerned for his own interests than for the glory of God, his gourd house soon withered, and he was left homeless and penniless. Perfect obedience to the heavenly call, with unchanging loyalty and devotement, would have brought better results. Chrysostom long shrank from the sacred work. At length he yielded and entered the holy office, at thirty-nine. His actual career of preaching only lasted eighteen years, twelve at Antioch and six in Constantinople. He was the first preacher who left a thousand written or printed sermons, and Spurgeon was the next. Many others also fought long, hard battles at the door of the temple, who did royal service when once they entered. The voice of history confirms to-day's experience, that God's voice must sound clear down into the great deep of an honest, manly conscience, if thorough work is done for the souls of dying men.

Knowledge of the Scriptures.—A telling proof of the divine character of the Bible is in the fact that when one's soul is filled with it he becomes authoritative and forceful. The great feature of Luther's preaching was that he laid aside Seneca and Plato, with the fabulous stories of priests, and preached the Scriptures. One secret of Mr. Moody's success was that he knew his Bible and how to use it. The great beacon lights of the pulpit have always flashed out the pure light of God's book. When one's profoundest nature and motives become charged and thrilled with the reserved power of revealed truth as he may know and live it, men can no more come in contact with him and not be inspired than they can touch a live wire and not feel the electric shock. Emerson puts the thought thus, "He who will train himself to mastery in the science of persuasion must lay the emphasis of education not on popular arts but on character and insight." In Scripture language this would mean heart purity and divine illumination coming from a study of the word.

Voice Culture.—In this age of camp meetings, conventions, and Gothic churches one needs a voice like that of Jotham, who made a pulpit of Mount Gerizim, as well as more courage than he, who ended his bold words and fled when he found they were unpopular. The successful preacher must cultivate the voice in articulation, melody, pathos, and compass—the great secret of expression being personal development of mind, heart, and character, and nothing being so deep a psychological necessity as the purest and truest sincerity in every fiber of the being. Nearly all the noted preachers have had a musical charm in the voice. But a distinction must be made between voice and noise. According to the Scotch proverb "the greatest hummer is never the best bee." Bishop Simpson says, what is apparent, that "the vehemence of some speakers is really a hindrance to their success." Spurgeon observes, "It is an affliction not to be endured twice, to hear a brother who mistakes perspiration for inspiration tear along like a wild horse with a hornet in its ear, till he has no more wind and must needs pause to pump his lungs full again." One should cultivate the voice daily by reading aloud, and learn to acquire as much melody of tone as possible.

The Teaching Element.—The prophets were teachers, and many great preachers have followed their example. Origen was truly an epoch-making man in biblical learning and Christian education. He had the scholarly accuracy and iron diligence of a mighty student. The greatest educator of the early Christians—besides preaching daily he was a teacher of preachers and also of teachers. It was his instructions that made the Alexandrian school the chief seat of Christian education for many generations. From Origen to Simpson, a host of eminent divines have first been teachers. It is well for ministers to begin in this way, for they are commissioned to "teach all nations."

Impressive Personality.—To make a profound impression on others and accomplish great good, a minister must both believe in himself and in God. Luther and Calvin had this characteristic to a marked degree. Both had an unbounded self-reliance and also a humble reliance on the divine. This force of character is what made men say that Luther's words

were "half battles," and of Calvin that each word weighed a pound. Those who heard Wesley felt the man more than his eloquence or even his profound logic. The saying that a minister should hide himself behind the cross is only a half truth. A living preacher is of no use if concealed, even by the cross. How could Paul, Knox, Fletcher, Beecher, or Brooks so hide themselves and yet exert their magnetic power? If the man is obscured, so will be the cross he bears. It is better for the preacher to have deep humility, tender sympathy, strong conviction, and profound Christian experience and then lean upon the cross, inspired with the mighty love of the dying Christ.

There is one danger at this point. It is the liability of thinking of oneself "more highly than he ought to think," which sometimes manifests itself in the form of inordinate ambition or conceit. Bossuet was in youth both egotistic and vain. He would doubtless have been spoiled by the flattery of the silly, but for the sober advice of an aged bishop. And the need of this peculiar phase of episcopal talent has not entirely passed from the Church, for this spirit sometimes grows to be intolerant. We are criticised, and perhaps justly, for the "egotism of the Methodist pulpit." This development is too apt to begin with the relation of personal experience, soon after conversion. Paul used the personal pronoun frequently, and to great advantage. It is well, however, for the preacher of to-day to remember that he is not Paul, and to let his feeling of humility correspond with facts. Nor will education or exaltation in office always cure the malady. And no more is one perfectly safe in highest altitudes. Descent is a safer direction. Some "wholly sanctified" people are conspicuous for their egoism. Even Latimer is said to have had a "blunt and egotistic way." But he who could "receive the flames as it were embracing them" and greet his brother with the words, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as, I trust, shall never be put out," may well be pardoned for this strong faith which seemed prominent in personality. To find and hold the pivotal point between a strong individuality, that alone saves from weakness, and undue

self-consciousness, which hinders usefulness, is often difficult but very essential. Good common sense, with a proper estimate of one's own limitations and the divine element in successful Christian work, is the best remedy.

Sympathy.—Spurgeon says: "A man who is to do much with men must love them and feel at home with them. An individual who has no geniality about him had better be an undertaker and bury the dead, for he can never influence the living." Even the vilest and most ignorant must be loved, in order to benefit them. One is always eloquent when talking to those he loves. Dr. Storrs said, "True evangelical fervor comes with affectionate interest in personal souls." Emerson's idea is, "The wish to speak to the want of another mind assists to clear your own." St. Francis, it is said, converted thousands by the sweetness of his sympathy, and not by argument. There is much said in our theological schools about criticism, exposition, and exegesis, but far too little on the psychological principles involved in influencing and winning men. Theological teachers should be the best of soul winners, else they can never teach the art for which Christ commissioned his Church. Deep, tender sympathy begets pathos, and a knowledge of the laws of the human mind and heart will invariably enable a good man to direct and lead others. Here is a vast field for the development of a science of which we know too little. The Holy Spirit does his part faithfully and ceaselessly, but there is a human side which must receive earnest and devout attention. The drift of the theologians to-day is toward the intellectual and the scholastic. We need to come back to the heart and its essential laws. Here is room for a curriculum broad and profound enough to fill a whole college course. Man is poverty-stricken in the realm of his spiritual nature, and the kingdom of heaven is established to meet this deficiency for the enrichment of his being. Great preachers have all entered this door. Zwingli was not only energetic and earnest, but tenderly and deeply pathetic, even to floods of tears. Massillon's emotional nature was largely developed, and he had wonderful heart power. Edwards had the same gift, with much profounder thought. The greatest intellects, if properly balanced, cultivated, and

illuminated by the Holy Spirit—whose coming is the dawn of spring, with all its poetry and music—will have the deepest feeling and greatest heart power. The ablest thinkers should be the most successful soul-winners. Chrysostom, Luther, Wesley, Whitefield, Simpson, John the Baptist, Paul, and Jesus Christ are eternal proofs of this theory. Saurin was calm and quiet in delivery, but so pathetic that people would pack his church and climb on ladders to the windows to hear him. Proper cultivation of the imagination and reason will develop this power so that it will have a clear and vigorous growth, even down to old age.

Delivery.—It is a significant fact that the practice of the great preachers of history seems to have been about equally divided between written and extempore sermons. Paul extemporized, and also wrote discourses and had others read them. Bossuet used elaborate notes. Massillon usually extemporized. John Knox would begin to read, but soon got beyond his manuscript, and in a great passion pounded the pulpit with heroic energy. Flavel was preeminent for tenderness, unction, and clearness, and usually read his sermons. Wesley extemporized because out-of-doors among the masses, and wrote after delivery. Henry Clay's plan was a good one for the preacher to follow. At the age of twenty-seven he began the practice of reading and speaking daily on the contents of some good book. His offhand efforts among trees, horses, and cattle in the barn or open cornfields developed extemporaneous eloquence. Newman Hall, when a student, began to study the art of discourse by locking his door daily, opening the Bible, and talking offhand for ten minutes on the first text he saw. Beecher had a genius for both thought and delivery, used notes, and extemporized. Spurgeon put catchwords and divisions on a card no larger than his hand, and spoke freely. Phillips Brooks could adapt himself to either style, but usually read his sermons. Bishop Simpson preached without manuscript, which gave his marvelous imagination free range; but he read his great lecture on "The State of Our Country," and was just as magnetic and powerful.

Courage.—No weak, catering, or cowardly soul ever became a great orator. It takes the metal of Elijah, in the face

of famine, fire, flood, raging men, fiendish women, and death itself to send its musical ring across the ages. Angels love to be domestics for such men, earthquakes rock them to sleep, and the chariots of heaven halt to take them in. John the Baptist was perhaps the greatest of human orators, and had the largest audiences, yet his courage cost him his head. This heroic spirit was the soul of oratory in Thomas à Kempis, Wyclif, Huss, Savonarola, and without it there could have been no Reformation. Bourdaloue was a lion unchained. His sermons as court preacher carried alarm to the corrupt king and courtiers, as when, in the familiar instance, after describing an adulterer's career he turned to the crown and cried in thunder tones, "*Tu es ille vir.*" His sincerity was so great that Louis XIV meekly took the reproof.

People feel that the true prophet should say bold things, and that they should heed them. Only let one see that such words are spoken opportunely and in sincere love for the truth's sake. The preacher must also extol virtue more than denounce vice. Positive thought should always predominate; negative work is destructive and easy. It requires less brain power to preach against sin than to interpret and illuminate virtue. Positive work is constructive, and requires just as much courage. The mind grows more rapidly when fed on the nourishment of positive knowledge. In the language of Dr. Silas Neff, "Right conduct, the higher emotions of the soul, images of beauty, purity, sweetness, justice, holiness, love manifested to man, the infinite possibilities of the race and of the individual—let the soul feed on these, and there will be more luxuriant and more rapid growth." Dr. Broadus in his *History of Preaching* well says, "Fearlessness is a quality scarcely less needful for preachers in the 'piping times of peace' than in persecution." It is better to have the eulogy pronounced on John Knox by Regent Murray, "There lies he who never feared the face of man," than to have men say that one is broad, philosophical, and scientific, but feel that he is weak and cringing.

Style.—Goethe says, "If you wish to write or speak in a clear style, first be clear in thought, and if you would have a noble style first possess a noble soul." Augustine's thought

is, "It matters not whether the key is golden or wooden, so it unlocks the door." Wayland has it, "Use language that all the people can understand." Anyone can make easy things appear hard, but it takes a genius to simplify difficult things. The style of Athanasius, the great Trinitarian leader, was that of directness, simplicity, force, and manly eloquence. Chrysostom was the prince of expository preachers. Augustine would carefully explain his text, then deal much in dramatic questions and answers, using great freedom of speech with many pithy, vigorous sayings. Much of our modern oratory is too stiff, stilted, and formal for effect. It is gratifying to note, however, that sacred eloquence has made decided improvement in this particular during recent years. Peter the Hermit, to his auditors, was a torrent of burning zeal and fiery passion. Calvin was an avalanche of propositions or subdivisions in fiery debate. Claude showed little passion, but much rapid movement and spirited dash, so popular among the French. John Howe was strong and clear. He would pray and preach five hours at his Sabbath services. This seems out of all reason. But in our restless, feverish, money-getting age have we not gone to the other extreme? Giant themes must now be boiled down so as to be served up in twenty-two minutes, or a battery of gold watches will be leveled at the preacher, commanding him to halt. Chalmers, who held vast assemblies spellbound for long years, always wrote long sermons, and read them in full. Baxter and Flavel were something like Bascom and Summerfield; one was a lion, and the other a lamb. Robert Hall in style was a model in perspicuity and elegance. Christmas Evans, the Welshman, is a notable example of untutored eloquence. He was uneducated except in the school of nature, and his romantic imagination rioted at will in lofty splendors, much to the delight of the enthusiastic Keltic mountaineers. It is better to let argument and great principles predominate, better to "sacrifice your flowers, and let the columns be Doric." One should, in other words, "never construct ornament, but ornament construction."

Doctrinal Emphasis.—It is a notable fact that most of the great preachers have been strong in doctrine. They made a specially of some phase of theology. The Romish Church claims

Augustine as a high authority, but he is the author of that theology which produced the Protestant Reformation. Thus, Luther put him next to the Bible as the chief source of religious knowledge. Thomas Aquinas is regarded as the great theologian of the Middle Ages and one of the master minds in the history of philosophy, at the same time being very popular with the common people. He combined philosophical and other profound studies with simple practical preaching. Barrow spoke mostly on morality; hence the chief doctrine he preached was that of sin. It is in fact, the case that all great reformers and revivalists have given much prominence to the dark nature and the turpitude of sin. On such a terrific background the rainbow of Christ's redemption shines with surpassing grandeur, thrilling the benighted soul with new hope and joy. Gregory, brother of Basil, was a profound philosophic thinker. The advice of a Southern divine is both unique and profitable. He said to a friend, "Read Butler and preach to the negroes, and it will make a man of you." At fifteen young Bossuet was in college at Paris, studying the doctrines of Descartes, on which he wrote a thesis at sixteen that attracted the court circles into which he was afterward called. His was also among the first attempts at a philosophy of history. There is still great need that divines should be thoroughly able in our pulpits to draw clear distinctions between physical science and theology, truth and falsehood, secularism and spirituality. Every pastor's aim should be to become a broad-minded, philosophic thinker, and at the same time a humble soul winner. If to dry theology be given a tongue of fire, there surely follows a Pentecost.

Power.—When analyzed, this word has various meanings. There must be power of thought. This is the great molding, guiding, transforming agency of all civilization. A noble thought will lift a family and a nation. There must also be the power of the human spirit. The world is in great need of spirited men and women. For this it hungers and seeks. This reservoir in an orator must be constantly filled, in order that he may bless others with its abundance. The universe about us is also full of power, and God intends that we should avail ourselves of the supply. Jesus went long to this school.

Thirty years he spent with nature, receiving vivid impressions from trees, mountains, rivers, animals, stars, city and temple, and people, good and bad. The scenes of his youth seems to have been selected by divine wisdom. From the hills of his home he could look upon places of the greatest historic interest and study their lessons. By it, also, were the national thoroughfares where he could see passing the people of all lands. For three years he trained his disciples, by the same experiences, to fill their minds with clear impressions of things and their relations. He schooled them to observe the shepherd and his flocks, the fisherman with his nets, the sower and his seed, the woman with her yeast, the husbandman and his vines, the tares in the wheat, the pearl-seeker and his prize, marriage and family scenes, and business enterprises. This phase of his work is much overlooked. But for such training the disciples could never have been what they afterward were to Christ and the world. And from this school of the years he led them to Pentecost, that they might receive the Spirit's filling. Nor need any modern preacher fail to continue a vigorous growth in freshness if he tarries also in the upper room for the inducement of power. The Holy Spirit is a veritable fountain of life, and will flow like a majestic and resistless river from a thoroughly devoted soul, refreshing the world in its onward sweep to the ocean.

J. O. Webb.

Art. VII.—IS DEMOCRACY A FAILURE IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN REPUBLICS?

The United States of America is the result of a single century of unfolding under a purely democratic form of government. It already rivals the nations of the world in culture, wealth, and manufactures. It certainly leads them in agriculture, in the iron industries, in the application of science to industrial uses, in the intelligence and activity of the masses, as well as in the spirit of enterprise and philanthropy existing among the wealthy; and there is no longer a question as to the unqualified success of pure republicanism for a people whose ethnic type is essentially Anglo-Saxon. But can the same be said of this form of government for some other races of men? Is it not a mistake to thrust democracy upon a people naturally weak and in a large measure incapable of self-control? Would not the Spanish-American republics, with their slow progress and almost endless revolutions, have been more prosperous and farther advanced in civilization under powerful autocrats or limited monarchs? These are questions asked everyday by students of political science with inflections which affirm, rather than interrogate, the truthfulness of the propositions.

There can be no doubt that, had these people from the beginning been under continuously wise and honest political administration, they would be vastly better off than we now find them, no matter what the form of government might have been. But, as no such a thing was possible without the conquering and ruling of these nations by other races of men, we have before us the instance of a weak people, intrusted with their own political affairs, whose maladministration and bad use of power are largely responsible for their backward condition. That they would have been better off, had they remained integral parts of the Spanish empire, is inconceivable. Spain is as low down to-day as any of these children of her former nursing. That they would have been farther advanced under self-appointed monarchs or autocrats of their

own blood is, to say the least, very questionable. That they have been as progressive, all things considered, as were any of the nations of Europe in the infantile periods of their statehood can only be appreciated by a study of racial conditions and of the influences which molded these people and carried them forward to the place where we now find them.

I. Let us glance first at the ethnology of these republics. In considering the rise and progress of nations we can no more ignore the ethnical types of the people than we can ignore powder in considering the force of a cannon ball. We have only to look at Cuba and Porto Rico to imagine what the United States might have been, had she in the beginning fallen into some other hands than the colonizing British. We have only to contrast England and Spain, or Russia and China, as they now exist, after centuries of effort under similar forms of government, to see that the question of race is very important. Our own nation owes its rapid advancement to its Anglo-Saxon heritage and to democracy. Our ancestry, with the exception of a few French and a few Dutch, was almost wholly British. The vigor, enterprise, courage, fair play, and honesty of this race were all passed on to us; and, though well illustrated in other parts of the world, these qualities have never been shown to such advantage as by our own great republic. For, under this form of government, the Anglo-Americans have shown themselves to possess a positive genius for establishing political and religious freedom and for unparalleled development in many directions.

The Spanish-American republics also owe their present position in the family of nations to heritage and to democracy. But what a heritage! During a period in the world's history when a lantern-jawed, ignorant king sat on the Spanish throne and dictated to nearly half of the world; when the Spanish Inquisition was hunting down men, women, and children, of high and low degree, tearing them upon the rack, burning them alive, pinching them to death with red-hot nippers, disemboweling them, stinging them to death with bees, after skinning them to the hips; when Spanish misrule had so degraded labor that all who acquired wealth by traffic or by manual effort were regarded as the scum of the earth; when

to cheat, to steal, to lie, to murder were among the privileges of the privileged classes; when to bribe and be bribed, to plunder in all conceivable forms, to barter influence and honor, to sell official interviews and offices of trust were the highest ideals of a commonwealth—during such a period of corruption and out of such ignoble fiber the Spanish-American colonies were created. When these in turn gave birth to republics, the ethnical relations had become mongrel, and political affairs were even worse.

When the importunate Briton left his shores to help colonize America, he carried with him—besides his truth-loving nature—his wife, his children, and his earthly treasure, determined to build for himself a permanent home in the New World. He did not mix with the aboriginal races; but, like a God-fearing Israelite, he kept himself separate and distinct in all things. His habits, mode of thinking and acting, laws, literature, and institutions as they unfolded were all essentially English; and so conscientiously did he conserve his race that as many as seventy per cent of the people of the United States are now reckoned to be of pure British origin. What a contrast this presents with the Spanish-American republics! In all of these—with a population, including Brazil, of not far from fifty million inhabitants—purity of blood is the exception, mongrel, the rule. Three and a half centuries of intermixture by the Spanish, Indian, and negro races—with a sprinkling of Chinese thrown in, as seen in Peru, and a good deal of the bad blood of European adventurers added, as seen in all parts—have produced in these nations a people without a parallel in the history of men. They are of every cast of feature and of every complexion under the sun, ranging from pure whites to coarse-haired Indians, and from pure blacks to Indians with frizzly hair, with sufficient malformations and enough bow-legged dwarfs to show nature's protest in an unmistakable manner. Weighted with such an inheritance, for which present generations are not to be condemned, these republics are struggling nobly—and successfully, too, as we shall later show—for places of respectability among the nations of the world. But they have been held back, and are still being held back, by other causes which must be considered before

one can realize the darkness from which they have come, or how far they have already traveled toward the light.

II. This brings us to notice the effect of religion upon these republics. Before the Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, while their bark was still rolling upon the deep, they framed the constitution for the government of their colony, in which democratic liberty and independent Christian worship were noted articles. When the united colonies triumphed over the mother country, and a constitution was made for the government of a nation, the spirit of those two articles was embodied. Politically and religiously, man was made free. Jew, Mohammedan, Hindu, Barbarian, Roman Catholic, and Protestant were all given equal footing, so far as State was concerned, and everyone was allowed to vote and to worship as he pleased. This placed religion entirely upon its merits. The Puritan spirit which crossed the ocean with the Pilgrims saw that it was kept comparatively pure. And a wholesome rivalry sprang up, with the result that the United States now has a vigorous and healthy religious life seen nowhere else perhaps in the world.

But the trouble with all of the Spanish-American republics is that they have scarcely ever had any religious life. They have system and form and churches and priests and plenty of theology, but very little of the spirit of Him who taught that love is the fulfilling of the law. And this is the result of two causes. First, when these countries were parts of the Spanish empire, ruled by the king and the "Council of the Indies," every office, civil and ecclesiastic, was sold in Madrid for doubloons. Worth was never considered, and the purchaser had no higher motive than to get the greatest possible amount out of his colonial investment. In matters of religion, as in everything else, the great cry was for gain. The priests, with a few exceptions perhaps, were men of mercenary tendencies who could easily be spared from the old country. Paganism, it is true, was partly forced out of the colonies—not by showing the Indians the way of life and love, but by fraud and by heavy penalties inflicted by ecclesiastical authority. In Peru, which will serve as an example of all the rest, a male Indian, marrying a female who would not renounce her idolatry, re-

ceived one hundred awful lashes on his bare back in the open plaza. The *mita*, a law religiously sanctioned for subjecting the Indians to forced labor, caused the wretched people to groan under an oppression they could not endure. Mothers maimed their children, that they might be free from a slavery they abhorred; and the land resounded with the melancholy cry of women bewailing their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons kept in perpetual bondage under pretense of being in debt to their masters. The seventh of the adult male population was subject to this *mita*, it being the duty of the chiefs to tell off this number and take them to the Spanish towns where they were required. But the seventh part was taken again and again, so that in practice the law subjected a large portion of the people to slavery. If any of the Indians thus told off made their escape by fleeing into the far interior, the cruel Spaniards robbed their relatives of all they possessed, besides practicing other cruelties. Under such oppression the villages gradually decreased in population; but the tyranny grew more shameful, till not a semblance of pity remained with the priests, nor justice with the civil authorities.

History tells us that in 1781, under Tupac Amaru, a descendant of the Inca, the poor, downtrodden Indians arose in revolt as one man. After a bitter resistance they were defeated, and the civil and ecclesiastical authorities rivaled one another in the savage cruelty with which they treated the vanquished. The Inca was condemned to witness the execution of his wife, son, uncle, and all of his captains. He was offered absolution from sin and the promise of eternal rest in the heavenly world, which he received with stoic indifference. His tongue was then cut out, and he was secured to four horses pulling in different directions, and thus killed. His body was burned on the heights of Picchu; his head was stuck on a pole at Tinta; and his arms and legs were sent to different cities. His houses were all demolished, his goods were confiscated, his relatives declared infamous. All documents relating to his descent were burned; all pictures of himself were destroyed; all signs of mourning were prohibited; all Indians were required to dress in Spanish costume; and the use of the native language was prohibited. With a religious inheritance

like this—of which we have barely given a hint—it is no wonder that Christianity because of the form it has borne in these republics is regarded largely as a mockery, and that justice and statecraft are still in short clothing.

But we have still to mention a second cause of the degraded form of religion in these democracies. This was the absence of such rivalry and opposition as the Church of England met in her conflict with Puritanism, from 1579 to 1660 and since. The Christian culture which up to that time had gathered treasure from every side, admitting things that seemed good even from paganism, was in reality tainted and abominable. To the Puritans it seemed that the Church should rest on no other foundation than that afforded by the Old and New Testament doctrine of holiness; while most of the clergy, as well as the poets, the dramatists, and nearly all who claimed to be cultured, held to the conditions inherited from the past. The conflict was long and bitter, but the result was a better order of social and religious life; and the ever-increasing refinement of the higher Christian nations of to-day is due in a large measure to the Puritan spirit of rivalry in things divine.

That the Spanish-American republics have had no such stimulus to reform is due to the spirit of intolerance inherited from Spain. As long as colonial relations were maintained reform was utterly impossible. Even a hint of such a thing was met by death. The Inquisition was in full blast in these colonies, and many a suspected person was put upon the rack, or bound with red-hot chains. Besides this, grievous and iniquitous taxes were levied for religious purposes. Even the right to confess one's sins had to be purchased; and one not in possession of the expensive *Bula de Confesion*, a pretentious ecclesiastical scroll, was considered an outcast whose property might be confiscated. A man who had no money was a nobody. If he had neither money nor friends, he could be thrown into prison at the whim of any *distinguido*, and kept there for life. Large numbers were thus imprisoned, not to improve them, but to cause them to suffer—and this, not as a warning to others, but to increase the sum of colonial wretchedness. Hundreds and thousands suffered and died in loathsome prisons who had not the remotest idea why they had been placed

there. In Peru * the prisons were the most horrible perhaps ever devised. They were subterranean dungeons so constructed that an inmate could never place himself in a natural position. Hundreds of people, victims of religious intolerance and despotism, were confined in these underground hells; and many when released after years of torture were helpless for life, crippled and full of excruciating pains.

A community of people, as Laplace long ago declared, "never gets above its religious sentiment." This being true, we are not surprised to find that throughout all of these colonies there was a dreadful reign of sin and oppression. Everything was reserved for the Spaniards, nothing ever granted to the native-born colonists. Out of one hundred and eighty-three viceroys, captains-general, and governors placed over these people up to the time of their independence only eighteen were born in the Americas, and they were of wealthy Spanish parentage. Even the humblest clerkship was denied to any but a native-born Spaniard. The colonies were kept only for plunder. They were not allowed to trade with foreigners, under pain of death, and any foreigner who entered these lands committed a crime for which torture, chains, and a convict's life were the penalties paid. An English sailing vessel with a rich cargo ventured into the bay of Talcahuano, Chili, where its officers were received with every demonstration of kindness. They were invited on shore to a banquet, but, once there, they were set upon and butchered without mercy. The crew was arrested and placed in irons, and the vessel and cargo parceled out among the hidalgos. Nor was this an isolated case, for the same opposition to foreign trade existed in all parts for a period of over two hundred years. The increase of the native population was also discouraged; and every obstacle was placed in the way of agriculture and other enterprises, excepting alone a search for the precious metals. In 1803 the vineyards of Mexico were destroyed, to prevent competition with wines imported from Spain. For similar reasons the cultivation of tobacco, olives, hemp, saffron, and similar products, was at different times, forbidden by law. Such a system could not last forever. The cup of misery finally became so full that it

* This article was written when the author was a missionary in Peru.

overflowed in a general uprising, reaching from Mexico to Chili; and Spain lost all of her American possessions excepting Cuba and Porto Rico—just rescued from a similar condition of oppression and slavery by the United States of America.

III. This leads us, finally, to notice these republics as they now exist. We must admit that in a large part of these nations statecraft is still a very weak infant, not at all past the nursing period, and that senseless and bloody revolutions are yet the rule for forwarding the interests of unprincipled military leaders and out-at-the-elbow politicians. And we must admit that the highest ideas of statecraft too often seem to be, not the uplifting of the masses and the wholesome improvement of the country, but the borrowing of foreign capital—a large portion of which finds its way into private purses—and the practical repudiation of foreign debts. We are also confronted with the fact that in nearly all matters of business, public or private, the people of some of these states take the blue ribbon for high-handed jobbery and petty villainies such as make the more upright part of the world weary and disgusted at their actions. Moreover, the masses are not being sufficiently elevated into a nobler manhood and a nobler womanhood, such as are seen everywhere in more civilized countries. Yet this state of affairs is in no sense the result of democracy, but is directly traceable to Old World monarchy. These nations came into existence breathing the very breath of Spain, with the accumulated tendencies to political trickery and official jobbery handed down to them through long years of time, and with the firm belief that the masses were utterly unfit for any voice in the affairs of government. They knew about as much of practical democracy as the man in the moon knows of astronomy. But, in order to prevent any fixed rule of despotism, such as that from which they had just broken, they proceeded to organize themselves into republics—which outside of their written constitutions were so in name only—while their leaders, filled with the Old World ideas that the highborn and the wealthy were alone fitted to conduct the affairs of state, proceeded to take upon themselves the task of ruling and of plundering the people. The wealthiest and most powerful always became dictators, or rather absolute monarchs, limited only by the

power and the uncertainty of revolution—the only form of democracy the people seemed capable of understanding. Under such circumstances we are not surprised that bullets were always counted, instead of ballots, nor that the idea became fixed that the man who could kill the greatest number of the opposing party was the best democrat.

And these ideas in a large measure are still prevalent. Within the past sixteen years the writer has witnessed scores of elections in South America where the voting precincts were guarded by armed soldiers ready to shoot down anyone foolish enough to try to vote against the party in power; and at many of them we have known blood to run freely. A few years ago, while in Rosario, the second city of the Argentine Republic, a company of marines, stationed in front of the cathedral in which the voting was being done fired upon those who were innocently parading in the plaza, and shot down forty-five men, women, and children for no purpose whatever except to intimidate the opposition. And, during a residence of nearly eight years in that city, we never knew a national election that was not marked with bloodshed in abundance.

Allow us to repeat the thought that this is not republicanism. It is the tyranny of past despotisms handed down to these nations through the Spanish monarchy which begot them and left them bound hand and foot with its own ethnic follies and imperfections. And it is safe to say that the only semblance of a pure democracy which has remained with these nations since their independence has been bound up in their written constitutions. These, as a rule, are excellent embodiments of democratic principles, patterned largely after the Constitution of the United States, some of them having won the admiration of the foremost statesmen of the world. But these constitutions were written as ideals only; and the fact that they were violated by their own framers and have been almost constantly violated ever since shows that the people have felt powerless to enforce or to be governed by them.

In the light of all these facts—and we do not desire to conceal them, nor to make the weakness of these nations one whit less than it is—let us ask ourselves the question standing at the head of this article, Is democracy a failure in the Spanish-

American republics? Unhesitatingly we answer that it is not. As far as a more perfect form of government is concerned the conflict, though a silent one, is and ever has been between the principles of democracy as expressed in the different state constitutions and the traditions of Old World monarchy which completely bound the people in the beginning, and through which almost countless dictators have ruled and robbed the people. But the outcome has been decided gains in every quarter for republicanism. For the constitutions have remained throughout as the only perfect ideals, and the principles of democracy have thus been held up as the safest guide in political affairs, while the people have theoretically learned to love democracy and to hate despotism. Dom Pedro was turned out of Brazil and sent adrift forever, so far as his nation was concerned, not because he was a bad man nor an unworthy ruler, nor yet because the country was not prosperous under his guidance, but because the love of democracy had become contagious and was so steeped in the blood of the people that his presence could no longer be endured. And it is safe to say that in ages to come no other monarchial government will ever be tolerated on Spanish-American soil. There is not the slightest danger of reaction toward despotism. The people have seen enough of that. And, while their eighty years or so of national existence have been too short a time to get rid of the ethnic follies and despotic wretchedness with which they were loaded in the beginning, most of the educated people are alive to these evils and the nations are growing away from them as rapidly as could be expected.

But, in looking for growth we should compare these countries, not with the nineteenth, but with the seventeenth century civilization. For it is certain that in many things Spain left them two hundred years behind the general progress of the world, with the wheels of progress all clogged and befouled. But the average of these nations may be favorably compared to England in the very best days of her formative period. For, just as a spirit of independence and of purity in political and religious life marked the parliaments of the Elizabethan age, so have all the battles in the legislative chambers of these republics, during the last few decades, been marked

with a spirit of reform. Chili, whose legislative body is the interpreter of law and constitution, gained religious liberty at one stroke by declaring that public worship—reserved by the Constitution exclusively for the Roman Catholics—is such as is held only in the streets, and that all worship held in churches or other houses is private and therefore not unconstitutional. And this plucky and prosperous little nation, it will be remembered, has had but one revolution in a long series of years. In Argentine, the spirit in which all laws are enacted and all articles of constitution interpreted is thoroughly liberal and worthy of the magnificent country where higher civilization is rapidly coming to the front. Every effort is made by the authorities to induce foreigners to settle in the country, and—as all children born of foreign parents are citizens, and as foreigners can easily become naturalized and obtain the right to vote and hold office—the whole social, religious, and political complexion of the country is rapidly changing toward that which is better. Mexico is doing grandly, and in many respects leads all of the Latin-American nations. And even downtrodden Bolivia is not so dark and dreadful as she is sometimes pictured. It is true that the constitution of this country is something of an exception to the rule, as it favors dictatorial power; but at the same time civil liberty, the security of life and property, the equality of rights, the freedom of speech and of press, the right to remain or to leave the country without prejudice, and equality in the imposition of taxes are all guaranteed to the people. Bolivia has quite a respectable foreign trade, and her public-school system is fairly good. Besides this, the laws are so well executed that life is as safe as in almost any country in the world.

To show how far these nations have come toward respectability since colonial days, we may state that travelers are quite safe in going about anywhere or everywhere, without firearms. The writer recently crossed the Andes Mountains at Lima, took a horse at the terminus of the railway, and traveled among the people of the Peruvian highlands, going from village to village all alone, without guide and without arms of any description. We have known scores of others to do the same; and, generally speaking, one is just as safe—perhaps

far safer—in journeying alone among the inhabitants of the Andes Mountains as he would be in Texas or in Arizona. Taking the field as a whole, one can easily see that a few of the smaller of these republics must change for the better, or in time they will be absorbed by their more prosperous neighbors in the best interests of humanity. Little Paraguay, for example, would be better off as a province of the Argentine Republic; and the Central American States would be at once lifted to positions of respectability if placed under a protectorate of the United States and compelled to behave themselves. Yet the most of the Spanish-American republics are slowly working out their own salvation; and there is no reason for believing otherwise than that they have taken a permanent place among the family of nations. The railway, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric motor, and the general application of science to industrial uses, together with the grand principles of liberty and of equal rights vouchsafed the people in their written constitutions, are inspiring in these states a spirit of progress which, compared to that of some of the Old World empires, is truly remarkable. And, while some of the states of Europe—notably Austria-Hungary and Spain—have so much smoldering discontent among the masses as to make their future uncertain, and while the whole of Africa, and of Asia, including China—where empires and kingdoms have failed—has been, or is now being, parceled out among the nations, it is evident that most of the republics of the two Americas have permanency. Moreover, it needs no prophetic vision to indicate that before the middle of the new century the democracy of Spanish America may obtain almost immeasurable power and greatness by combining to form one great nation—the United States of Spanish America.

J. M. Spangler.

Art. VIII.—COLLEGE ENDOWMENTS: A NEW WAY OF GATHERING MOSS.

Stones are of two kinds, those that roll and those that rest. Rolling stones make a noise, raise dust, and disturb the denizens of hill and valley. But this mischievous activity has its penalty. They gather no moss. Only stones that rest can be mossy. They used to roll, but have wisely stopped, and now deep green mosses soften their restful ruggedness into velvety cushions for the weary wayfarer. It is even so with money. If spent, it is gone, vanished, rolled away. But if invested, it quietly covers itself with valuable greenness, with silvery lichens, and with golden flowers. It grows moss. It accumulates interest. The amount of growth depends on the method of investment. The ordinary way with an endowment fund is to invest it in good securities, yielding an income varying with the fluctuations in values and rates of interest, but fairly uniform. A chair thus endowed with $50,000 would yield at 5% a salary of $2,500 as the professor's permanent income.

There is, however, a way whereby, with no increase in the first endowment or in the rate of interest, the annual income gradually increases, bringing joy to the patient teacher and strength to the struggling institution. It might be called the "annual increment" endowment method. A small amount is taken from the endowment fund, and kept intact as an increment fund. The interest on it, instead of being spent like that from the rest of the endowment, is annually added to the principal fund, gradually increasing it to, and then far beyond, the original endowment. At first the available income is less than that which would be yielded directly from the entire original endowment, but the annual increment, being really at compound interest, soon makes the income equal to that secured in the ordinary way; and afterward it increases the income, rendering the fund far more productive. The following table illustrates the method, comparing the results of the old and of the new ways, on an endowment of $50,000 at 5%, the reserved increment fund for compounding being $5,000:

New Way.				Ordinary Way.	
Year.	Increment. 5% on $5,000 not used.	Principal.	Total Income at 5%.	Total Income at 5%.	Annual Difference.
1	$.....	$45,000	$2,250 00	$2,500	$250 00 less.
2	250	45,250	2,262 50	2,500	237 50 less.
3	500	45,500	2,275 00	2,500	225 00 less.
4	750	45,750	2,287 50	2,500	212 50 less.
5	1,000	46,000	2,300 00	2,500	200 00 less.
11	2,500	47,500	2,375 00	2,500	125 00 less.
21	5,000	50,000	2,500 00	2,500	Equal incomes.
51	12,500	57,500	2,875 00	2,500	375 00 more.
101	25,000	70,000	3,500 00	2,500	1,000 00 more.
201	50,000	95,000	4,750 00	2,500	Income nearly doubled.
301	75,000	120,000	6,000 00	2,500	3,500 00 more.

At the end of the first year the income of the increment fund is $250, 5% on $5,000, which is not to be spent, but is to be added to the large principal for the second year and is to bear interest with it. So for the first year the total available income from $50,000 by this method is only 5% on $45,000, or $2,250—$250 less than the ordinary plan would yield. In the second year the principal is increased to $45,250, income $2,262.50; and each year the principal is increased by $250, with a corresponding increase of $12.50 in the income, until in the twenty-first year the principal has grown to $50,000—twenty annual increments of $250 each, added to the $45,000—and the income in this twenty-first year is $2,500, the same amount as the old way would yield. And ever after the available income increases $12.50 a year, because of the compounding power of the reserved increment fund.

If the rate of interest is 6% the annual increment from $5,000 would be $300, which would enlarge the principal from $45,000 to $50,000 by about the seventeenth year—four years sooner than at a 5% rate. The income would increase correspondingly by 6% of $300, or $18 a year, so that in the fifty-first year the income would be $3,600 as against $3,000 by the old

way of merely 6% on $50,000. In the hundred and first year the income would be $4,500 as against $3,000 by the old way —an increase of 50%. If the rate of interest is 7% the principal of $45,000 annually increased by $350—7% on the reserve of $5,000—would become $50,000 by about the fifteenth year, and the available income would increase annually by $24.50—7% on the increment of $350. In the fifty-first year the income from the original $50,000 by this method would be $4,375 as against $3,500 by the ordinary way—a gain of $875. Surely this would be welcome to the professor who then occupies the chair. In the hundred and first year the compounded income at 7% would be $5,600, a large gain over the $3,500 of the ordinary way. If 8% could be secured the diminished principal would become $50,000 in a still shorter time, about the thirteenth year; and the increase in the rejoicing professor's salary would be 8% of $400—which amount is 8% of the reserve fund of $5,000—or $32 a year forever!

A larger increment fund would yield a greater enlargement of the principal with a correspondingly increased income. An increment fund of $10,000 at 5% would add $500 yearly to the principal. In the twenty-first year the diminished principal of $40,000 would become $50,000, and ever after would increase $500 a year, as the table shows:

New Way.			Old Way.	
Year.	Principal.	Income at 5%.	5% on $50,000.	Annual Difference.
1	$40,000	$2,000	$2,500	$500 less.
11	45,000	2,250	2,500	250 less.
21	50,000	2,500	2,500	Equal.
51	65,000	3,250	2,500	750 more.
101	90,000	4,500	2,500	2,000 more.
201	140,000	7,000	2,500	4,500 more.
301	190,000	9,500	2,500	7,000 more.

Thus the income of the first year, $2,000, is increased to $2,500 in the twenty-first year, and thereafter enlarges by the

amount of $25 a year. The best plan for all endowments would be to add a special increment fund whose income is not to be spent but used for the perpetual enlargement of the principal.

When we remember that in Oxford, University College was founded ten centuries ago by Alfred the Great in 872, and endowed in 1249, and that other colleges there were founded five or six centuries ago—Baliol in 1263, Merton in 1264, Exeter in 1314, Oriel in 1326, Queen's in 1340, New College in 1379; that in Cambridge, St. Peter's College was founded 1257, Clare in 1326, Pembroke in 1347, Gonville and Caius in 1348, Trinity Hall in 1350, Corpus Christi in 1352; that three of the Scottish universities were founded more than four centuries ago—St. Andrew's in 1411, Glasgow in 1451, and Aberdeen in 1494—and that even such young universities as Harvard and Yale have endowments some two centuries old; when we take a long range view of educational equipment—some such method as the above might commend itself to our youthful schools, especially at this time of educational financiering. The practical difficulties in compounding the increment fund could be readily removed by skillful financiers. The temporary surrender of a small part of the income, in order to secure a much larger and increasing future return, is a line of strategy which should be acceptable to the trustees of the funds, to the professor who receives the income, and to the generous donors of endowments.

John Bigham.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

Dr. Charles K. True used to say to his students at Wesleyan University, "Plan for a *long* fight with the devil." President Edward Thomson is reported as saying to his young men at Delaware, exhorting them to heroic Christian devotion and self-sacrifice, "Die, the first good chance you get."

Even Goldwin Smith admits and asserts that the ethical beauty of the gospels is unapproachable; that their miracles are miracles of mercy, not of destruction; that the miracles confirm the Gospel and the Gospel confirms the miracles; that the figure of Christ is worthy of the halo of miracle; and that if there is a Supreme Being, and if he is anywhere manifest in human history, it is here, in Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

A careful American observer who has spent months abroad, studying city mission work and social Christianity, writes: "English Methodism is more wide-awake than we are on this subject of city evangelization. The brainiest and best men are longing for the mission appointments. The city missionaries are counted the favored ones. Heaven grant the tide may soon turn that way in our own land."

C. B. Upton, a Jew, the Professor of Philosophy in Manchester New College, Oxford, who was appointed Hibbert Lecturer not many years ago, shows his close rapport with Christian thought in certain words which he has written concerning Christ, and which serve to indicate that he is not far from the kingdom:

> Jesus is the man in whose profound religious experience we have the purest and deepest realization of that precious consciousness of personal intimacy with the Infinite and Eternal One, which is implicitly present as a divine possibility in every rational and moral creature. . . . It was clear to the early Church that it was no mere finite man who rose above all personal self-seeking, and really loved his fellow-beings with quite infinite affection; that it was no mere finite man who even when his dearest earthly friends forsook him, could still say he was not alone, for the Father was with him. This sublime personality so towered above the average thought of his time, that it seemed to many to fall altogether out of the human category. Jesus was felt to be somehow *sui generis;* the question accordingly

arose as to how his relation to God and to men was to be conceived. Was he to be regarded as a being intermediate between God and man? Or, on the other hand, was he the historical manifestation of the Eternal Divine Logos, and so consubstantial with God himself? . . . The Trinitarian doctrine has done one all-important service, namely, it has kept before the minds of men the vital truth that God was essentially present and active in the mind and heart of Jesus.

It is urged by some that the assumed decline in Church membership or in Church attendance even does not indicate a decline in Christianity, but that Church life is changing the form of its expression. Dr. Briggs, in the *North American Review*, evidently takes this position. He says: "There can be little doubt that a large number of men absent themselves from Church attendance because they dislike the popular orthodoxy, which seems to them antiquated, unscientific, and untrue. Many refuse to unite with religious organizations which are dominated by an orthodoxy representing the theories of scholastic theology. Many remain apart from the Churches because they are unwilling to be responsible in any way for their official orthodoxy. Many, born and trained in Presbyterian families, refuse to remain in an organization which is responsible for the hard doctrines set forth in the Westminster Confession. Many Methodists refuse to be compromised by Wesley's doctrines and Wesley's rules of life. Many refuse to remain Baptists because of what is involved in close communion. Many refuse to be Episcopalians because they resent the doctrines and practices of sacerdotalism. And so we could find, more or less in all religious communions, a dissatisfaction with dogmas—sometimes superficial, giving a plausible excuse for absence, sometimes profound, inciting active hostility to the Church. If all of these dissatisfied ones are to be regarded as hostile or indifferent to Christianity, then it is evident that an army of Christians have practically separated themselves from the Church in our time, and we must say that in this respect Christianity has declined. If, on the other hand, we think that these dissatisfied and disgruntled ones are yet Christians, and that they are maintaining their faith in Christ in opposition to an unreasonable Church, that they are exerting an important influence in the transformation of the dogmas of the Church, then we may say that this is an evidence that Christianity is in a state of transition, that it is on the move away from an untenable position of exaggerated dogma to a truer and stronger position, in which dogma will be

ing with matters of special interest, sacred or secular, are worth repeating here.

An early letter, dated 1862, when this nation was in the dire agony of a supreme ordeal, gives Martineau's explanation of English opinion at that time concerning our national crisis. The European friends of the United States were anxious that the spirit of our struggle be made noble by keeping its highest ideas uppermost and foremost. To Martineau's mind the abolition views of Wendell Phillips seemed to supply our contest with an object the most awakening and inciting to righteous men. But he, with many other Englishmen, doubted, at that time, our ability to make an end of slavery by war. They thought they foresaw the failure of our armed endeavor to restore the Union and to free the slaves. And this faithless fear made Martineau write in the second year of the war:

> Depend upon it, it is this scruple, and not any indifference or (as Cassius Clay says) "hypocrisy" on the slavery question, that has prevented Englishmen from treating this war as if emancipation were at issue. At the outset, so long as the *rights* of the original quarrel were the uppermost consideration, the universal feeling here was against the South. But soon, to the practical English mind, the *possibilities* of the case became the chief element of judgment; and the task of reversing the revolution and reconstituting the Union being deemed (rightly or wrongly) too gigantic for the resources of any state or any army, the conclusion was drawn that a result apparently inevitable at last were better accepted with as little expenditure of suffering as possible. This matter-of-fact way of thinking into which our people fall is often very provoking, especially to those who are in all the heat and enthusiasm of a great strife. But it has not a grain of ill will in it, or anything but sorrow for suffering which it fancies unavailing.

The suffering which our English cousins thought would be unavailing, availed to restore the Union and to liberate the bondmen. There was indeed much needless and unavailing suffering, but numerous Confederate soldiers affirm that the main responsibility for unavailing suffering rested with the Confederate government, which continued the war for a year after General Lee, seeing their cause to be hopeless, had wisely advised his government to end the bloody and desperate struggle by making peace. That the politicians should feel differently from the soldiers about prolonging the war is not surprising. The men at the front, stormed at with shot and shell on the firing line, were likely to have views about useless and hopeless fighting differing somewhat from those of the men who were sitting safe and snug in an executive mansion or a government office in Richmond. This

is said to be one reason why the enthusiastic love of the South is for brave Robert E. Lee and not for politic Jefferson Davis.

Another letter gives us a glimpse of the hard times in England which lasted from 1877 to 1884:

> We are all straitened. Business is stagnant. Investments pay reduced dividends. Living is dear. Public charges are high. Professional services—in law, in art, even in medicine—are dispensed with wherever possible. And whilst we are all earning little and costing much, distress is crowding on us which we are at our wits' end to relieve. The peculiarity of the time seems to be that all countries are feeling similar depression. The latest blow to confidence has been the silver movement in the United States, by which I and my family are already considerable sufferers. . . . For myself I have nearly relinquished my college salary, by successive surrenders, and am almost wholly dependent on my moderate investments, the revenues from which—where there are any—have sunk to a low percentage.

In 1883 or 1884 Henry George visited England and attracted some attention by public advocacy of his peculiar doctrines. Martineau was unfavorably impressed by the man and his teachings, and expressed his amazement that such a book as Mr. George's *Progress and Poverty* should have gained an enormous circulation. He wrote to his Chicago friend:

> That strange book, I am ashamed to say, has dizzied the heads of not a few men here from whom more clearness and stability might have been expected. This is largely due to an excellent and hopeful characteristic of the time—an intense compassion for the lot of the lowest class of our population—the feeble in body and character who are beaten in the race of life and drop by the wayside. The sense of something wrong in the sufferings and sins of this class is so deep and disturbing to many minds that they lose the power of calmly studying the real relations of cause and effect in the life of society, and are ready to fling themselves, like a patient tired out by a chronic malady, into the hands of any plausible quack who is loud enough in his confidence and large enough in promises for his panacea. Mr. George's personal presence, however, has apparently gone far to neutralize the influence of his book; and I think his day is nearly over here. The socialistic tendency which has favored him still remains, and fosters, I must think, very dangerous illusions with which, unhappily, party leaders are willing to play for political ends.

In a later letter he adds this comment on current political methods:

> Political ambition is vastly more diffused than hitherto; oratory has more influence than character and wisdom; and to promise the impossible is a surer game than to counsel the best practicable. Under these conditions parliamentary government is not hopeful.

That Emerson and Martineau would find themselves mutually *en rapport*, as kindred spirits, might have been predicted on a superficial view. But Rev. A. W. Jackson, in the *North Ameri-*

can Review for October, says that Emerson, because of his want of logic, moved Martineau less than any other of his great contemporaries; that he recognized the genius of Emerson, but could not be quite happy in that *per saltum* by which our American seer reached stars indeed, but left no clear track by which one could follow after him. Martineau's feeling toward Emerson's works is indicated in one of the recently published letters:

> Emerson himself I love and honor more than his books; though they, too, report a sweet and noble nature, that has cleared itself into a light serene and sublime by pure force of inward fidelity. I have been reading his "Conduct of Life," and am quite offended at the little justice done to it by the critics. It seems to me rich in wisdom. Still, I regret his way of reaching the balance of truth, by giving an *over*-balance to each side of it by turns, and trusting to one extravagance for the correction of another. It is a habit that demands too much comprehensiveness in his reader—whose nature may get a twist from some strong thrust of thought, from which the counter pressure fails to recover him. The symmetries of nature are better, which are careful to show themselves in every part as well as in the whole. I fancy this method of his may be the lingering consequence of Carlyle's early influence upon him. But the overstatement native to Carlyle's intense, deep, but somewhat fierce and narrow genius, is less congenial with the serene and lofty breadth of Emerson's wisdom and sympathy. There is, however, something in Emerson which I am disqualified for apprehending, for his *poetry* is to me a complete enigma, which neither in form nor in substance speaks to me at all. Doubtless he is wider than I am, and the defect is in me.

The debt of all Christendom to James Martineau for his magnificent work in resisting and arresting the tendency of this age toward materialistic or idealistic skepticism is freely and gratefully acknowledged by all Christian communions. No English thinker of our time has more utterly routed scientific atheism, or driven the agnostics more completely off the field. And one peculiarity of his victory is that its fruits are of such a nature that Evangelicals can make more use of them than Unitarians can. He was a protagonist for the fundamentals, a mighty and unconquerable defender of the very foundations of religious belief which are most precious to those who, on the warrant of the Gospel, have built the superstructure of their faith highest into the heavens. His most victorious battle was not for anything incidental, nominal, variable, ornamental, or, in Christian circles, disputable, but for the very essence and life of religious faith. Great indeed was the antidotal influence diffused abroad by the luminous spiritual philosophy with which he made war on the philosophy of the English sensationalists—Locke and Hartley and

Mill—who allowed authority to the senses and the reason, but permitted the soul no voice. The fervid splendor of his style gave added power to his clear thinking, and carried his arguments into all thoughtful circles. And the benefits of his intellectual primacy, preeminent erudition, and unequaled dialectic skill accrued to all Independents in Great Britain, lending a dignity and prestige to the Nonconformist ranks, which served to chasten and diminish the superciliousness of an often arrogant and patronizing Establishment.

In no direction was Martineau's hostility more pronounced and relentless than toward the skepticism of the unspiritual scientists. We find him, in these letters, referring with regret to William R. Alger's semicaptivity to Herbert Spencer, and noting with satisfaction his recovery of a more steady equilibrium of judgment in later years. Of the need of thoroughness and clearness, if Christian apologists undertake to deal with and dispose of the atheistic scientists, Dr. Martineau, on receipt of a lecture by Mr. Batchelor, writes what it may profit all Christian ministers and teachers to read:

I admire Batchelor's statement of the modern scientific doctrine, and I sympathize with his religious conclusion. But, in passing from the one to the other, I cannot help feeling that all his intellectual strength goes into the former, and that the dependence of the latter is on his emotional fervor and justness of intuitive sentiment. The links of reasoned connection between the two appear to me not neatly forged and firmly welded. I experience the same insecurity in almost all the pulpit attempts to deal with this subject; so that in spite of the strong support which they have from my personal feeling, the total effect of them is rather skeptical than conservative. I suppose the simple truth is that we preachers have too rhetorical a habit of mind, and too little of the severe scientific exactitude, for the effective treatment of such an argument. Till we go deeper than the scientists, and get to the back of their premises, instead of coming to the front to divert their conclusions, they will occupy a vantage ground from which we cannot dislodge them. Yet, rightly assailed, their atheistic position is absolutely untenable.

Surely no man had a better right to expect a turning of the tide from unbelief to faith than the subtle and strategic thinker who had done so much to turn the tendency of his time backward from skepticism about the fundamentals. Familiar with he whole drift of thought in England and on the Continent, he looked hopefully to the future and wrote:

I am more and more struck with the fact, that it is not *new beliefs or unbeliefs* which a modern age advances into; but a *new generation of men* that is born into a recurring drift toward old beliefs or unbeliefs. There is, as far as I can see,

absolutely nothing in our present scientific knowledge, which weakens or changes, unless for the better, the philosophical grounds of religion. To-day's fear will assuredly pass away.

Although the outlines of his Christology swerved at points from traditional Trinitarian orthodoxy, the feeling of this pure and devout soul toward the divine Saviour and Lord was reverent enough to satisfy even those whose conception of Christ's nature and work differs in its definitions from that of Martineau, yet who, after all attempts at analysis, comprehension, and elucidation, probably agreed with this great thinker that the inner nature and supernal relationships of Jesus Christ must remain, in large degree, to even the most acutely penetrating mind, a tender and holy mystery. Martineau confesses his own inability to make any adequate analysis or portraiture of that unique and supreme Personality in a letter written in 1862 to his American friend:

I wonder at my rashness in half promising a volume on the Ministry of Christ, because that Divine Life—like all things divine—cannot, to my present feeling, be truly rendered in treatment so regular and analytic as a book implies. It gleams on our purified vision in hints and streaks of beauty; and though these flow together into fragments of form not only distinct but unique, yet every attempt to complete them disappoints one, and produces a whole quite inadequate to the glory of its elements. So I begin to suppose that his personality is better left as one of those tender and holy mysteries that have power over us just because they represent, with the sweetest harmonies of our life, also the infinite silence in it that cannot be broken. With Paul, it is quite different; and as he worked out his thought into explicit form, constructing it into something complex and grand, I can approach the apostle as a human not a divine phenomenon, and treat his doctrine as the philosophy of a spirit just redeemed. Fain would I work out into distinct shape my reverence and love for Paul.

Finally these letters show us Martineau's feelings and habits in old age and how he faced the approach of life's end. It is seldom, indeed, as has been well said, that the gulf stream of youth flows so far into life's arctic regions as in the case of this man who lived beyond fourscore and ten. He kept a jealous watch upon himself for signs of the failing of his powers, and wondered and was glad at their long-continued persistence. He spoke of "the idleness which is falsely called rest" and could not tolerate the thought of it so long as any faculty should remain in him. After his retirement from all engagements and public activities he continued his old ways of habitual study, working on at his desk and with his books as in earlier years. As the term of his natural life narrowed, the im-

pulse of diligence, the desire to accomplish something more, grew upon him and made what is called "the repose of old age" more and more impossible to him. He was not willing to drop the tools of industry till they should fall from his hands. "But," he said, "my *rate* of achievement slackens; and this both makes me a niggard of my time, and prepares me, if so the better Will shall determine, to lay down my tools and leave my task undone. This life is but a fragment, and no man has any right to expect that he shall round it off and leave no ragged edges to show where for him time is torn off from eternity."

The death of his wife, from a lingering and painful malady, left him the lonely survivor of a companionship which had been sweet and complete in thought and in affection through fifty-five years from betrothal to burial. But in that saddest and most desolate time he wrote with submissive trust, and in the patience of hope:

> A blessing thus prolonged I cannot be so faithless as to turn from gratitude into complaint. If I step into a darkened path, I carry with me a blessed light of memory which gives at least a "gloaming," though the sun is set, and promises a dawn when the night is gone. My short vigil will soon be over; and while it lasts, neither the departed nor the lingerer can quit the keeping of the Everlasting Love.

Sustained and soothed by such unfaltering trust he lived out to its peaceful end a life illustrious for its exalted purpose, incorruptible manhood, indefatigable industry, irenic spirit, and eminent service to Christendom and to all mankind. All communions and variations of Christian belief, without committing themselves to the particular form of his creed, united in common recognition of a common benefactor, in a testimonial presented to him on his eighty-third birthday, which bore nearly seven hundred signatures of distinguished men. The first to sign his name was Tennyson, the next was Browning, and then followed a long army of men of letters, theologians, philosophers, and scholars of all schools and all Churches in England, America, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Holland. Its keynote was in this sentence: "We admire the simple record of a long life passed in the strenuous fulfillment of duty, in preaching, in teaching the youth of both sexes, in writing books of permanent value, a life which has never been distracted by controversy, and in which personal interests and ambitions have never been allowed a place."

A PHILOSOPHICAL ROMANCE.

The temptation to attempt fiction often besets men who are not professional novelists. Notably the men of two professions, the medical and the clerical, acquire so much intimate knowledge of life and character, and of strange human histories, full of pathos, surprise, and tragedy, that the real wonder is that so many doctors and ministers keep from putting their large accumulations of material into stories. Doubtless their exclusive absorption in strict and immediate duties is what mostly prevents them. There is nothing to be surprised at in the success of some of these men of a different vocation when they deviate into fiction as an avocation, as when Ian Maclaren captures the field with *The Bonnie Brier Bush,* or Dr. S. Weir Mitchell writes, in *Hugh Wynne,* possibly the greatest American novel of the decade.

Mr. William H. Mallock, though not a physician nor a clergyman, is yet an example of those who make a venture into the field of fiction from outside of it. Until recently, the attention he had attracted came by such writings as *Is Life Worth Living? The New Republic, Property and Progress,* and similar serious didactic discussions. But in the end of the century his tissues are invaded by the bacillus of that particular *cacœthes scribendi* which produces fiction, and the result is what he calls a philosophical romance, identical in spirit and purport with his previous writings, a study of the essential difference between vice and virtue and, in reality, only a long analysis of that eternal difference, but what the blunt and, Mr. Mallock thinks, the stupid British public calls an aimless and licentious story.

The severe censure pronounced upon his book in the court of public opinion constrains him to send out the second edition with a preface which is intended as an explanation and defense. If the meaning of the story had been half as clear as that of the preface is, the latter would not have been needed, for the English reading public would not have misapprehended this author. It is not likely that the aforesaid public had any motive for misunderstanding Mr. Mallock of malice prepense. His story, he claims, is a purpose novel, intended to teach morality. But it seems fair to say that the necessity of supplementary statements, explanatory and defensive, convicts the teacher of a want of clearness, so diminishing his value and lowering his rank. The

failure to make himself understood must be counted a defect in any instructor, whatever he may be teaching; and especially is it a grave matter if his meaning is obscure or ambiguous when dealing with morals or theology, either in a pulpit, or in a romance, or in a lecture room.

Like many another Romance of the Nineteenth Century, Mr. Mallock's story needed, as a preventive against being misunderstood, a preface or a postscript, saying, This narrative is an honest effort to promote faith by exhibiting skepticism, virtuous wisdom by depicting vicious folly, and purity by a study of a society which is impure.

In this story of the effect of skepticism and sensualism the novelist meant to paint a picture of the earth with the salt of the earth withdrawn from it, a picture of human life minus faith in God, and with scientific atheism bearing its natural fruit of moral indifference, irresponsibility, frivolity, unscrupulousness, and general rottenness, a picture of a faithless epicurean society, of fashionable worldliness, cynicism, luxury, bordering all the time on actual vice and frequently falling into it, secretly if not openly. He thinks he has not offended against good taste or propriety in his details, but no one need complain that he has not made the picture sufficiently sickening.

Several doctrines, it seems, are held in solution in the story for the reader to extract by some intellectual chemistry. The first is that the source of goodness is historically in the human affections; that he who does not love his brother and his sister whom he has seen will not love God whom he has not seen; that capacity for loving conditions the possibility of goodness; and that nothing so helps one to believe in the divine love as an experience of human love. So that, for example, the man is blessed indeed, and mightily helped toward goodness, who has

> A pure, good mother's name and memory
> To hold by when the world grows thick and bad
> And he feels out for virtue.
>
> Happy he with such a mother.
> Trust in womankind beats with his blood,
> And faith in all things high (including God)
> Comes easy to him.

The second doctrine taught is that the explanation of goodness is logically in the postulates of theology; that Christianity

alone furnishes the rationale of real virtue; that the Bible's explanation of the genesis of goodness is the correct one: "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do;" "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The third teaching is that goodness may exist before these postulates are assented to consciously and explicitly. It may exist in some who have never heard of those theological postulates and doctrines, or even in those to whom such teachings have been incomprehensibly, unacceptably, or unconvincingly presented.

The fourth lesson intended to be taught is that goodness is sure to be ruined in the long run when those postulates, the fundamental assumptions and doctrines of the Christian faith, are consciously and persistently repudiated. This last is the chief and most obvious lesson of Mr. Mallock's book. Faith and goodness are inseparable; they live or die together. When a man ceases to believe in the Most High there is nothing that can surely prevent him from sinking to the most low, even to the bottomless pit. The author plainly shows in his romance that skepticism is as ruinous to the spiritual nature as sensuality is. This is set forth in the two principal characters, Ralph Vernon and Cynthia Walters, both of whom are ruined by materialism, he by philosophical and she by practical, he by doubt of the reality of spirit and she by surrender to the flesh; both, in consequence, without God and without hope in the world. Two souls lost, one by losing faith, the other by losing virtue; one went out into darkness and the shadow of death by the door of the intellect, and the other by the door of the senses.

Ralph Vernon says it was not the lust of the flesh or the pride of life that overcame him, though both of these assailed him. He did not lose hold of God by sinning, but went into sin because he had first lost hold on God through unbelief. His religion became a forlorn doubt. From various books he filled himself with a philosophy which by degrees unspiritualizes, demoralizes, degrades, and debauches—a philosophy which is shown to be the subtle and powerful ally of evil by impairing the motives to goodness and diminishing the restraints from wrong. He tells us that, in his childhood, God seemed near to him, and that, as he grew older, his thoughts dwelt more and more with him. In his innocence and reverence the blasphe-

mies and wickedness of the world seemed dreadful to him. A sense of the misery of the sin men lay wallowing in grew upon him. The great city became horrible to him when he knew that on all sides men were killing their own souls, and even young souls were corrupting themselves and being polluted. And then he drew near to God in personal devotion at the altar of the Church, cleansing his heart and his hands as never before, that he might be found worthy, and he watched against the strong temptations of youth to keep himself pure. But when he had done this for four or five years a slow change crept over him. Doubts took possession of him from some book he read. Out from their pages came the spirit of an unbelieving age and played on him like a cold wind, chilling and numbing his soul. The sacraments became an outworn symbol, the Bible lost its sacred authority, his prayers grew faint, the sense of God's presence departed from him, and he felt that his body, which had been a temple of the Holy Spirit, was filled with vain thoughts and desires which took possession and held carnival within him. God, who had been his life, his light, and his salvation, the one wealth of his soul, its central and only fire, became but the specter of a credulous imagination, the phantom of a puerile dream.

And this man found that doubting God is doubting all things, losing God is losing all good. The most steadfast things grew dubious and debatable, the world itself became a realm of unrealities, and life's worth-while-ness was involved in dismalest uncertainty. Doubting God, how can he pray to one whose existence seems unreal? Doubting God, how can he feel any worthy interest in his fellow-men who are but fellow-ghosts? If he were sure of God, he could honor humanity and love men because they were His children and therefore of eternal dignity and value. But the man himself says: "Without God, they are but shadows, they are no more than I who am the most void and frail of shadows; they get no hold on me, nor I on them. We are all unsubstantial ghosts together." Doubting God, all noble effort seems useless. Whenever Ralph Vernon desired to apply himself to any active endeavor, an evil spirit whispered in his ear: "To what purpose? Are not all things vanity?" Having lost God, he abandons his Bible for books which discrown it of its dignity as the supreme exponent of the highest

vocation of man—books which repudiate the supernatural, lower and lessen the sanctions of morality, and make light of the spiritual life, holding man's remorse over sin and desire for peace with God and for holiness of heart to be but morbid hysteria, and regarding science as more than religion, art as more than morals, knowledge as more than purity, sensual pleasures as more than the beatific vision, and an unskillful bricklayer as a more tragic object than a ruined soul.

As years go on existence has no more seriousness for him than tableaux which mimic real life and charades which set riddles for guessing. People who know him think that he takes only a speculative interest in the most momentous matters, and describe him as a man who would like to know God—on the supposition that there is a God—not to obey and glorify him, but just to discuss his nature and observe and criticise his methods. One intimate acquaintance says, "Religion is merely an intellectual question with Ralph Vernon, a tiresome riddle that piques him because he cannot answer it." Few give him credit for sincerity and earnestness. A rough-tongued cousin said, "He is incapable of really loving anybody;" and a keen woman spoke of him as the worst form of voluptuary, not gross in his tastes, but self-indulgent to the last degree of luxuriousness, and making a playground of the sacredest places of his soul, as if a temple were turned into a *café chantant*.

In the fashionable society which dwells in villas along the Mediterranean, frequents Monte Carlo, and lives to amuse itself, this man who has lost faith falls in with a woman who has secretly lost virtue. These two unhappy souls are drawn together by mutual misery and by other affinities. Between them arises a friendship which with all its defects is as noble as is possible to two such spirits. They like, they pity, they try to help each other. In time each comes to know or to suspect the secret of the other's sadness. There is no vice in their relationship; rather, this friendship, with all its defects, is altogether the best thing in his life and in hers. Nor are they hardened into moral indifference; rather they look back wistfully, the one to his happy faith, the other to her happy innocence. But their efforts to help each other by the recovery of what has been lost prove futile. Neither has moral buoyancy or seaworthiness enough to offer safety to the other. They seem more likely to imperil than to aid each other, and there is fear lest

only ultimate disaster come from the contiguity of these two religious wrecks. Once she is honest enough to warn him that he cannot save her without more cooperation than she is able to give. She says: "Good women, when they need repentance, repent. They do the one thing I cannot do." Her past is as unescapable as it is hateful. The whole sad tale is a tragedy of moral debility. Pale, ineffectual ghosts haunt the darkened chambers where faith and virtue once kept house. "Enough, yet not enough" is the ever-recurring record. He has enough conscience to keep him from being content with an epicurean life, but not enough to lift him out of it; enough sense of responsibility to disquiet him, but not enough to nerve him to self-denial. He has an occasional impulse to pray, but his praying is like a man on the Brocken bowing to the huge bowing specter which he knows to be but the magnified shadow of himself projected on the mist. Such words as these are in his prayers: "I am not sure if you have any existence—you, the God I am crying to. Perhaps you are only a dream—an idea—a passing phenomena in man's mental history." The woman tells him to his face, "There is something wanting in you. You are good enough to make me wish for holiness, but not good enough to make me able to attain it;" and she says, "You love me enough to be made wretched by me, but not nearly enough to be made happy by me." Spite of his skepticism there are times when he sees that what we are and what we make ourselves is something of infinite and eternal moment, that vice and virtue are as heaven and hell asunder, so that space with its million stars is as nothing to the gulf between them. And then he sees God real enough and near enough to beseech him to cleanse this woman and restore her to himself. But the blandishments of sense soon obscure the spirit's vision and the prayed-for purification does not happen to the woman, who, herself, has power to prevent it. He longs to cast the devils out of one who tells him she has seven, but he is not at all inclined to the sort of prayer and fasting which makes a successful driver-out of demons. In moments of self-knowledge he realizes that he is a sham, and says to himself: "I am a brute, a dolt, and a hypocrite. Only two nights ago I thought I would lay bare my mind to God. My mind seemed to me a little rose garden of fragrant sorrows. I forgot there was in it a stagnant sewer. Ah, the shattered fabric of my whole moral

existence!" And this is what the loss of God through unbelief has done for a fine-natured and generous man. For a veritable Magdalene there may be a better chance than for Pilate if he rejects the Truth with a mocking sneer or a stony disbelief. The Great One said that there is more hope for publicans and harlots than for unbelieving scribes and hypocritical, proud Pharisees. There is something worse than even garments spotted by the flesh, and that is to disbelieve in the reality of the holy. When Vernon says all his trouble arises from having no God to believe in, he confesses a fatal condition. From slips in sensual mire one may retrieve himself, if only he has that hold on something above which faith in the Divine gives him. But if he has no staple or fastening overhead to run his halyards through, how can he get any purchase to haul himself up out of the mire? And if there be no God in heaven, who is there to reach down and lift him up?

The woman in Mr. Mallock's story is as miserably helpless as the man. She prays now and then, but it is to the Holy Virgin or to St. Mary Magdalene. She keeps a Bible at her bedside and opens it sometimes in the mornings, but her reading runs perversely and suspiciously to the least spiritual parts. She tells her friend: "I have enough faith left to make me miserable, but not enough to make me hopeful. My faith has lost its courage, but, like other cowards, it can still bully and terrify me. My life is bitter with the lees of a faith from which the finer spirit has evaporated." And she confesses: "All the holy things I was brought up to long for, and for which, till I had ruined myself, I did long—they seem fabulous or like wavering images to me now."

From opposite sides Ralph Vernon and Cynthia Walters have come to the same forlorn plight. She has been disloyal to the holiest things she knew, grieving the Spirit by yielding to the enticement of the carnal, and the penalty is to lose touch and sight of them. He has been disloyal to holy things by withdrawing his trust in their reality, and they have faded out of sight in the fog of unbelief. Both have turned their backs upon those things and treated them as if they were not.

Moreover, this skeptic, losing faith in God, goes to the very brink of utter sensualism, and this poor victim of carnal desires passes over into a skepticism as hopeless as his. He finds Renan and Strauss and other faith destroyers on her library shelves, and

she surprises him by saying: "It is not the masculine reason alone that is capable of skepticism. A mere woman may sometimes achieve the same greatness or have it thrust upon her. She, too, can doubt the reality of all she has held most valuable." And then she whispers shudderingly to herself, "How wicked I am! How shall I ever make myself good for anything?" O the curse of destructive books! No wonder an eminent master of literature writes feelingly of "the indelible stain left on the imagination by three words of Juvenal, or the discolored spot in the mind which tells where a poisoned arrow from the death-dealing bow of Voltaire had struck, or the pollution of a part of life by the elaborate literary machinery of that cuttlefish, Sterne." Worthy as Mr. Mallock defines his purpose to be, his book falls under Professor C. T. Winchester's complaint that novelists nowadays usually make the heroine "a person of undeveloped character and crude emotions, and often of narrow intelligence—a woman quite without moral or spiritual attractiveness;" so that "one sometimes fears that the good woman is likely to disappear from modern literature altogether. The hectic, ill-balanced, morbid persons that take her place are a libel upon the beauty and charm of healthy womanhood."

The supreme lesson of this philosophical Romance of the Nineteenth Century is that infidelity and sensuality are in ultimate effect likely to prove equivalent and to merge into each other; that whether you cherish unbelief or cherish immorality you abandon God and cherish a viper which will kill the soul. How, then, is the sin of the intellect superior in the last analysis and final result to the sin of the flesh? As they lie dead together, victims of the same foul beast of a man, how is Ralph Vernon better off than Cynthia Walters. When the Holy City is sacked and burned, what matters it to the smoking ruins whether the enemy marched in by the Golden Gate or by the Dung Gate? If the immediate jewel of the soul be missing from the golden casket in the inner chamber, what difference whether the thief entered by the cellar or by the skylight? We fear it is all one to the bloated dead man with the venom in his blood whether he was bitten by that spirited and sparkling reptile, the diamond rattler, striking high with dash and brilliance through sun and air, or by the dull, dark, dirty water moccasin crawling in the black ooze of the bayou.

THE ARENA.

THE ORDER OF WORSHIP, AND THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

In the January number of the *Review* there appears an article entitled "The Order of Public Worship," by Dr. T. B. Neely, in which the successive provisions relative to public worship in the Methodist Episcopal Church are historically and clearly set forth. But little reference, and that only of a formal character, is, however, made to the apostolic benediction, which concludes the order of worship as found in the present Discipline. Its peculiar designation as the "apostolic" benediction, the special direction of the Order of Public Worship that only parts inclosed in brackets may be omitted—it being not so inclosed—and the further injunction of ¶ 56, § 3, that "at the service during which the sacraments are administered any of the items of the preceding order may be omitted except singing, prayer, and the apostolic benediction"—all these facts show that the Church lays especial emphasis upon its use.

Moreover, this emphasis is a continuation of the action of the Church from its origin; for the *Sunday Service* of Mr. Wesley provided for the use of this benediction. In 1824 the direction was, "Let the apostolic benediction be used in dismissing the congregation;" in 1864, "Let the apostolic benediction be invariably used," etc.; and in 1888, the Order of Public Worship then established—as also that of 1896—contained a similar direction, and the clause already quoted, permitting at sacramental services the omission of any item of the same "except singing, prayer, and the apostolic benediction." So that, with a steady, unbroken, and increasing emphasis, the legislation of the Church has enjoined the use of the apostolic benediction. This not only implies a belief in the existence of a benediction known and received by the Church as the "apostolic," but also implies special reasons for its use. Hence it is important to know what this benediction is.

And yet there seems to be a doubt as to whether there is, strictly speaking, such a benediction. Thus, in *The Christian Advocate* of January 11, 1900, the following answer is given to an inquirer concerning it: "But the compilers of the order of service appear to have had in mind some one benediction which they supposed to be known popularly in the Church as *the* apostolic benediction. For that naturally we turn to the Discipline, and find therein the benediction used in the liturgy for the Lord's Supper and the ordination of bishops, elders, and deacons. It reads thus: 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always. Amen.' . . . In connection with the order for the burial of the

dead is another benediction: 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.' Neither of these two great benedictions is an apostolic benediction, in the sense that the words are to be found in the Scriptures as they there appear. They came to us from the English Prayer Book, through Wesley. The second is found in 2 Cor. xiii, 14, in a much better form than in our order for the burial of the dead: 'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.' That is a benediction pronounced by the apostle upon the people. . . . Though no apostolic benediction is to be found in the Discipline, those in the Ritual, being apostolic in substance, and in part in phrase, and venerable by use, should be employed."

But, if there is no benediction distinctively known to the Church as the "apostolic" benediction, the General Conferences of 1824, 1888, and 1896 were grievously at fault in providing with much positiveness for its use in the Order of Public Worship on the Lord's Day. Certainly, it must be presumed that they thought there was such a benediction; else they deliberately and by statute misled and misused the clergy and laity of the Church and the public in general, by ordering its stated and continued use.

We believe, however, that the General Conference, and especially those members in charge of this matter, meant when the use of the "apostolic" benediction was enjoined in the service the third of the three benedictions quoted above, which reads, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen" (2 Cor. xiii, 14). And for these reasons:

First, it is a benediction and not a prayer or invocation--a benediction, that is, a blessing, pronounced upon the congregation by the minister in charge of the service. It was the custom from the earliest ages of the Church to dismiss the congregation with a benediction; it is found, therefore, at the close of the service.

Second, it is "apostolic," being found at the close of Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

Third, it is complete and comprehensive; indeed, with the exception of the one from Phil. iv, 7, it is the only one that can fairly rise to the claim of the "apostolic" benediction. These two recognize the triune Jehovah, and the work of grace as issuing therefrom.

Fourth, it is referred to as "the apostolic benediction," and in terms of similar weight, by competent writers. Thus McClintock & Strong's *Cyclopædia* (vol. i, p. 747, article, "Benediction") says, after quoting the one from Phil. iv, 7 as that most generally used in Protestant churches, and tracing its origin in part to Num. vi, 23, 24, "The great Christian benediction is the apostolical one, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all' (2 Cor. xiii, 14)." Again, Lange's *Commentary*

in its comment on 2 Cor. xiii, 14, says of the passage: "It is the most formal and solemn of all Paul's forms of benediction, and accordingly has been universally selected as the one to be used by the Church in its worship. It ascribes to each Person of the Trinity a special, but not an exclusive, part in the work of redemption. . . . Each of them is mentioned with equal, but with a distinct, honor and efficiency. They are presented, not according to their ontologic or metaphysical nature, but to their economic relation to sinful man in the work of salvation. That salvation comes to us 'from [ἐκ] God the Father, through [διά] God the Son, and by God the Holy Ghost.'" Lange also adds: "The benediction itself is divided into three parts, in accordance with the relations of the sacred Trinity. We have, first, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, . . . that grace which is continually bestowed upon, intercedes for . . . and strengthens . . . those whom he has redeemed, and by means of which they come into the possession and enjoyment of the love of God. The communion of the Holy Ghost, the participation in him and in his gracious influences is the product of that grace and this love, and is his continual direction and application of them to believers." Neander and Ewald are also quoted to the same effect.

Fifth, it is the one prescribed by Mr. Wesley in the Sunday Service which he prepared for the use of the Methodist churches in America, and which has been so used—though others, both scriptural and otherwise, have also been so employed—from that time to the present. For these reasons we judge that by "the apostolic benediction" the General Conference meant the one found in 2 Cor. xiii, 14.

How then, it may be asked, are the two benedictions—the one from 2 Cor. xiii, 14, and the one from Phil. iv, 7—to be used on such Lord's Days as are devoted to the administration of the Lord's Supper? For, be it observed, the Discipline (¶ 446) provides for the use of the benediction from Phil. iv, 7, at the close of the sacramental service, yet says (¶ 56, § 3) that even at such times "the apostolic benediction" may not be omitted. Is it meant that both benedictions should be used, and, if so, how? Undoubtedly we think both are to be used; first, because such is the order and custom in both the Church of England, from whose ritual our own is largely taken, and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, whose ritual is also largely taken from that of the Church of England; and, secondly, because no other method harmonizes the directions given for public worship on the Lord's Day in connection with the administration of the Lord's Supper. Nor does such associated use appear to the writer as other than congruous, appropriate, and especially called for by the usages and peculiarities of the Methodist Episcopal Church at such times, however much he may be led to admit that both as to benedictions and ritual some preachers are a law unto themselves.

How then should the service be conducted on the Lord's Day when the sacraments are administered? We answer:

1. According to the order prescribed in the Discipline; what is named therein as permissible for omission may, in the judgment of the administrator be omitted. Such portions are either bracketed or are referred to as other than "singing, prayer, and the apostolic benediction."

2. The form of the Ritual prescribed for the Lord's Supper should be used precisely as laid down in the Discipline, only such portions being omitted as are referred to under that head and in accordance with the note to ¶ 446. Especially will this portion of the service be enriched if the congregation is taught to join in the General Confession, the Lord's Prayer, the Amen at the close of the several prayers, and to unite with the choir in singing the *Tersanctus* and *Gloria in Excelsis*. To such an order the benediction from Phil. iv, 7, seems required by the very spirit and tone of the service.

3. Then, the congregation, which has been kneeling, having risen and being seated, the usual invitation for the reception of members by letter or on probation can be extended, after which the service should close with a doxology and "the apostolic benediction."

How much spiritual devotion may be helped by appropriate and suggestive postures and liturgies may not now be discussed, but that there is need in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the observance of the Order of Public Worship and the Ritual for the sacraments—chaste, rich, and beautiful—we verily believe. And in no particular perhaps is this more true than in the following of the directions given concerning the use of the two benedictions.

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"THE SPIRITUAL LIFE."

This is the title of a book recently written by Professor George A. Coe, Ph.D., of the Northwestern University, the volume being an attempt to discover the laws governing the phenomena of religious experience. It is an entertaining book, but can hardly claim to be a scientific treatise. A superficial reading of the work will give the impression that every statement made by the author is reliable, so pleasing is his style and so bold his advance in the field of investigation. But a more careful study of its contents will convince the scientific student that Professor Coe's methods are unscientific and many of his conclusions illogical, while the theologian—especially the Methodist—will be persuaded that the author is biased in his inferences and that his unscientific conclusions are drawn from premises whose truth he does not and cannot know.

In his Introduction the author says, "Perhaps no group of ascertained facts excels in either theoretical or practical interest the mass of human experiences called religious," while "the phenomena of religious experience have been the last to be granted a hearing by the science of

psychology." Yet psychology is not a new science, nor is religious experience modern. How does it happen, then, that not until Christianity is nearly nineteen centuries old are the "phenomena of religious experience" discovered to be a legitimate and fertile field for psychological investigation? Queer is it not that there are only two books written on the subject, and that the second is dated in A. D. 1900? The real reason is that psychologists themselves have with unanimity recognized that "religious experience" is not capable of scientific investigation, and as a consequence that there cannot be such a science as "the psychology of religion."

Professor Coe undertakes to show that there are fixed laws governing religious awakening and that these awakenings come at certain periods, and he has found (?) that such an awakening is synchronous with the age of puberty. He examined a certain number (comparatively small) of cases of persons who had been trained religiously and who had been converted. The preachers of the Rock River Conference were among the cases relied on for valuable *data*. But what are these among so many? Thousands of instances can be cited of persons who were awakened as early as six or seven years of age, and were genuinely converted before the age of ten. And thousands of other cases can be found of persons in this Christian land who have never experienced any decided religious awakening and, indeed, have never known of such a thing. What do all these facts prove? This—that religious education, nurture, environment, and, maybe, heredity have much to do with the religious impressions of the juveniles, and that the total absence of religious influences in their cases will result in a total absence of religious awakening.

The adolescent period is not a religio-scientific milestone. The professor claims that personal temperament, whether it be sanguine, melancholic, choleric, or phlegmatic, has much to do with the question of Christian experience. He is not clear on this point. Intentionally or unintentionally, he fails at times to discriminate between Christian experience and the outward demonstration of the same. Temperamental conditions frequently modify the latter—yet not so universally as to furnish ground for a scientific law—but no one can possibly assert that they are a consideration in the attainment of the former. God's word itself defines the conditions precedent to a change of religious states and emotions, and no divine authority is given for making temperamental differences one of these conditions.

One would reasonably conclude from Professor Coe's scientific investigations that it is impossible for persons possessing a certain kind of temperament to experience the religious consciousness which is described by others as conversion. Some of those he questioned never felt any conviction for sin, etc. As an offset to these statements read Bishop R. S. Foster's delightful book, *Philosophy of Christian Experience*. He says: "A Christian comprehensively is a child of God by regenera-

tion. This is the all-inclusive, absolutely essential thing. It presupposes and is conditioned by certain antecedents, and does not exist without them; these are conviction of sin, repentance, faith, and forgiveness. Regeneration, which, as matter of experience, always follows or is coetaneous with these subjective states, and never precedes them or occurs without them, is the culminating fact." Again he writes, "To become and be a Christian one must have this conscious experience." The bishop does not overlook the item of personal temperament, but at the same time does not exaggerate its importance. Hear him: "Personal temperament, environments, habits, education, and such modifying influences, which vary so widely, furnish the explanation to a large extent of the diverse experiences among those who give full evidence of genuine Christian character. 'There is a diversity of operation, but one Spirit,' and the same result." Although, as the bishop says, there may be a difference of degree in the vividness of the consciousness of these subjective phenomena, nevertheless, "that in every case there has been the great subjective change, the inward transforming experience, however dimly perceived in its successive stages, there can be no rational doubt. The total outcome of the regenerate life of the soul is the same in each case of genuine Christian character." We firmly believe that a lack of definite instruction as to the essential character of this inward change, a perverted preconception of its character, and the lack of the exercise of intelligent faith on the part of the convert will explain the seeming lack of a vivid consciousness of regeneration which is referred to by Bishop Foster in the quotation we have given. Subsequent instruction has frequently assured the Christian that the experience of regeneration was actually possessed by him at the time when its possession had been doubted.

Professor Coe manifests a disposition to underrate, if not to slur, the emotional and to exalt the intellectual in religion. He deplores the tendency to magnify the value of the subjective in religious experience, and to minify the active virtues. The Methodist Episcopal Church *Hymnal* comes in for abundant and severe criticism on this account. The preponderance of females in the Church is thus accounted for. Yet Christian sociologists and Methodist historians and active evangelists will refuse to acknowledge the secondary importance of the subjective in religion. The Lutheran and Wesleyan Reformations were based on the preponderating importance of the subjective in religion. Were Luther and Wesley and the thousands of their disciples mistaken, and is Professor Coe right?

The professor's studies in psychology and his enthusiastic faith in hypnotic laws have made him ambitious to extend his research into fields hitherto unexplored and to erect a new science, but he must remember that no philosophy can be erected on phenomena whose causes are not discoverable.

PAGE MILBURN.

Washington, D. C.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB.

THE PROLOGUES OF ST. PAUL—III. GALATIANS AND EPHESIANS.

THE above epistles furnish another proof of the importance of a careful study of Paul's prologues. The nature of each of the epistles is foreshadowed in its introduction. That to the Galatians was the result of a sharp conflict with the Judaistic party in the early Church, and is characterized by all the intensity of Paul's nature, as well as by profound insight into the very essence of the Gospel. A study of the letter will show that Paul's character as an apostle had been impugned. It had been asserted that he was a self-constituted, and not a divinely appointed, embassador; or, if he had a commission, that it was from men like himself and without any divine character. This view was necessary in order to overcome Paul's authority when he affirmed salvation by faith alone, apart from works of the law; and it was therefore requisite, not only that he should affirm his apostolic authority, but also his harmony with the Church, in order to have success in his teaching.

The prologue of the Epistle to the Galatians is therefore in harmony with the conditions under which the letter was written. In the Epistle to the Romans Paul had affirmed that he was "a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle." His apostolic character had not been assailed and is not strenuously asserted, although distinctly assumed. In the First Epistle to the Corinthians he designated himself as an apostle called of Jesus Christ in harmony with the will of God. In the second letter to the Corinthians he again affirmed his apostolic character in similar form. But in the Epistle to Galatians he declares himself an "apostle (not from men, neither through man, but through Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead)"—the margin of the Revised Version declaring that it was neither through "a man." With what emphasis does this first verse affirm that Paul was not an apostle by human designation! He neither received his apostleship from men, nor was it communicated to him through a man, but he received it from above. The verse is a reminiscence of the ninth chapter of Acts, and affirms Paul's belief in the external appearance of Christ to him at that time. The journey to Damascus was the occasion of his special call to the apostolic office, and it was communicated through his divine Lord, with whom was associated God the Father, so that the first and second persons of the adorable Trinity join in the call. How emphatically does this simple statement set forth that Paul was no human messenger, but was a divinely constituted apostle of Jesus Christ!

There is a significance also in the explanatory phrase, "who raised him from the dead." The question has been asked by commentators as to whether this phrase is merely an incidental reference to the great historic fact ever present to the mind of the apostle—Christ's resurrection

from the dead—or whether it was intended as an additional attestation of his apostleship, in that he received his call from the Lord after his resurrection, his call being thus as personal as that of the acknowledged apostolic company. For the phrase indicates that the one who called him was the real Christ who visibly manifested himself to him—the result being that he himself saw the Lord and was therefore as much an apostle as was Matthew or John or James.

Paul also associates with him in this Epistle to the Galatians the brethren who were present when he wrote the epistle. Who these brethren were we have no certain knowledge. Suppositions of various kinds have been made, but their identity must necessarily be left to conjecture. Howson, in his commentary, says, "Assuming that this epistle was written during the third missionary journey, these brethren may have included some of those who accompanied the apostle on his return from that journey, namely, Sopater, Aristarchus, Secundus, Gaius, Timotheus, Tychicus, and Trophimus, besides St. Luke. See Acts xx, 4, 5." Assuming also that the writing of this letter was nearly contemporary with the writing of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, we may add the name of Titus as a probable companion. Paul thus affirms that he was not alone, and that his recognition as an apostle was accepted by his associates, who joined with him in greetings to the Galatian churches if not in the substance of the letter. But it is not to be inferred that Paul meant to convey the impression that the "brethren" were intended to add to his authority as an apostle; for his independent assertion of his apostolic authority indicates that he had no such purpose.

This part of the prologue is followed by Paul's usual salutation: "Grace to you and peace from God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ." He is not content, however, with this statement, but follows it by a brief declaration of the fundamentals of the Gospel which he was called to deliver. He affirms that Christ "gave himself" for our sins. The tense in the Greek is here very significant, indicating the single act by which Christ gave himself on the cross for man's redemption; and the statement is followed by the purpose of that gift, "That he might deliver us out of this present evil world." The tense of the deliverance is here also noteworthy—it was deliverance by a single act. The apostle's design was to indicate, incidentally perhaps, but none the less clearly, that, while Christ's whole life was in the nature of a rescue for men, the central point of such rescue was the sacrifice offered on Calvary. That from which man was rescued was "the present evil world," with its burdens and its sins, and this deliverance Paul affirms to be in accordance with "the will of God and our Father." The apostle then closes the prologue with his usual ascription, namely, "To whom be the glory forever and ever. Amen." And one cannot fail to notice a marked difference between the prologue as a whole and those to which reference has already been made, and also between it and those which follow.

The prologue to the Ephesians is very brief. Its language is, "Paul, an apostle of Christ Jesus through the will of God, to the saints which are at Ephesus, and the faithful in Christ Jesus: Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." One cannot fail to notice at once the difference between this salutation and that in Galatians. To the Galatians Paul said simply, "Unto the churches of Galatia;" in the other instance he writes to the "saints" in the city and "the faithful in Christ Jesus." The Galatian church had gone astray from the Christian faith, and perhaps also from Christian practice, and Paul simply addresses them as "the churches." The Ephesian church, on the contrary, was in need of an admonition, but there is in it no such stinging rebuke as is found in the Epistle to the Galatians; its members were still worthy of the designation of "saints" and "faithful."

The precise object that Paul had in writing the Epistle to the Ephesians is not perfectly clear. It may be it was simply to set forth to the saints in Ephesus the unity of the Church as one body in Christ Jesus. There is a textual variation in the prologue to this epistle which is quite significant. Some of the great manuscripts, as the Sinaitic Codex and the Vatican, omit the words "at Ephesus," and there are a number of authorities which favor such omission as representing the original reading. Some textual critics place the words in brackets, so representing their uncertainty as to the condition of the original text. This difference of opinion has led to much discussion. Assuming that these words "at Ephesus" do not belong in the text, the conclusion has been reached that the Epistle to the Ephesians was a circular letter intended not only for the Ephesian church but for other churches in the same section of country, and that the words were inserted in the manuscripts sent to the Ephesians only. If this be so, the prologue is even more significant, for it helps to explain the general designation which Paul gives to the church, namely, "the saints" and "the faithful in Christ Jesus." We have here also the monogram of the apostle, "in Christ Jesus." Everything in Christianity, according to the teaching of Paul, is "in Christ" —including salvation from its inception to its final completion in glory. He further closes this prologue with his usual wish, "Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ."

THE NEW COURSE OF STUDY FOR MINISTERIAL CANDIDATES.

The new Discipline, which has just been issued, contains the list of studies and reading prescribed for the next quadrennium. The changes in the course, while not radical, are worthy of notice. The Discipline contains not only the list for English-speaking candidates, but also courses in German, Norwegian and Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Italian, Spanish, and Chinese. The English course prescribed by the bishops is conformed to by the others, with some modifications to meet the wants

of the several nationalities. A careful mastery of the prescribed studies will give the student broad information on topics of the utmost importance to his work. And he must pursue not only a course of study but also one in reading, the accomplishment of which in both cases must be vouched for by the examiners appointed to test him.

The English course of study embraces an extended line of historical investigation—including general, ecclesiastical, and denominational annals—special emphasis being laid upon the history of our own Church. It is conceded that the minister who serves at the altars of any denomination should be familiar with the historical movements of which it is a part. Every branch of Christians has behind it certain facts out of which it has been evolved and without a knowledge of which one will find it extremely difficult to sympathize with the denomination fully and serve it successfully. But the history of the entire Christian Church is also included in the course, beginning with the outlines of Bible history, while general history, moreover, has not been neglected, so that he who masters the works prescribed will have a comprehensive grasp of this department. The discipline and government of the Methodist Episcopal Church have also received full consideration.

Of course systematic theology occupies, as always, a prominent place in these studies. The fundamental concepts of the Christian religion must be understood, and so provision has been made not only for the formal study of theology but also for the subject of apologetics, that the student may comprehend the foundations upon which our faith rests. The introduction to the Scriptures also receives proper attention, including the origin and fortunes of the several books of the Bible, and involving the literary and other questions growing out of recent discussions. The discussion of the date, authorship, and general character of the several books of the Scriptures is vital, and the minister needs to master these in detail.

Ethical studies are also assigned a proper position. This is emphatically an ethical age, and much attention is being given to the basis of right conduct. Naturalistic and Christian ethics are not necessarily in conflict; but there is a tendency in many institutions of learning to minimize Christian ethics and exalt natural ethics. This attempt, whether intentional or otherwise, assumes that the advances in this particular are to be on lines of natural progress apart from the influence of divine revelation. There is a danger of a return to the purely pagan conception. In the course *Christian Ethics* is prescribed as a book to be studied by the young minister. Closely associated with this is sociology. While this subject has not yet been reduced to scientific form, and its place in Christianity and the Christian life has yet to be demonstrated, still it is one of the movements of the age which cannot be ignored.

Hermeneutics is also included in the course as a subject vital to the successful minister. It is believed by many that a revival of exegetical preaching is much needed. Such preaching can only be done by men

who have been trained in the Holy Scripture and the principles of its interpretation. The history of this interpretation is also one of the most suggestive and interesting of all inquiries, and is therefore emphasized. It is, however, to be regretted that the bishops, while introducing Old Testament exegesis as a subject on which young ministers should be examined, have omitted New Testament exegesis altogether. Exegetical study, if we rightly recall, was first introduced into the course after the year 1884, and has thus been a part of the order for sixteen years. The reasons for its omission at this time are not clearly apparent. Yet it is clear that the bishops have not assumed that the course of study includes all they could wish for the rising ministry.

The course furthermore includes the preparation and delivery of sermons, and a number of studies which have a practical bearing on the progress of God's kingdom. It may be noted here that the *Methodist Review* is now required reading, the perusal of which by our young ministers will help them to keep abreast of the intellectual, ecclesiastical, and spiritual movements of the time. Bishop Vincent has told us how, when he was a young preacher riding a four weeks' circuit, he always carried the *Methodist Quarterly* with him, and not only read it but studied each number of it diligently through from beginning to end three times in the quarter. Some of the articles, he says, marked an epoch in his intellectual progress and enriched all his subsequent life. Pulpit oratory has not been omitted from the course, nor has the minister's spiritual experience been overlooked.

Taken as a whole the faithful completion of this course will lay a firm instructional basis for our rising ministry. It is true that the bishops have not included what are generally called culture studies for purposes of discipline, such as the classic languages, and that they have made no suggestion with regard to the mastery of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures. And it would seem that logic and rhetoric, which are studies for discipline, might have been well placed as conditions of admission to the Annual Conference, instead of a part of the course pursued after entrance into the Conference. Yet the course which the bishops have laid down is for the most part instructional, rather than scholastic. It assumes the recommendation of the last General Conference that the Annual Conferences should require a course of study at least equal to that prescribed by the University Senate for admission to our colleges, and also the recommendation that all students before entering upon the ministry should take a course of study in one of our theological seminaries.

But it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures will be recognized in the course, and some encouragement thus given to that pursuit. As it now stands, the young men of the Church in large numbers are going beyond the requirements laid down by the authorities, and are following lines of study to which no recognition is given, solely out of a desire to equip themselves more fully for the Master's work.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH.

LATEST EXPLORATIONS IN PALESTINE.

THE work at Tell Zakariya, already mentioned in this department, was in many regards very successful. The selection of this and the neighboring Tells was a very wise one, for there can be no doubt that we are here dealing with places hoary with age. The lower stratum of the mound contained many articles of the same general type as those excavated a few years ago at Tell-el-Hesy, or ancient Lachish, and which were then fully described in this department—among other things there being a large number of scarabs of the eighteenth dynasty and numerous specimens of earthenware of the same date. In the upper strata were many objects of the period of the Hebrew monarchy, some of them being inscribed with Hebrew characters.

Unfortunately, however, the very things most hoped for did not appear, that is, tablets or early inscriptions which might throw additional light upon the periods preceding the pre-Israelitic occupation of Palestine. The possibility of bringing out of their places of concealment—or, as Dr. Bliss puts it, "of finding the other end of the Tell-el-Amarna correspondence"—is still the dream of those engaged in Palestinian excavations. So far, however, the zeal of these devoted archæologists has been rewarded by the discovery of only one solitary tablet, though innumerable other articles of great interest to the Bible student have been found, such as a number of fine jars, whole and perfect, as well as several vases of fine workmanship, all belonging, however, to the Jewish and pre-Israelitic types. Dr. Bliss, though disappointed, says: "Tablets may or may not occur in the unexcavated parts of Tell Zakariya, but the soil in which we were working is certainly the soil in which tablets may be looked for. Tell-el-Hesy is very much smaller than Tell Zakariya, and Tell-el-Hesy had its tablet, and the unexcavated portions may hold many more."

That the reader may the more easily understand some of the terms used in this paper, it will be well to insert the following from the last report, as found in the quarterly of the Palestine Exploration Fund: "The pottery of Palestine, before the Seleucidan period, may be conveniently divided into three classes: First, the types called by Petrie, 'Amorite,' showing peculiar characteristics, such as ledge-handles, patterned burnishing, comb-facing, etc.; . . . the second class, including Phœnician ware and local shapes based upon the Phœnician, together with certain associated types, which are found as early as 1400 B. C., but which also come down to Jewish times. These we name 'later pre-Israelite.' By the times of the Jewish monarchy both the Phœnician and Amorite types

have degenerated, and we find a class of pottery showing a mixture of styles. Hence, in using the term 'pre-Israelite' in regard to any given jar, we mean that it belongs to a type that came in during pre-Israelitic times, though the particular specimen may have been made during the early Hebrew monarchy. On the contrary, in using the term 'Jewish' we exclude not only pre-Israelitic times, but also the period of the early Jewish monarchy."

Of the pre-Israelitic types found at Tell Zakariya is a fine drab-colored vase, with black and red ornamentation. It is nearly twenty-seven centimeters high and oval in shape, with two loop-handles, and a long cylindrical neck. There are several others, belonging to the same period, but of less elegance and smaller in size. There are half a dozen more, evidently of a later period, found on the "dividing line between two strata;" their clumsy shape and inferior decoration prove clearly that degeneration had already set in when they were made. Here were also found four jar handles having the royal stamp. Like all those with the kingly mark, they have the winged symbol which we shall explain later. One of them has, "To the king Shocoh;" another, "To the king Ziph;" a third, "To the king H–B," probably Hebron; while the fourth is so defaced as to defy deciphering—indeed, it may be said that the lettering is entirely wanting. In the upper or Jewish stratum, just two feet below the surface, was found a jar handle with a stamp similar to the ones described above. The letters are not quite legible in the lower line, but Mr. Bliss thinks that they may be read "*Hori.*" The upper line is distinct and clear, and reads "To" or "Belonging to Ezer."

The finds at Tel-es-Safi were not numerous, nevertheless they presented three distinct periods, namely, the Jewish, pre-Israelite, and early pre-Israelite. These consisted of jar handles, flints, four scarabs, some Egyptian amulets, a Babylonian cylinder, some very thin flint knives, and an object cut in slate resembling the human eye. The discoveries at Tell-ej-judeideh were not only more numerous, but also more interesting. This Tell is on one of those summits in the range of hills five or six miles north-northeast of Beit-Jibrim, or, to be more particular, it is the extreme south of the range, while Tell Zakariya lies to the extreme north. These hills are situated on the border land between ancient Philistia and Palestine, and the towns located near or on them would naturally be of great strategic interest, commanding as they did "one of the great highways not only of Judea, but of the nations around."

The Tell itself is plainly the ruin of an ancient city or fortification. This can be demonstrated by the easily traced walls, so well defined as to render the work of locating the ancient limits very light. The wall, as might be expected, was so built as to conform to the natural contour of the hill on which it stood; hence the numerous curves shown in the plan or outline given in the report by Dr. Bliss. Gates were found without difficulty on three sides, and traces of a fourth gate were discovered. No less than twenty-four towers were unearthed, most of them of solid

masonry and well constructed. The area covered by the town was about 1,900 by from 500 to 600 feet. One of the gates is in a splendid state of preservation, the masonry showing remarkably fine workmanship, the so-called "comb-pick" style of dressing being quite visible on many of the stones. The central bolt holes, as well as the sockets for the posts, prove that these gates were double. The tower on the east side has a chamber twenty-eight by seven feet. The approach to this is by a flight of steps, near the base of which was found a small portion of a mosaic in white and red *tesseræ*, about one inch square. In the very center of the old town the excavators came upon the ruins of a very fine Roman villa. The hewn stone and the broken pillars, with their rich carvings and elegant decorations, prove that the architecture was of no mean order. Even the *atrium* and *impluvium*, restored from fragments found on the spot, in a photograph make an imposing picture.

The report of the excavators impresses one with the scientific precision with which the work is carried on. Every shovelful of earth was most carefully examined; indeed, every pound of it was passed through a sieve and every stone and fragment of pottery was closely scrutinized. The report is not only carefully and elaborately written, but it is also accompanied with exact illustrations of all the articles found by the workmen in the bowels of these Tells, so that the eye can take in at a glance the exact shape, size, and quality of everything discovered. As in all Tells, large quantities of broken pottery belonging to different periods were found—and, besides these, a number of nails in bronze and iron, a few catapult balls and flint knives, a rude lamp stand, a large saucer, and the upper part of an altar or a table of offerings. We may also mention the fact that a larger number of Jewish specimens bearing the royal, as well as private, stamps were unearthed here than at all the other sites put together. Two stages of pottery are distinctly traceable, the Amorite—or, as Dr. Bliss prefers to call it, the "early pre-Israelite" —and the pre-Israelite. Alongside of specimens of the latter there were almost invariably Phœnician and Mycenæan ware. The pre-Israelitic was not largely represented, though the Jewish and Amorite types were found in abundance. Many articles belonging to the Greek and Roman periods were also unearthed about four feet from the surface, proving that Tell-ej-judeideh was occupied about the beginning of our era. There were no less than sixty-one marked (royal) jar handles found on the various sites, bearing the names of four different towns. Twenty-five of these are so damaged, or so imperfectly stamped, as to make the place-name illegible. Six bear the name of "Ziph;" fifteen, that of "Shocoh;" eight, "Hebron;" and seven, that of some unknown place, having the consonants "M, M, S, T." It may be added that of these sixty-one handles thirty-seven were found at Tell-ej-judeideh, seventeen at Tell Zakariya, six at Tell-es-Safi, and one at Tell Sandahannah. The symbols on these jars are of two kinds, one having two wings, the other four, on either side of these wings being the Hebrew

letters. It is not easy to decide the exact meaning of these symbols. They may be nothing more than an ornament, but more probably they have a symbolic meaning; perhaps they represent "a winged sun or disk, probably the emblem of the sun-god, or possibly of royal power." What their real significance may be it is therefore left for the future to decide.

What do these inscriptions mean? A large number of these handles have stamped upon them in perfectly legible characters the conventional "לְמֶלֶךְ," which might be translated "to" or "belonging to the king." Then, on another line, is the place-name, such as "Hebron" or "Ziph." Now the natural translation would be, "The property of the king of Hebron or Ziph," that is, royal jars belonging to this or that king. Or, as Mr. Clermont Ganneau thinks, לְמֶלֶךְ is equivalent to the modern formula, "His Majesty's service," the jars being used to carry the royal tribute, consisting of corn, oil, and wine, from the various cities named to the king at Jerusalem. There is one difficulty, however, with this view, namely, to explain how a jar marked "Hebron" could be found at Tell Zakariya, or one marked "Shocoh" at some other Tell. Of course, these jars might have been accidentally left at these places. This, however, is not a satisfactory explanation. We much prefer the view presented by Dr. Bliss, who says, "It seems to me that the geographical distribution of the stamps is most simply explained by regarding them as belonging to different potteries which were royal monopolies, situated at Hebron, Ziph, Shocoh, and M-M-S-T." With this opinion it may be noted that Professor Sayce and other eminent archæologists agree.

As to the date of these handles some of them were found on the very surface, while others were discovered some seven or nine feet below among the ruins. The presence of those on the surface may be accounted for by the fact that excavations for foundations of late Greek or Roman buildings had to be made. Similar wares were found at Tell-el-Hesy which have been assigned to 800–500 B. C., Dr. Bliss being inclined to place them somewhere between 650 and 500 B. C., and Sayce in the eighth century before our era, while Major Conder suggests 500 B. C. In conclusion it may be stated that fifteen jar handles with private stamps were found at Tell-ej-judeideh. They are, in general, of the same form and material as the royal ones. Most of them do not have the so-called *lamedh* of possession always found on the royal ones.

To many, the finding of these unimportant objects may appear in no way a fair compensation for the time and money expended on these barren Tells; but in exploration the unexpected constantly happens, and the efforts of Dr. Bliss and his colaborers may yet be rewarded with astounding discoveries. Be that as it may, no fair-minded man will hold the opinion that the labors already expended by these faithful workers have been in vain.

MISSIONARY REVIEW.

GROWTH OF MISSIONS DURING THE CENTURY.

A REVIEW of the great movements of Christendom is always in order, even if it is not always easy to command the data for comparisons extended over wide areas and long time distances. It was therefore of great value to the late Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions that a patient student of missions, who had for several years devoted his energies to this special department of investigation, was led to summarize some of the results of his labors as his contribution to the success of the gathering. His document cannot be reproduced here, but the following condensation of a few features of it, made by the author, the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D., himself, will be valuable for reference. He says: "There is one aspect of the case which concerns us all, and in which we shall all alike rejoice. I refer to the steady, continuous, unflagging growth of missionary service as reflected in the regular increase of missionary agencies during each decade of the past century. From 1649 to 1800—a period of over 150 years—twelve missionary societies were formed. From 1800 to 1830—a period of thirty years—twenty-two societies were formed. The subsequent record of decades is as follows: 1830–1840, sixteen societies organized; 1840-1850, twenty-five societies organized; 1850–1860, thirty-four societies organized; 1860–1870, forty-one societies organized; 1870 -1880, fifty-seven societies organized; 1880–1890, ninety-two societies organized; 1890-1900, one hundred societies organized.

"The banner year of the century, as regards the number of missionary societies formed, is 1890, during which twenty-two new societies were organized. The next is 1896, with a record of eleven. The distinction which attaches to the year 1890 is worthy of notice in connection with our present Ecumenical Conference. No satisfactory reason is apparent for the unusually large list of societies formed in that year, except that it seems to represent the crystallized results of the missionary impetus given by the Conference of 1888, in London. Probability is given to this explanation by the fact that these twenty-two societies were well distributed throughout Christendom.

"It is worthy of comment, also, that the decade of greatest educational development is 1890-1900, and that the year of greatest advance in that decade is 1894, allowing just sufficient time for the influence of the gathering of 1888 to record itself in the founding of new educational institutions in mission fields. Still another fact of singular interest, just here, is that 1890–1900 is moreover the decade of largest growth in the establishment of medical agencies, and the

banner year in the decade was 1896, suggesting the further culmination of the effects of the London Conference. Let us realize, then, that our present Conference with its cheering outlook carries also a serious responsibility. We are touching springs of beneficent activity which will vibrate among all nations during the coming century."

SOME AFFAIRS IN AFRICA.

While the break-up of China is the newest political movement in which missionary interests are involved, the partition of Africa goes on apace. By an agreement between Great Britain, America, and Germany, which primarily concerned islands of the western Pacific, but which came to include much else, the Hinterland of the Gold Coast colony of Great Britain has been greatly extended. The German government has by treaty practically sanctioned the continuance of the Cape and Cairo railway line through the six hundred miles of German territory, to connect the South African system at the south end of Lake Tanganyika with the east coast system, and ultimately with the Nile system. The road from Uganda to the east coast has been partially operated with profit, and lacks but little of completion in the entire line of over five hundred miles. The telegraphic connection between Uganda and London now brings the two within twenty-four hours of each other. In West Africa railway lines in Sierra Leone and Lagos are operated for both freight and passenger traffic.

On January 1, 1900, Nigeria became a British protectorate, displacing the Royal Niger Company as the East India Company was displaced by the taking of India under direct British rule. Everyone who has studied the subject will recognize this as a great step forward in the interests of justice, humanity, and Christian propagandism. There is secured by treaties with some three hundred native tribes a definite British domain of half a million square miles in the most fertile and thickly populated portion of West Africa. The result has already been the putting down of slave-raiding and massacre over a great area, reducing to a minimum these curses outside the direct jurisdiction of the protectorate, while within it has totally abolished them. The change has also greatly lessened the curse of the drink traffic. In South Africa the British domain, by a war with two republics, the justice of which is still openly and widely challenged, has been, at least nominally, extended, and British Christians feel a greatly augmented responsibility to atone for their past negligence in making known evangelical Christianity to the native races.

All this is the casting up of the highways for evangelistic progress, even though the means employed are often extremely unlovely and sometimes cruelly wrong. In and through it all the missionary force is doing something to inaugurate a better condition. The civil and political advance furnishes at least the "open door" for the missionary in Africa.

He is the real agent in regenerating the Dark Continent. Nor is this our testimony alone. But in evidence we may quote the words of Sir William Macgregor, Governor of Lagos, to the missionary teachers at the government house last year: "The cry on all hands just now is, 'Open up the country, extend, develop,' but men are so eager and impetuous, in responding to this cry, that they fail to notice the work of those who are *really doing* this work. You are the instruments who are effecting these results; you are those who really open up and develop a country. It may be said that this is not the purpose you have at heart when you enter upon your work. You have a higher and a nobler purpose, but as a matter of fact such is the practical outcome of your work; you inculcate the spirit of loyalty, as your presence here to-day testifies; you assist the government; you assist the magistrate; you assist the policeman. This is looking at your work only from a secular side I know. There is a higher side, and to that you attach the greatest importance; but to-day I want to notice the results of your work from the secular side, and, I repeat, these are the results of your work; and therefore it is my duty and the duty of all her majesty's officers to support and encourage you in your great and important work."

THE SHINTO RELIGION.

GREAT events have transpired within two years in Japan which all bear on the question of its evangelization. In 1899 the empire was advanced to an equal rank with other great nationalities, foreigners were given permission to travel without restriction over its territory, and foreign residents in the country came under the law of the land and were amenable in its courts. Christianity was recognized officially as a religion, and though discrimination was sought to be made against Christian educational institutions, yet ultimately, by order of the Diet, Christian schools and worship were placed on the same footing with other religions.

A remarkable devolution of Shintoism has occurred which leaves it entirely outside the recognized religious systems of the empire. Ever since the restoration of political Shinto, in 1868, repeated efforts have been made to have it declared the State religion of Japan. At first the Shinto Council held equal authority with the Great Council of the government. Later it became only one of the ten departments of the government, and gradually lost influence, till, in 1877, it ceased to be a board, and now has withdrawn entirely from the sphere of recognized religions and is secularized as a Bureau of Shrines.

A writer in the *Japan Evangelist* considers this one of the greatest triumphs of civilization in Japan, and fraught with deep significance and encouragement. It is the more so in that, at its own instance, it stepped out of the arena as a religion. The officials of its chief temple, the Great Shrine at Ise, in which are kept the sacred essential treasures

of the cult—the mirror, the sword, and the jewel—took the proper legal steps to secularize the organization, declaring that Shinto is "merely a mechanism for keeping generation in touch with generation, and preserving the continuity of the nation's veneration for its ancestors." They asserted that it could not stand as a religion, but might as "the embodiment of a national sentiment." The *Japan Mail* thinks that this shows "great astuteness," and others have suggested that the Shinto officials have "very shrewdly laid a most dangerous trap for Christians by attempting to deprive them of valid excuse for not participating in Shinto ceremonies."

The editor of the *Japan Evangelist* himself judges that there is an element of embarrassment to Christians. Though Shinto is no longer a religion, but "merely a cult embodying the principles of veneration for ancestors, and having for its chief function the performance of rites in memory of the divine ancestors of the empire's sovereigns;" the common people will not make the distinction between human and the so-claimed "divine" ancestors, and will continue to "bow their heads, clap their hands, and mumble their prayers" at Shinto shrines, while Christians will still be obliged to refrain from the observance of national celebrations and patriotic ceremonies involving the adoration of human ancestors and the recognition of divine ancestors.

MISREPRESENTATIONS OF MISSION WORK.

Christian missions suffer many misrepresentations from the ignorant and from the hostile. A gallant colonel, homeward bound for England, declared missionary work in India to be a failure, giving it as his opinion that there were no converts from heathenism there. At any rate during a residence of many years in that country he had never met one. The colonel was a great hunter of big game, and full of stories about tiger-hunting and the many he had killed. A missionary, homeward bound on the same ship, after listening to these stories, quietly expressed the opinion that there are no tigers in India. At any rate, during long residence there, he had never seen one. Each had seen what he looked for; the missionary had not looked for tigers, and the colonel had not looked for Christians. Christians are far more numerous in India than wild beasts. Converts from all castes are being made by tens of thousands every year, and they will soon be numbered by millions. Sir Bartle Frere, simply reporting facts as a Roman prefect might, says that the teaching of Christianity among the millions of civilized Hindus and Mohammedans in India is effecting changes, moral, social, and political, which, for extent and rapidity of effect, are far more extraordinary than anything witnessed in Europe in any century. Another eyewitness says: "Christianity is passing over India like a breath of life, and the people are wondering to see how they have been bound in the chains of superstition from which Jesus Christ has come to set them free."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK.

SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

Ernst Haack. In him we have another High Church official who has undertaken to settle the question of the grounds and the nature of the authority of Holy Scripture (*Die Autorität der heiligen Schrift, ihr Wesen und ihre Begründung*, Schwerin, F. Rahn, 1899). He holds that the Bible is the word of God, and that this proposition is grounded on the divine contents of the Bible, and upon its divine origin, or upon its character as revealed and inspired. Revelation is the historical process of God's self-manifestation in deeds and words for the benefit of sinful man in the realization of salvation. The Holy Scripture is an integral part of the process and its necessary completion. It might truthfully be called the record of revelation, since the phrase designates both its partnership in the revelation and its necessity for the continual development of the same. As product and completion of the revelation the Holy Scripture did not originate like other literature, but by means of a special influence of the Holy Spirit upon its authors in the act of composition, called in 2 Tim. iii, 16, *theopneustia*, or inspiration. The significance of inspiration is in the fact that it guarantees to the Church the authentic transmission of the historical revelation and assures the individual Christian of the divine authority of his justification and therefore of his inclusion in the covenant of grace. The objections of the new theology against the fact of inspiration are valueless, those against the modern interpretations of the fact valid. The former is to be maintained, the latter to be rejected, since they do not explain the Holy Scripture, but render it incomprehensible. The authority of the Holy Scripture is confined to the domain of religion; though not in all its parts ideal, notwithstanding, as a whole, it is supernatural and inerrant. Besides founding the authority of the Holy Scripture upon the divinity of its contents and origin, Haack demonstrates it further by the appeal to experience. This he develops in the usual way, by showing the correspondence between the doctrines of Scripture and the facts of experience. The argument thus made for the unconditional authority of the Holy Scripture in religion is strong, though surely open to attack in at least one respect. The argument from the facts of experience and from the contents of the Bible is unassailable; but when he makes the divine origin or the revelation and inspiration of the Scripture coordinate with the divine contents as ground for the claim of final authority, he commits an error in argumentation; for the facts of revelation and inspiration are dependent for support upon the divine nature of the contents. In other words, divine revelation is implied in divine contents; and inspiration is, as he elsewhere says, but the assurance of a trustworthy transmission of the revelation.

J. Reinke. Although a layman he is a scientist, and the theologian is dependent upon him and his kind for many of the facts upon which alone a true theory of the world can be constructed, and in accordance with which a true apologetic must be developed. In a recent somewhat elaborate work, entitled *Die Welt als That* (The World as Activity), Berlin, Gebr. Paetel, 1899, Reinke gives us a semiphilosophical discussion of the world from the standpoint of natural science. Reinke is a professor of botany and director of the botanical garden in Kiel. As a scientist he makes the usual bad work in his attempts at philosophy, but when he enters his own special domain of biology he is strong. He opposes all theories that claim the power to develop the living from the nonliving as monstrous, on the ground not only of the *omne vivum ex vivo*, but also that every egg is from an egg, every cell from a cell, and so on down to the very minutest element of the living. There is nothing pertaining to life that is not dependent upon something living of the same kind. The chemistry of the cell, the highly complicated chemical combinations of which the cell consists, makes the production of life from the nonliving still more impossible. Human skill can in some measure imitate these combinations; but even if it could produce the white of the egg, still there would result no cell and no life. Life is not a function of masses of white of egg, for the simple reason that protoplasm, even in the most primitive organisms, does not consist alone in white of egg, but in a variety of material besides; so there is no such a thing as a "stuff" in which life consists. To all this is added the mysteries of the exchange of energy; and even if this should eventually be explained on purely chemical principles, still there remain the further inexplicables—growth, development, propagation, and hereditary transmission of peculiarities—all of which, as attendants upon life, though influenced by mechanism, are impossible of explanation on mechanical principles. Darwin's hypothesis of pangenesis and other preformation hypotheses chop the main problem up into millions of small problems, but do not resolve it, so that we are compelled to resort to some form of dynamic explanation, to a physiological *x*, which, along with chemistry and physics, plays its part in all living. The apologetic value of such facts as Reinke produces is enormous. The theist finds in them the weapons by which he can assault and destroy all materialistic and purely mechanical theories of the world, thus making way for the theistic hypothesis. It does not indeed establish that hypothesis, and yet the conclusion is almost inevitable that if the world is not explicable on the principles of mechanism, it must be the product of intelligent design, or, in other words, of the infinite intelligence called God.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Die Einsetzung des heiligen Abendmahls als Beweis für die Gottheit Christi (The Institution of the Holy Supper as Proof of the Deity of

Christ). By Johannes Hehn. Würzburg, V. Bauch, 1900. Hehn is a Roman Catholic priest, and his book is a prize essay on a theme which was named by the theological faculty of Würzburg. The author guards against the misconception that the attempt is to prove the deity of Christ from his presence in the sacrament or from the doctrine of transubstantiation. The whole weight of the argument rests upon the act by which Jesus established the Lord's Supper. Was his self-consciousness explicable as a purely human one? Was it evidence of a mental weakness? Or does it evince the Son of man as a divine being? Hehn clearly sees that if the institution of the Lord's Supper is to prove the deity of Christ on the lines he has marked out he must carefully consider the question as to whether Jesus really instituted the Supper, and whether he did it in essentially the manner described in the gospels and Corinthians. This question he answers in the affirmative. His analys's of the significance of the act of institution leads him to the conclusion that it is so exalted as to imply nothing less than the deity of Christ, for therein Jesus represents his death on the cross as the sacrificial death for the salvation of the world. In this sacred act of Jesus is reflected the entire mystery of the incarnation in its relation to the life and death of Jesus. Inasmuch as Jesus offers himself as the sacrificial food by which all its partakers became possessed of divine life and are placed in communion with absolute truth and holiness, he cannot have been sanctified in any merely external manner, as were the typical sacrifices. He must have borne within him, in the truest sense of the word, the fullness of God. To be the bread of God to God's elect he must have been personally with God. This argument is irrefragable to all who admit its presuppositions, as all do who take a high view of the Lord's Supper. As a consequence Luther and Zwingli disputed nearly as much concerning the manner in which the person of Christ was to be conceived as they did concerning the Lord's Supper itself. If it was the purpose of the Würzburg faculty to bring out in a new light the Church view of the sacrament, they did well to propose this method of proof, and Hehn has performed his part well. But as a proof of the deity of Christ it is open to assault from so many sides that the effect of the book as a whole will not be to strengthen the cause for which it was ostensibly written.

Das Recht im Neuen Testament (Civil Law in the New Testament). By Friedrich Sieffert. Göttingen, Vandenhœck & Ruprecht, 1900. This little book treats of a theme of living interest to the Christian as an individual, namely, the relation of law and grace. Sieffert holds that, instead of a legal conception of religion and ethics, Jesus preferred to establish in each individual a religious and ethical disposition and tendency which should have a controlling influence on him. He thus gave to religion and ethics a certain independence as compared with law, which, in the nature of the case, operates externally. His further conduct demon-

strated that it was his purpose to distinguish sharply between religion and law and to give each its due honor. By this concession Sieffert appears to avoid the thought of a conflicting tendency of these two forces. But in reality the fact of such a conflict was evident to the mind of Jesus, and it is one of the deepest facts of Christianity that he proposed to make law unnecessary by the introduction of the true spirit of religion and morals into the hearts of men. The law of the statute books is at best but an expedient rendered necessary by the incapacity and immorality of mankind. Given a perfect wisdom and a perfect ethical purpose in all individuals, no law would be needful for the government either of communities or of nations. Every man would do that which is right in his own eyes, which is the ideal condition as long as what is right in every man's eyes corresponds to the perfect ideal of right in the mind of God. In no respect does the ideal character of Christianity come out more clearly than in this particular. It is a system almost infinitely in advance of present human attainment. Possibly humanity will never become so perfect upon earth as to be able to be governed alone from the law written within. Yet certain it is that many individuals have come close to the ideal; and the Christian method is not only that which alone can produce the noblest types of character, but it is constantly enlarging the number of those who need no outward restraints, and has proved itself well adapted to all classes. Still it appears that Jesus did not altogether, nor indeed in any considerable degree, discourage the employment of law under given circumstances. Paul sanctioned, as did the other apostles, the most complete submission to the laws and rulers of the land on the part of the disciples. And Jesus gave directions as to the mode of procedure in case of an offending brother in the church. True, he presupposed action limited to the Christian community, as Paul afterward sought to have legal action confined to Christian judges; but both plainly saw that until the world is wholly Christianized law is a necessity.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

European Christian Sentiment relative to Oberammergau. While thousands of Europeans and Americans have been visiting the scene of the celebrated Passion Play, many thoughtful students of the same have raised questions as to the propriety of encouraging those presentations. The principal objections of thoughtful Europeans without regard to theological tendencies are as follows: (1) The alleged religious influence is deceptive, and, instead of being what it seems, is nothing but an undue nervous excitement. (2) The presentation attracts not alone nor chiefly those who are profoundly Christian, but Jews, the religiously indifferent, and especially those who seek for novelty and the spectacular. (3) So far from making a religious impression, some scenes produce laughter, as the crowing cock. (4) Other parts desecrate the sacred history of the

Lord's passion, as the prayer in Gethsemane. (5) An apparently financial motive actuates the participants. (6) Some of the participants in the play receive attentions which are inconsistent with the claim of special sanctity. For these and similar reasons many have declined to go to Oberammergau this year; while others, having gone, have advised that, however much the play might have deserved admiration in times past, as it is now conducted no evangelical Christian should attend it—for his own sake and even for the sake of the people of Oberammergau themselves. Nevertheless, so great a thinker as Professor Paulsen defends the Passion Play in a recent contribution to *Die Christliche Welt.* He denies that the play is, in any objectionable sense, "Catholic," declaring that it brings before the observer in most effective form the great facts of the life and death of Christ common to Romanism and Protestantism. He sees in the play an appeal to all the best religious instincts in Christians, and thinks it impossible for anyone to sit almost uninterruptedly for ten hours watching the scenes unless as a result of a profound religious impression. This estimate is probably that of the majority.

A Layman's View of the Kirchennot in Berlin. "Kirchennot" is a word which denotes a scarcity of church edifices, of which, in connection with Berlin, so much has been said in recent years. This particular layman is a woman. She claims that the churches there are almost never filled with worshipers. This cannot be answered by saying that more would attend the services if the churches were more numerous, and hence more accessible; for in the immediate vicinity of each church there are far more than enough to fill it at each service, and on holy days these churches are generally filled. Hence she claims, and, we think, rightly, that the chief need at present is not more church edifices, but more immediate pastoral oversight. She seems inclined to censure the pastors for their neglect in this respect; but we do not think she is quite just in this. The parishes often contain as many as ten thousand souls, and not infrequently fifty thousand or upward. Supposing three pastors to a parish, it would be impossible to give the minute pastoral care needful, even in the parishes with the smallest number named, when it is considered that these same pastors have much to do besides visit the members of their flocks; and especially would it be impossible for the pastors to do this work properly in the more populous parishes. The writer referred to seems to think that the pastors should employ lay assistance more frequently, and she may be right in this. Still this would not completely remedy the difficulty; for it is a visit from the pastor, not from a lay member, that is wanted. The whole difficulty lies in the fact that Church and State are united, and the people do not feel themselves directly responsible for the prosperity of the Church. Let the State give the Church over to the fostering care of the people, and in a little while, if pastors are faithful and efficient, there will be found a solution of the church problem, not only in Berlin but elsewhere.

SUMMARY OF THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

With natural ability presupposed, "the qualities necessary for an historian are diligence, accuracy, love of truth, impartiality, the thorough digestion of his materials by careful selection and long meditating, and the compression of his narrative into the smallest compass consistent with the life of his story." So said James Ford Rhodes in his late inaugural as president of the American Historical Association; and with these words as a starting point, Professor A. B. Hart, of Harvard University, aims to show the progress of American writers toward this standard —his article in the September *International Monthly* (Burlington, Vt.) being entitled "The American School of Historians." The first discoverers and explorers, he begins, "left us narratives which, in directness, simplicity, and elevation of thought make them comparable with Herodotus and the Venerable Bede." Thus, the letters of Columbus, notwithstanding some boasting and sordidness, "were memorials of a splendid achievement worthy of handing down to his children's children;" the narratives of Gomara and Pizarro concerning the conquest of Peru and Mexico "give an unfading picture of the harsh, conquering race;" Sir Francis Drake, among English explorers, has left an entertaining story of his "rollicking voyage to the Pacific, with its store of unctuous enumerations of plunder;" while "men like Champlain could with equal ease explore, fight, found communities, and write the most engaging narrative; [and] heroes like Father Jogues have left us not only a most complete account of the natives of America, but an imperishable record of the superiority of soul over such accidents as tomahawks and bone-breaking gauntlets and red-hot coals." After the beginning of English colonization comes a second group of writers, in the first half of the seventeenth century. Among them Bradford and Winthrop "stand preeminent." The opening words in the account of the Plymouth foundation, by the former, "seem like the stately gateway to an epic." Winthrop, while "far less systematic and argumentative," is "possessed of a keen sense of selection." The third school is composed of "local historians and annalists." Cotton Mather is the first and worst of these. Nothing came amiss to him—"tradition, rumor, gossip, memory, experience, everyday facts." Beverly's *History of Virginia*, published about 1705, was "really the first example of an American history," while Thomas Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts Bay* is valuable as recording the experience of a trained public man. After the Revolution came a new school of historians, among them being Proud, Trumbull, Burke, Belknap, Gordon, and Ramsay. In 1836 Sparks published his *Writings of Washington*, his editions overlaying "the originals with a literary shellac and varnish," while he "does not conceal the original grain." Then came Bancroft with his colossal work, and Hildreth, and

Tucker. But the greatest of all writers who have made America their theme is Francis Parkman, and back of his work was the romance of his life in acute physical suffering. He also forms "a kind of bridge between the older and the newer school," and has furnished an impetus for Henry Adams, McMaster, Winsor, Rhodes, and others. Passing by the analysis of the work done by these many modern writers, however, from the necessities of the case, there is only room for Professor Hart's estimate of their ability, as follows: "The impression made upon the observer of historical writing is hopeful. Our greatest historian, Parkman, lives only in his imperishable books; but, leaving him out, there has never been an American historian equal to the best living writers in training, in conception of what historical research means, in discrimination, in insight, or in genuine historical style. Where are the poets to replace Lowell and Longfellow and Whittier? Where are the essayists to equal Emerson? Where the novelists to measure height with Hawthorne? Yet in historical writing the authors of the golden age give way to the present American school in popularity among readers and in usefulness to scholars; and perhaps some day a new generation of authors may arise to whom the historians of this quarter century will give Godspeed."

In the *London Quarterly* (London) for October, Professor James Orr, D.D., of the United Presbyterian Church, and Professor James Denney, D.D., of the Free Church of Scotland, discourse upon "The Union of the Free Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterian Church." Though they write independently of one another, they agree that this union is greatly to be desired. Dr. Orr holds that "only on some such lines can we look for a speedy reconstruction of our Scottish Church," and expresses the prayer that God "in his marvelous providence" may "open the way;" Dr. Denney sees in the Union a far-reaching result, and affirms that in it "a great step forward will be taken in the reorganization of the Christianity of Scotland." In the second article John Telford writes of "Picturesque Yorkshire," reviewing the work of J. S. Fletcher upon that subject. Seven different books, more or less recent, form the basis of the third article on "The Present Position of the Revised Version of the New Testament." Its writer, J. H. Moulton, shows what has been gained from the new version, and argues for its value. In the fourth article Frederic Platt writes of "Pusey as a Devotional Writer," and in the fifth U. A. Forbes reviews the competition which England must meet in the world's markets, under the title of "Our Commercial Rivals." Principal S. D. F. Salmond, D.D., follows with an article on "Horace Bushnell," which is based upon Dr. T. T. Munger's recent biography of that great divine, and which recalls his vigorous personality, his varied endowments, and his influence upon the theological thought of his times. The concluding articles are entitled "Practicable Idealism," by Arthur Boutwood, and "Friedrich Nietzsche

—His Life and Teaching," by Bennet Hume. From "the chaff of speculations" of the German philosopher upon ethics and philosophy Mr. Hume affirms that "the practical English mind has small inclination to extract the grain of value." Yet the review of Nietzsche's theories is here most entertaining. During his later years "he was haunted by the idea of eternal recurrence, the theory that existence is a series of age-long cycles in which everything repeats itself." Yet he did not covet a reincarnation, having "no wish to repeat a life in which he suffered so much." The closing department of this *Review*, on "The World of Books," concludes a number at once strong, instructive, and fascinating.

A REMARKABLE issue is the August number of *The Christian Student*, a new quarterly publication by the Board of Education, Dr. McDowell, Secretary. Not often has a periodical put into twenty-eight pages more of strong, stimulating stuff. The educational motto for the Twentieth Century—"More students in our schools, more money for our schools, more young people in our churches, more conversions in our schools and churches, more Christ everywhere;" a model prayer; a wise saying of Professor Jowett's; the masterly statement of Methodism's fundamental doctrines which Bishop Andrews put into the Episcopal Address to the General Conference of 1900; an article, "Under the Hood of Dante," by Professor R. T. Stevenson; a quotation from President Patton of Princeton as to the object of college education and of all true training; an extract from Dr. Charles H. Payne's tract, "The Christian College a Necessity;" Grover Cleveland's answer to the question "Does a College Education Pay?" Dr. D. J. Burrell's answer to "Who Should Go to College;" "The College in America," by Andrew Fleming West; "Statistics of Public Education," by Nicholas Murray Butler: all this richness and ten pages left for Bishop Warren's radiant and ringing article, "Should Ethics and Religion be Taught in Institutions for Higher Education?" Inevitably the bishop's article recalls to us a similar periodical, *The Study*, which was issued quarterly by the faculty of Iliff School of Theology in the University of Denver. It was discontinued last December, just before *The Christian Student* made its first appearance. Twenty of the twenty-four pages of that final number were occupied by a matriculation-day address by the resident bishop, entitled "Alliance with the Highest." Thus with garlands and singing robes about it, clothed with the glory of that address, *The Study* ascended as from a mountain top, and a cloud received it out of our sight. May it come again, shining with similar glory!

IN the *Lutheran Quarterly* (Gettysburg, Pa.) for October is an article by F. M. Porch, D.D., on "Discouragements and Encouragements of a City Pastorate." Dr. Porch finds more work, greater difficulty, and more exacting demands in the city than in the country, while the financial support is less in proportion to expense of living.

BOOK NOTICES.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Spiritual Life. Studies in the Science of Religion. By GEORGE A. COE, PH.D., Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Northwestern University. 12mo, pp. 279. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Price, cloth, $1.

This is a conscientious, ardent, reverent, and painstaking attempt by a loyal Christian scholar to study the spiritual life from a standpoint, and by a method, comparatively new. From this method undoubtedly some will shrink, and from a portion of the author's views some will dissent, but one thing, we think, will hardly be questioned, namely, that it is incumbent, as a solemn duty, upon every man whose business is the fostering of the spiritual life and the saving of souls, to study searchingly and prayerfully this most momentous subject as presented in Coe's *The Spiritual Life* and E. D. Starbuck's *The Psychology of Religion.* The minister who has not read one or both of these books is not keeping up with the literature of his business. (Of the two, Professor Coe's is the nearer and the more comprehensively helpful to the minister's work.) It is said that at Santiago de Cuba General Chaffee was the only officer who acquired before the fight a thorough knowledge of the ground to be fought over. By tireless personal reconnoitering in dark and daylight he obtained full and precise knowledge of all roads and bypaths, of dangerous places and points of vantage, and of the enemy's position, strength, resources, movements, and preparations. No Apache or Sioux could have scouted better. It was this masterly knowledge, as well as his fearlessness and eagerness for battle, that made him in the enthusiastic estimation of his men an eminently admirable soldier, and to the enemy a formidable antagonist. The Christian minister is in duty bound to make himself formidable and dangerous to the adversary of souls, and in order to this he must study exhaustively the lay of the land. His field of battle lies in the human mind and heart. The book before us will help him to know the nature of the ground and the paths of opportunity. However the author's conclusions, inferences, and judgments may be held debatable, the experimental method used in this study is approved in all modern research. It is the method employed by Bishop Goodsell when he calls upon each minister, in a body of a hundred or more, to tell at what age he was converted, in order to impress upon the Conference that a particular period in early life is the time of most favorable opportunity for the soul's salvation. What distinguishes the book is that in it the application of that method is more thorough, extensive, comprehensive, and systematic. The two most important parts of this book are the study of adolescence in connection with religious phenomena and the spiritual life, and the inquiry into the

question of essentials and nonessentials, constants and variables, in conversion and the religious life. Over the latter differences of opinion will rise and debate, but the question is one of paramount importance and needs calm and patient consideration. The book is not made up, in any large measure, of speculative theorizings, dogmatic assertions, or the author's personal opinions, but presents an impressive mass of tabulated facts of actual experience carefully ascertained, and of collated testimonies gathered from conscientious witnesses and testifiers. In these no one who cares at all about religion, even if only in a speculative way, can help being interested. Whether this volume be used as a text-book or not, it is certain to help to force its subjects and its method more or less into the departments of pastoral and practical theology in all theological schools. When the theological university we are dreaming of and hoping for comes to be built the main subject of Professor Coe's book may have a chair all to itself, for the filling of which there will be needed a man of deep and clear experience as well as keen intellect and sound sense. The titles of the five chapters indicate the various phases or subsubjects included in this study of the spiritual life: "The Psychological Point of View," "A Study of Religious Awakening," "A Study of Some Adolescent Difficulties," "A Study of Religious Dynamics," "A Study of Divine Healing," and "A Study of Spirituality." All these chapters insist on being quoted from, and it is difficult to select, but perhaps as available as any is the author's analysis of portions of our Methodist Hymnal as affording ground for some of his statements concerning the defects of current religious life, from which it appears that the point of view in our hymnology is predominantly that of introspection, subjectivity, and self-consciousness, and not enough that of practical activities and interests and facts. We quote: "The Methodist Hymnal contains eighty-one hymns on the subject of Christ. Of these fifteen have to do with his incarnation and birth, twenty-one with his sufferings and death, thirty-seven with his resurrection, priesthood, and reign, and only eight with his life and character. Moreover, of these eight, three deal with the transfiguration, one deals with his patience, one with his meekness, one with his tears, one speaks of him as a present help, one treats a miracle of healing as a spiritual type. Not one has for its topic Jesus's life activities objectively considered. His life was certainly not devoid of stirring action, or of deeds fit to inspire poetic eulogy. Why, then, are his passive virtues almost the only ones to be noticed? Doubtless because the mind of the Church, through historical causes, has never fully awaked to see the breadth of that which constitutes the divine-human life. Again this Hymnal contains three hundred and forty-five hymns on the general topic of the Christian, but only forty-seven, or less than one in seven, treat of Christian activity. This is surely significant, but is far from being the end of the matter. For Christian activity can be considered in either of two ways; we may fix our thought upon the thing to be done,

or upon the feelings that accompany the doing of it. We may assume the standpoint of the Epistle of James or that of the First Epistle of John. Take, for example, this stanza of Henry Alford's hymn, 'Forward! Be Our Watchword,' and notice how the attention is directed to the contemplated act:

> Forward! flock of Jesus,
> Salt of all the earth,
> Till each yearning purpose
> Spring to glorious birth:
> Sick, they ask for healing;
> Blind, they grope for day;
> Pour upon the nations
> Wisdom's loving ray.
> Forward, out of error,
> Leave behind the night;
> Forward through the darkness,
> Forward into light!

This stanza does not lack feeling, but never once does the feeling become the object thought about or aimed at. Compare with this Watts's hymn, 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross?' This is also a hymn of Christian activity, but the attention is turned in just the opposite direction—to the fears, the blushes, the courage that is needed; to bearing the toil, enduring the pain; to the foretaste of victory even in the midst of the fight. The battle of faith is looked at solely from the standpoint of the fighter's feelings, and not a word is breathed about the aims which Christian warfare seeks to accomplish. The subjective, introspective mood is all-controlling. The same attitude is, if possible, even more vividly revealed in several of Charles Wesley's hymns of Christian activity, as, for instance, 'A Charge to Keep I Have,' and another example is found in his hymn, 'Lo! I Come with Joy.' Perhaps the best example of all is the fourth stanza of his hymn, 'Son of the Carpenter, Receive:'

> Careless through outward cares I go,
> From all distraction free:
> My hands are but engaged below,
> My heart is still with thee.

The antithesis we have pointed out is not to the discredit of these introspective, subjective expressions of religious activity. Many of them are beautiful, inspiring, and fit to be sung forever. They represent one perfectly legitimate side of religious sentiment. But it is only one side, and that is the whole point—unless one should find also that thinking of one's feelings is an easy road to a selfish, unsocial, and hence unchristian view of life. One thing, at least, ought to be clear, and that is that the sentiments natural to the more objective, self-forgetting attitude demand utterance fully as much as those just described. It is therefore somewhat remarkable to find that of the entire forty-seven hymns on Christian activity, thirty-two treat their theme in a purely subjective way, only nine in a purely objective way, while six are mixed or indeterminate." The author goes on to show that this same one-

sidedness runs through the one hundred and eighty-two hymns on the Church. We ought to say that this discussion of our hymnology is only one of the minor portions of the book, and is no measure of the momentousness and interest of the main matters which mostly occupy its pages. In proportion as a minister is intensely in earnest in his holy work, he is likely to be profoundly interested in searching the truth of the matters reported and discussed in this book. Let us sift and weigh everything, but never shrink from knowledge nor obstruct its pursuit.

The History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament. By HENRY S. NASH, Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 192. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

This the most recent volume of the series of a dozen New Testament handbooks being issued under the editorship of Shailer Mathews, intended to present the results of modern study of the New Testament. The subtitle given this book is, "The History of the Process Whereby the Word of God Has Won the Right to be Understood," which intimates the author's view of that modern form of Bible study called criticism. The drift and main gist of the book can be epitomized briefly from the author's words. In earlier periods and now, Bible study, though using differing methods and means, has had one identical motive, namely, a desire to know the word of God deeply. In former times the text of Scripture was dominated and manipulated by dogma that came upon it from without; in our times the effort is to interpret it from within and along the lines of its own meaning. The Bible defines itself as a word of God delivered through a genuinely human experience. The Holy Scriptures command us to test all views of the Bible by bringing them close to the definition given by Scripture itself. The fundamental idea of genuine Christianity is that the Sacred Scriptures, being the record of God's self-relation and the book of witness to the promise and presence of the Perfect Life among men, are the standard by which the Church is to judge her life. In time past the Church was led to a position where she was disloyal to this fundamental idea. An interpretation which claimed infallibility for itself finally vested its claims and rights in the person of an infallible pope. The contradiction between the sacred text and such interpretation was concealed by an allegorical or unhistorical interpretation. Then through the Reformation the sacerdotal monopoly of interpretation came to an end; the laity secured the right to think and speak on sacred things and to know the Scriptures, the standard of the ideal life, at first hand. And through the Renaissance the right of the reason to look into divine truth was asserted. The Bible came into direct contact with common religious consciousness and was set up as its supreme authority; it shook off the bonds put upon it by human opinion; Bible study ceased to be indirect through the fathers and through tradition, and became a study at first

hand. The Bible becomes its own guardian and, by means of a grammatical and historical method of interpretation, insures itself against allegorical abuse. All the records of the past are opened to a searching examination. The relations of New Testament books to one another are discovered. The historical movements back of the books are suggested. The dogmatic concept of the canon which gave unity to patristic and mediæval and early Protestant Bible study was shattered in the eighteenth century, and studies of Scripture became disconnected, being without an organizing principle. But modern Bible study becomes coherent around a new ruling idea, the idea of humanity, sacred history being the record of a human process, and a new authority appears, the authority of facts—the facts of nature and the facts of history. The author discusses the tendencies of current Bible study, especially in Germany, and characterizes the different "Schools," the Tübingen, the Conservative, the Mediating, and the Ritschlian. He describes the historical spirit as "a new kind of piety," the aim of which is to give the right of free speech to the men of the past, and to have the records of the past read in their own language and along the lines of their own feeling. As the aim of the Reformation was to set the Word of God free from subjection to ecclesiastical tradition, so now the principle of the Reformation is being realized by the help of modern methods in historical study and through the use of the materials of knowledge which are brought within our reach. The spirit of scientific Bible study is the ally of Holy Scripture. It is said here that two desires—the desire to know and the desire to be saved—are supreme among the motives that rightfully mold the affections and command the will. The pith of the desire to know is the resolute purpose to see things as they are and to report what one has seen without fear or favor. The pith of the desire to be saved is the holy aim to consecrate one's self as Christ was consecrated, to be perfect as God is perfect, and to work even as he works for the redemption of our own race. These two desires, spite of temporary jars and conflicts between them, must work side by side in our study of the Scripture; otherwise the Bible will cease to be the word of life for men. The author says that the Bible student of the old days in good faith carried into the Scriptures every conception that was dear to him, no matter where it came from. Thus Philo dressed Moses in the clothes of Plato and Aristotle; and the popes transformed Peter, the fisherman, into the prince of the earth. In many ways the sacred text lay at the mercy of the devout interpreter. But the modern critical conception of the Scriptures makes the student reverent of the rights of the text. He is governed by the desire to know the original thought and feeling of the men of the Bible. He has a resolute purpose to permit no need of his own soul, no supposed necessity of the Church, to force him one inch beyond the opinion which the text itself has given him. Surely this is to give the highest possible honor to the Scriptures. Surely, if it can be said of any kind of consecrated work that to labor is

to pray, then it may be said of this patient, reverent, conscientious, fearless study. Through this the word of the Lord will have free course and be glorified, commending itself more and more to reasoning and reverent men as God's book of final values for all who would live nobly, for all who would be saved. Though intended for nonprofessional readers, this is the most scholastic of the books which have come from Professor Nash, but allows or contains the least play of those peculiar gifts of spiritual insight and beautifully luminous expression which gave such vital charm to the style of his previous volumes.

Black Rock. A Tale of the Selkirks. By RALPH CONNOR. With Introduction by Professor GEORGE ADAM SMITH. 12mo, pp. 314. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25. Paper, 25 cents.

The Sky Pilot. A Tale of the Foothills. By RALPH CONNOR. 12mo, pp. 300. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company; price, cloth, $1.25.

These two books, by an author whose identity is as yet unexposed, have made many persons sit up late, oblivious of immediate surroundings and the flight of time, because their minds were absent and absorbed in a fight with hell among the miners and lumbermen in the great Canadian Northwest, or among the ranchmen and cowboys in the Foothill Country which lies, a hundred miles wide, between the prairies and the Rockies, in wild regions where life is rough and violent, but where some brave characters battle with the devil and to save men, "fighting out that eternal fight for manhood, strong, clean, God-conquered." If General Grant had read either of these books he might have named it *The Battles in the Wilderness.* The writer of these books knows the men he writes about, and what hard and lonely toil among the Western mountains means. It is a country of real measurements and stern judgments, where cant and humbug "don't go," and where a man ranks simply according to the real hard metal that is in him. The author says, "The Black Rock varieties of religion were certainly startling, but there was undoubtedly the streak of reality through them all." It is a new country, where "the Church must go in with the railway and have a hand in shaping the future. If society crystallizes without her influence that country is lost, and the region will be a trapdoor to the bottomless pit." *Black Rock* was published first. *The Sky Pilot* came later and is the better of the two. Both are dramatically conceived and powerfully written. The only criticism we make on *Black Rock* is that it is, in parts, too tragic, has a surplus of death scenes, puts a heavy strain on one's feelings, and is sometimes rather overwrought. All the same it is a thrilling, wholesome, bracing, and, if the word can be pardoned, a really glorious story. But for an irresistible, healthy, and spiritually invigorating book to be tossed into the tame conventionalities of an Eastern home, commend us to *The Sky Pilot.* It has not a morbid or feverish line in it; nothing but ozone among its mountains. We are hardly ready to suggest that it be put into the Conference Course of Study as part of the prescribed reading, along with

the *Methodist Review;* and whether it could be judged suitable for a Sunday school library would depend on how robust or how squeamish the Library Committee might happen to be. But the minister, of whatever longitude, east or west, who can live with these two young mountain missionaries, Craig of Black Rock and Wellington Moore of the Foothills, during the time it takes to read the books, and not feel his armor braced, the blood of his soul going swifter, and heaven's own lightning tingling on his nerves, has need to reread his commission to see whether it has really been signed by the Captain of Salvation. Both these books illustrate and enforce this truth: "The measure of a man's power to help his brother is the measure of the love in the heart of him and of the faith he has that at last the good will win. With this love that seeks not its own, and this faith that grips the heart of things, he goes out to meet many fortunes, but not that of defeat." Into regions where live the adventurous and the outcast, far away from "restraints of social law, the gentle influences of home, and the sweet uplift of a good woman's face," two well-bred and well-educated young missionaries go, with firm purpose to play the brother's part among the worst and rudest, and, by sheer love of them and faith in them, they conquer them and win them to believe that life is priceless, that it is good to be a man, and that men cannot live without Christ and be real men. *The Sky Pilot* might be not unprofitable to city clergymen in "the effete East." The ranch has lessons for the rostrum, the camps for the cathedral, the mines for the metropolis. Spiritual grit, moral nerve, intellectual breeziness, are in high demand in the so-called centers of civilization. (Rev. C. T. Brady says that Kansas is more civilized than New York.) A certain preacher, who ministered in the rural West and later in Chicago, says he has had his Chicago church full ever since he made the discovery that the only respect in which the people in the city differ from those on the prairie is that there are more of them. When the young missionary "lit" at Swan Creek in the Foothills, he looked so young, so slight, so innocent, that the roughest of the "bronco busters" called him, scornfully, a "nursery kid," and the "Old Timer" named him in derision "The Sky Pilot"—an appellation which stuck, and which in course of time, abbreviated into "The Pilot," became a title of honor and endearment with the cowboys whose love and reverence he won. After a year or two, when the Pilot "is set onto buildin' a meetin' house, and them fellers down at the Creek that does the prayin' and such don't seem to back him up—don't want to go down into their clothes and put up for it"—the cowboys from the ranches, with vigorously expressed scorn of such meanness, turn in and put down some hundreds of dollars to help build the "Gospel shop," as they call it, for love of the Pilot. The Pilot is faithful to them in word as in deed, for the love that gives itself for men can be stern and steady in reproof of their sins. In his preaching he avoids abstract questions and gives them the concrete, often rendering the wonderful Bible stories

in simple vivid speech level to their apprehension. Most readers will be fond of "Bill," a powerful ally of the Pilot, who likes to get the ranchmen together of evenings to hear the Pilot read. Bill has his favorites; Abraham, Joshua, and Gideon rouse his enthusiasm, but Jacob and David he could not appreciate. Most of all he admired Moses and the apostle Paul whom he called "that little chap." When the reading was about the One Great Figure who moves majestic through the Gospels, Bill made no comments; He was too high for human approval. One night when the boys are together Bill wants the Pilot to read them "where the little chap got mixed up into that riot, where he stood off the whole gang from the stairs" at Jerusalem, and turning to the boys Bill said, "Little chap, you know, stood up and told 'em they were all sorts of thieves and cutthroats, and stood 'em off. Played it alone, too." As the Pilot begins, Bill suggests to him to tell the boys, first, something of Paul's history—"perhaps it might help 'em on to the trail, mebbe, if you'd tell 'em how the little chap struck his new gait"—which was his way of designating the apostle's conversion. The Pilot told them of Saul's sudden wrench from all he held dear under the stress of a new conviction, and Paul's magnificent enthusiasm, courage, tenderness, and patience in his new life. And then as he read the story of the arrest at Jerusalem, stopping now and then to picture the scene, the cowboys all saw it and were in the midst of it. The raging crowd hustling and beating the life out of the brave little man, the sudden thrust of the disciplined Roman guard through the mass, the rescue, the pause on the stairway, the calm face of the hero beckoning for a hearing, the quieting of the frantic, frothing mob, the fearless speech—the boys saw it all and were thrilled with admiration and ready to back the little chap against any odds. One night when the Pilot read the parable of the talents, the stern rebuke of the servant who failed in his duty went home to Bill's conscience and put him under conviction; and then and there "Bill hit the trail." His methods as an evangelist were a bit peculiar, but apparently effective. His energetic argument with the agnostic tenderfoot, who turned up in one of the meetings, wrought a sudden but lasting conversion. "Young man, whoever you are," says a lieutenant in the United States Army, "read *Black Rock.*" This notice says, man, young or old, read *The Sky Pilot.* And along with these read Rev. C. T. Brady's *Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West* and Rev. W. G. Puddefoot's *Minuteman on the Frontier*, so gaining some correct understanding of the real West.

The People's Bible Encyclopedia. By CHARLES R. BARNES, D.D. Quarto, Pp. 1,300. New York: Eaton & Mains. Sold by subscription only.

One wonders at the courage of an author who undertakes to furnish a comprehensive and adequate Bible dictionary in one volume of thirteen hundred pages. In these days of voluminous knowledge his courage looks like rashness. One suspects before examining the book that it must be a meager compilation, omitting much desirable and essential matter. But

examination quickly discovers that *The People's Bible Encyclopedia* is no such fragmentary and imperfect work. On the contrary, it is as remarkable for fullness as for condensation. Its range of Bible topics is wider even than that of McClintock and Strong's voluminous work. How has the difficult thing been done? By brief presentation of facts without superfluous words and without giving undue space to theories and opinions; by avoiding repetition of the same matter in different articles; by rejecting discredited, doubtful, or antiquated matter which occupies space in other works; by giving the conclusions of scholarship rather than the processes of arguments; by discriminating between the essential and the unessential; and by the use of a fine quality of paper, light yet durable, like that used in the best teachers' Bibles. Thus we have a book compact and manageable, yet in its measure complete. It covers its extensive field satisfactorily, and in actual use will not disappoint the seeker after full and reliable information. It contains the fruits of the most recent research and study, its matter having been corrected by the latest knowledge. The title is well chosen, for a people's encyclopedia it is, not so technical and scholastic as to be fit only for the professionally educated, but popular in style and adapted to the use of all intelligent and studious persons. Its manifest purpose is to make the greatest possible amount of information available to the largest possible number of people. Bible words are given in the original, in Hebrew, Chaldean, and Greek, but the proper pronunciation is spelled out in English. The book is amply and instructively illustrated by three hundred cuts which illuminate and vivify; it is fully supplied with maps and is sold at a low price. Its spirit in theological and critical scholarship is progressive-conservative. Previous works have been laid under tribute, searched and sifted, and their contents condensed. Many freshly written articles are by selected specialists of known ability, whose names are signed to their contributions. The author's system of arrangement, especially his grouping of related topics in subdivisions under a common general head, greatly assists quick reference and helps the mind in classifying the knowledge which the student appropriates from the book. The attention of the Church should be fixed at once on the fact that here is a new aid to Scripture study so remarkable as to be a necessity to those for whom it is intended and adapted. It exactly meets the want of all who cannot obtain or do not desire the cumbersome, costly, many-volumed cyclopedias, and who are not content with the small and meager ones. It is suited to the young minister who may not be able to buy the more extensive and expensive Bible dictionaries; to the local preacher or exhorter who wishes to instruct and edify when he speaks; to the class leader who feels responsible for feeding his little flock with the finest of the wheat and the marrow of the Word; to the Bible class teacher who desires to appear well prepared, ready for emergencies, and not to be tripped up and convicted of ignorance by the questions of eager, quick-witted, and studious scholars. It might well be counted a

necessary part of the furnishing and outfit of every Christian home. No better work can be found for use in the family than a handy dictionary of reference for the preparation of the Sunday school lesson by teachers or by pupils; for settling disputed questions or recovering forgotten facts of history or biography; for testing the statements or following out the references made by preachers in the pulpit; or as an illustrated commentary on many passages of Scripture. Among young or old nothing is more deplorable than ignorance of the Holy Bible, which is the word of God, in which we know that we have eternal life; and for such ignorance there can be no excuse in these days of abundant helps of many kinds to Scripture study, among which this new *People's Bible Encyclopedia*, given us by Dr. Charles R. Barnes, whose taste, aptitudes, and training specially fit him for the work, takes at once an important and foremost place. The diligent and patient labor of years compresses its results into this most timely and helpful volume.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Some Principles of Literary Criticism. By C. T. WINCHESTER, L.H.D., Professor of English Literature in Wesleyan University. 12mo, pp. 352. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

The place of Professor Winchester in the front rank of American critics is well established, resting not on individual opinion and fondly partial judgments, but upon a wide consensus, and proved by a variety of facts, one of which is that he has been coveted and tempted from his present place by the foremost universities of the land—a fact which makes his loyalty to his *alma mater* shine like a candle placed on a candlestick which cannot be hid; which fact also, be it said, endears him to that particular world wherein he, by preference, retains his habitat, while, beyond it, his work travels widely and his voice carries far. While his class room at Wesleyan University is a magnetic center of attraction, full of enthusiasm and high mental activity, it cannot monopolize his presence or confine his influence. We believe it true that no other occupant of a chair of English Literature has had for twenty years so wide and choice a public, and that notwithstanding this comprehensive volume is the first which he has published, except some of the English classics which he was engaged to edit. His courses of critical lectures are in constant demand in numbers of the best colleges, lyceums, and institutes, continuing in the same places year after year. And for lectures to popular audiences, nothing can be more educative, stimulating, and charming than his "London a Hundred Years Ago," "The English Lakes and Their Poets," and "An Old Castle." For the fascinations, refinements, and brilliancies of a style which is never tawdry, they are unmatched—a style illumined by the play of a gentle humor and occasional gleams of a satire as keen as a surgeon's knife. With a grace and virile gentlemanliness equal to George William

Curtis's, there is an incisiveness of comment, a wealth of tested and authoritative knowledge, and a convincingness of offered judgment surpassing his. No rarer literary event can come to any community than one or more of Professor Winchester's best lectures, no more delightful privilege to the intelligence, sense, and sensibility of town or city. That on "An Old Castle" is quite possibly the richest, most picturesque, and most exquisitely colored piece of literary tapestry that has been unrolled in the presence of audiences in our generation. To us few things seem more obvious than the importance of a good professor of English Literature to any college. It is doubtful if any chairs of instruction require to be provided for with more critical caution than those of philosophy and literature, for the one may imperceptibly undermine faith by dissolving the very foundations of knowledge, and the other may do damage in many ways, notably by blurring or pushing to and fro the boundaries of good and evil, confusing the moral perceptions, and corrupting the moral taste. A sensitive moral nature, accurate moral discernment, just appraisement of moral or immoral quality in the precepts, persons, or implications of literature, and the absolute, uncompromising ethical loyalty of a pure heart and a righteous will always correctly announcing the outline and proclaiming the majesty of moral law—these are of exigent necessity and untold value, essentials never to be dispensed with in the chair of literature. Much listening to Professor Winchester has failed to detect him striking anywhere, in lectures critical or popular, a note morally false. No admiration for brilliant genius, no spell of a magnetic personality, no pity for a pathetic fate, no glamour of dazzling fame, no tide of poetic enthusiasm swerves or sways him from inexorable right judgment. His teaching is instinctively and judicially loyal to the supreme standards of ethics; it is from first to last an education in sound morals.

Some Principles of Literary Criticism is a book of large value, because it contains the sifted and compacted wisdom of years of critical study; and surely serviceable, because born of and shaped by the practical needs experienced in actual instruction. It is a book for the class room or the fireside, for the select library or the sitting-room table; a book for an hour or for the years. The scope of the author's purpose is stated in a single sentence of his preface: "I have attempted neither to expound a philosophy of criticism nor to elaborate a critical method; but simply to state, as plainly as I might, some qualities that by common consent are to be found in all writing deserving to be called literature, and to lay down some fundamental principles that must be assumed in all sound critical judgments." The nine chapters are entitled "Definitions and Limitations," "What is Literature?" "The Emotional Element in Literature," "The Imagination," "The Intellectual Element in Literature," "The Formal Element in Literature," "Poetry," "Prose Fiction," and "Summary." A judicious reviewer in *The Outlook* says of this book that its discussions "convey an impression of authority throughout; but it

is the authority of a wide knowledge of the art of writing and of a deep and vital relation of mind to it, rather than that of a professional teacher." It has "the good qualities of order, completeness, and accuracy, without those other qualities which set so many text-books by themselves in that region of eminently useful and preeminently uninteresting volumes into which one never goes save to verify a date or find a definition. Lovers of literature will find Professor Winchester's discussions thoroughly readable; students will have in it a wise, rational, sympathetic, and intelligent guide. It is a volume of delightful essays which, by reason of their completeness, may be used as a text-book." The book is full of Professor Winchester's valuations of authors and their productions. We open haphazard to such as these: "Brunetiere, the ablest of living critics;" "Browning, the most dramatic of modern poets, the superb master of dramatic monologue;" "'Andrea del Sarto,' the most pathetic of poems." We do not find that this volume takes the pitch and tone of its literary message from Matthew Arnold. It is as ready and frank in its independent differing with him as in its criticism of others. For example, Arnold's famous definition of poetry, as "the criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty," is affirmed by our author to be "nothing more than a description half vague and half tautological; for the phrase, 'a criticism of life' is certainly not very clear, and what 'the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty' are, we evidently cannot know till we first know what poetry is." The submission to Arnold's magisterial but far from infallible dicta has been overdone in our day, but not by Professor Winchester. If Matthew Arnold's literary criticism is more authoritative with knowledge or with wisdom than the volume before us we are incapable of perceiving it. Most certainly we find in this book no such obvious blunder of judgment or failure of critical taste as Arnold's strange suggestion that "Enoch Arden" is possibly Tennyson's best work. Many passages tempt us to quote them, but space forbids more than two or three, taken at random, and nowise more significant or attractive than the rest. Writing of the emotional element in literature, the author says: "We are not to think that emotion the strongest which is most demonstrative and turbulent: indeed turbulence and commotion usually imply some lack of self-command or some derangement of faculty. The emotion really deepest is often stillest—

> Such a tide as moving, seems asleep,
> Too full for sound and foam.

The ideal poet's nature, with respect to the point now under consideration is full, intense, passionate, but steady; a nature of strong passion under the control of a strong will—such a soul as

> Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind
> Even till his masts drink water and his keel plows air.

After defining and comparing realism and idealism there is this: "When the highest stages of art are reached, idealism and realism, fidelity to

highest meaning, and fidelity to facts, work in harmony. This union can be seen in the greatest painters—Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tintoret; it can be seen in the greatest poets—Shakespeare, Goethe, Molière." Comparing energy with delicacy, the author illustrates with two styles, each of which has one of these, but not both: "Macaulay's work has energy, but it has no delicacy. There is no precision either of judgment or sentiment. You get an idea, but are never sure that you are getting just the right idea. And similarly, his emotional values are never nice or subtle. Everything is very good or very bad. The colors are laid on in bold, contrasting splashes. Of the opposite defect—that is, style having delicacy but lacking energy—it is not so easy to find a familiar example, because writing that lacks energy is not likely to become popular. Perhaps no better instance could be found among recent English writers than Walter Pater. His style is precise, delicate, finely shaded; he is extremely careful and skillful to indicate those subtle gradations of feeling by which one mood passes into another; but the whole impression is faint. He does not stir us enough; we find it difficult to command sufficient attention to appreciate all his delicate effects." Nothing is truer than this, "The pessimistic or depressing note in literature is a sure sign of morbidness and a lack of robust life." The book ends with an appendix of much practical value, and a satisfactory index.

The Art of Optimism. By WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, President of Bowdoin College. 12mo, pp. 35. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Price, white cloth, ornamental, 35 cents.

This booklet, which is one of the "What Is Worth While Series," may properly be called a gem, because it sparkles, and is much value in minute compass. President Hyde draws the art of optimism here from Robert Browning, who is the most mighty prince of optimists to be found in the literature of the Victorian age, if not the most triumphant in all of English literature from the beginning until now. The author begins by remarking that the world we live in is one of mingled good and evil. Whether it be chiefly good or chiefly bad depends on how we take it. To look at the world in such a way as to emphasize the evil is the art of pessimism. To look at it in such a way as to bring out the good, and throw the evil into the background, is the art of optimism. He proceeds to define both pessimism and optimism, and gives for each a prescription telling how to cultivate whichever you prefer. Whether we shall be pessimists or optimists, he says, depends partly on temperament, but chiefly on will and on the spirit and manner of our living. It does not depend on whether you have a hard lot or an easy one, but on what you like, what you want, and what you resolve to be. There is enough that is bad in every life to make one miserable who is so inclined. "We all know people who have plenty to eat, a roof over their heads, a soft bed to lie in, money in the bank to cover all probable needs, plenty of friends, good social position, an affectionate family circle, good education, and even the profession of some sort of religion,

who yet by magnifying something that happened to them a long time ago, or something that may happen to them at some future time, or what somebody has said about them, or the work they have to do, or the slight some one has shown them, or even without anything as definite as these trifles, contrive to make them themselves and everybody near them perpetually uncomfortable and wretched. These people have acquired the art of pessimism." The naïve and simple way in which the people of primitive communities look at good and evil, and utter the desires and disappointments of life, is illustrated by two short pathetic poems which Carmen Sylva has translated for us from the Roumanian folk-song, entitled "Hay" and "I Am Content." Then there is a glance at Schopenhauer, the ingeniously perverse philosopher of pessimism; and at Matthew Arnold, the most artful high priest of pessimism in literature, "Dover Beach" being quoted from his poems. We never think of that poem without wishing that Matthew's father, Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, had been present at the completion of "Dover Beach," to take charge of the culprit and his product, with both his paternal and his pedagogic apparatus in vigorous working order. Mr. Bradley says, "Pessimism is the doctrine that in a world where everything is bad it is good to know the worst." Dr. Hyde tells us that anybody can be a pessimist who wants to, and gives the following rules for acquiring the art: "Live in the passive voice; be intent on what you can get rather than on what you can do. Live in the subjunctive mood, meditating on what might be rather than what actually is. Live in the past or future tense, either harping on what has been, or worrying about what may be, rather than facing the facts of the present. Live in the third person, finding fault with other people instead of setting your own affairs in order, and prescribing their duties rather than attending to your own. Live in the plural number, following the opinions and standards of respectability of other people rather than your own perception of what is fit and proper. Keep these rules faithfully, always measuring the worth of life in terms of personal pleasure rather than in terms of growth of character or service of high ends, and you will be a pessimist before you know it. For pessimism is the logical and inevitable outcome of that way of looking at life." The latter half of this essay deals with optimism, mostly as good Robert Browning argues, arrives at, and asserts it; and also gives rules for gaining it. "Rabbi Ben Ezra" is quoted, as the classic presentation of the active root of that robust optimism which turns all evil into the means of increased activity and victory of good. "A Death in the Desert" brings in its contribution, and then Pompilia's final triumphant faith and hope, spite of her sorely woeful life and direly tragic death, is cited as the consummate exposition of Browning's great gospel of good cheer. Dr. Hyde gives rules for acquiring the art of optimism, which in fact are simply the inverse of the rules for pessimism: "Live in the active voice, intent on what you can do rather than on what happens to you. Live in the indicative mood, concerned with facts as they are rather

than as they might be. Live in the present tense, concentrated on the duty in hand, without regret for the past or worry about the future. Live in the first person, criticising yourself rather than finding fault with others. Live in the singular number, seeking the approval of your own conscience rather than being anxious for popularity and the commendations of the many. And since you must have some verb to serve as a paradigm, Browning tells us we can't do better than to take the very word the old grammars taught us—the verb *amo*, I love. Only we must be sure our love is no soft sentimental affair which we go off into a corner to enjoy alone, but the spirit of brave and generous devotion to every human tie and claim. Whoever lives this life of unselfish devotion to the good of others and of all, and lives it in the active voice, indicative mood, present tense, first person, singular number, is bound to find his life full and rich and glad and free; is bound, in other words, to be an optimist." The author compares Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" with Browning's "Epilogue" at the close of "Asolando," and shows that the former is to the latter as "moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." When somebody asked the arctic explorer Nansen, "What is the good of all this risk and hardship of exploration, when one could remain comfortable at home?" the hardy Norseman answered triumphantly by repeating that great "Epilogue" which ends Browning's published works. Dr. Hyde gives his conception of the nature of evil and its relation to the whole of things as follows: "Evil is a reality which we must fight with all our might, and at the same time a negation which is bound to be overcome. Evil can never be complete, triumphant, eternal. The best figure that I know for it is a hole in the side of a boat. From one point of view the hole is a momentous reality. If not stopped it will sink the boat and drown the crew. You must concentrate all your efforts on stopping it at once. At the same time, the hole is, from another point of view, negative. It is the absence of the material that ought to be there. It is unfitness. It could not ever set up on its own account as something positive. It could not ultimately triumph and take the place of the boat altogether. A boat that should be all hole, nothing but hole, would be no boat at all. So a man who should be all bad would be no man at all. Badness can fasten on to men, and work fearful havoc in them; but you can no more erect badness into a positive and permanent principle than you could make a boat all holes. . . . Evil is real and has fearful consequences; we must fight it with all our might. That is half the truth. Evil is negative, sure to be ultimately conquered as often as it shows its head. That is the other half of the truth. To hold these two halves of the truth together, fighting in all the energy of the one, resting in all the serenity of the other, this is the true art of optimism." The manly robust gospel in this booklet makes it worth ten times its small price, for doubting souls, or as a gift to the despondent and the spiritually discouraged.

How Women May Earn a Living. By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE. 12mo, pp. 342. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.

The book is dedicated to "all those women who labor through necessity and not caprice." A wise and affectionate father, in prosperous business and a comfortable home, said early to his daughters: "You may live to see the day when financial losses and altered circumstances will force you to earn your own living. Each one of you must now choose and thoroughly master some occupation, by which, if the need should ever come, you could support yourself." So his girls were equipped in days of comfort and abundance to meet and manage days of destitution if they should come. Years have passed; the prudent father has long dwelt on high; his daughters have never been thrown upon their own exertions for support; but they have been stronger, happier women from the consciousness of independence and security due to having that resource against adversity, and they bless the paternal wisdom which provided them with it. Nothing is more cruel than to bring up girls to helplessness, to enroll them in the forlorn and pitiable army of the incapables, and leave them to suffer merciless and irremediable poverty. The curses of such children have been uttered over the graves of the parents who brought them up to be incompetent do-nothings. The equipped and capable woman's happiness really begins with the day when pressing circumstances, or her own unwillingness to be idle, push her out to use and test her powers; for the author truly says that the pleasures of labor are keener than those of indolence, and the lives of workers are full and rich past comprehending by the idle. This book gives practical information and directions concerning many of the employments by which women may earn their living. Once there were only two avenues, as a rule—teaching and keeping boarders. Now there are numerous and increasing possibilities. Some women take to teaching, either in schools or in private families as governesses, or as music or embroidery teachers. Some study typewriting and stenography, the demand for which constantly increases. Some become trained nurses, by taking the prescribed course in a hospital. Some study architecture and decoration of interiors. Some turn to simpler household industries, and are parlor and waiting maids, or children's nurses. Some find opportunities in stores and shops. Some become manicurists or attendants and shampooers in baths, or give massage, or care for and treat the hair or the complexion. Some raise poultry, or flowers, or fruits, or vegetables for market. Some do reporting or hack writing for the newspapers. There are women who drive a stage, or run ranches, or raise mushrooms, or water cresses, or keep bees or cows. Some decorate china or paint miniatures, or pursue other branches of art. Some start a thread-needle-and-embroidery fancy store, or a bakeshop, or a grocery store, or even a

barber shop. Some turn to millinery or dressmaking. Some design advertising posters or patterns for wall papers, or carpets, or calicoes, or stained-glass windows. One young woman made a large success in the preparation and sale of delicacies and comforts for the sick, such as broths, calves' foot and meat jellies, beef juice, milk and cream sterilized or peptonized, and a list of light desserts and entrées delivered to order at residences; also surgical dressings, rubber sheeting, pneumonia jackets, syringes, medicine glasses and tubes, invalid chairs, rubber beds and cushions, back rests, and trained nurse's supplies. Some study and practice medicine, and a very few take up the law. Some enter on deaconess, or mission, or Christian Association work. Some get positions in libraries, or editorial rooms, or insurance, or real estate, or other offices. And some invent before-unimagined ways of self-support, as witness the following: Mary Yeomans, an English woman now living in California, makes money by catching butterflies. She had some knowledge of the different varieties when she went to the Pacific slope. One day a flock of pansylike butterflies hovered over her for a moment and then flew up the mountain side. She thought she recognized a rare and valuable species only known in the higher Alps. She followed those honey-loving beauties up the mountain and captured a goodly number of them. She painted a facsimile of one in water colors and sent the sketch to London. The result was an order for twenty-five of the butterflies, for which she received $575. Miss Yeomans has a nursery for beetles in her cellar. Dr. Le Fontain, who came from France to study the insects of California, taught her much about insects and was enthusiastic over her enterprise. Miss Yeomans finds a great demand for beetles as well as for butterflies. Hundreds of women have been employed as census-takers by the United States government, and, taking the country over, not a few postmistresses will be found. The departments at Washington give occupation to a host of female workers, and many Southern women, whose families were ruined by the war, have been sheltered and employed there. The book before us is full of reliable information, sensible advice, and practical hints.

The Reign of Law. A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields. By JAMES LANE ALLEN, author of *The Choir Invisible*, *A Kentucky Cardinal*, etc. 12mo, pp. 385. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

In the style of this book there is a kind of mellow splendor, but one reads nearly three hundred pages before finding out the reason of its title, which is that the hero of it, a half-educated, skeptical-minded young man from a Kentucky farm, comes to the conclusion that all we can see in the universe is the Reign of Law. With the mature wisdom of twenty-some years, assisted by certain books which he has read, this undergraduate of a small college has concluded that Law does everything, and that man's place in Nature is not what the Bible repre-

sents. "Our solar system," he says, "it has been formed by Law. The sun—the driving force of Law has made it. Our earth—Law has shaped that; brought life out of it; evolved life on it from the lowest to the highest; lifted primeval man to modern man; out of barbarism developed civilization; out of prehistoric religions, historic religions." This callow youth rejects, but does not improve upon the better science which declares: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. *All things were made by* HIM; and without him was not anything made." Law never made anything nor did anything. Law is no entity, no agent, no power. It is merely a rule, a method, in accordance with which some intelligence, some power, some actor, chooses to act. Nothing but Will decides, discovers, and acts, putting forth powers to create, to do, to bring to pass. An infinite Intelligence, a supreme Will, exerting omnipotent power, is the only adequate explanation of the universe. Men misled themselves by their confusing way of attributing personality, power, initiative to things which have none. Natural law is only man's statement of the observed custom which the divine Actor habitually follows. It is simply God's way of doing things. It is the custom and fashion of the active Will of God. Absurd it is to say, Law does this or that. "Law punishes the criminal." No! That aggregate of individual Wills which we call Society punishes the criminal by the hand of its agent, the appointed officer, and in accordance with the law or rule of procedure which that aggregation of personal Wills has adopted. This Kentucky David thinks that the Reign of Law through the universe is all we know of any Creator, God, or Father. Thus he sets Christianity aside, ignoring Him who said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and rejecting the saying of the great apostle Paul: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." This farm lad, the child of believing parents, was started right; but he despised his Christian patrimony and early went with extreme precipitation into virtual agnosticism. In his youth God's spirit so strove with him that he set out to study for the ministry. He is represented as then holding that view of man's place in nature which was held by the biblical writers. He knew no better, then, than to accept the words of the psalmist: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." He imagined, the author tells us, that "the earth was the most important of worlds, on account of a single inhabitant—Man. Its shape had been molded, its surface fitted up, as the dwelling place of Man. Land, ocean, mountain range, desert, valley—these were designed for Man. The sun—it was for him; and the moon; and the stars, hung about the earth as its lights—guides to the mariner, reminders to the landsman of the Eye that never slumbered. The clouds—shade and

shower—they were mercifully for Man. The great laws of Nature—they, too, were ordered for Man's service, like the ox and the ass." This conception of Man's place in Nature, which was held by the Kentucky farmer's son in his early youth, "has furnished," our author thinks, "a very large part of the history of the world;" and he adds that "even at this close of the nineteenth century, it is still, in all probability, the most important fact in the faith and conduct of the race, running with endless applications throughout the spheres of practical life and vibrating away to the extremities of the imagination." Correct, entirely correct! And the progress of science is not likely to dislodge or discrown that eminent fact from its dominance. It is worth recording that so purely scientific an authority as John Tyndall acknowledged this pre-eminent importance of Man, and that the worlds were made for Man, for he wrote: "It would appear as if one of the ends of the Creator in setting those shining things [the stars] in heaven was to woo the attention and excite the intellectual activity of his earth-born children." And Tyndall's very phraseology gives a justifying reason for his belief, for if men are God's "earth-born children," bearing the image and likeness of their heavenly Father, then it is credible that God has made the worlds for his own offspring, and that the swinging earth is only the cradle in which the Father rocks his man-child. This poor, befogged, top-heavy, blundering, unbelieving youth of the Kentucky hemp fields at last falls in love with a believing girl, and, as the book ends, we hear him say to her "Ah, Gabriella, it is love that makes a man believe in a God of Love!"

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

History of the Christian Church. By JOHN FLETCHER HURST. 2 volumes, 8vo, pp. 949, 957. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Price, cloth, $5 per volume.

The publication of these two portly volumes marks an important epoch in the contributions of Methodist scholarship to the Church catholic. They are in the series of the Library of Biblical and Theological Literature edited by the late Dr. Crooks and by Bishop Hurst; a *magnum opus* which has done more than any other product of our denominational authorship, save the Encyclopædia of Drs. McClintock and Strong, and the Concordance of the latter, to enhance the reputation of the scholars of our own Church in the world of sacred science. Discrimination is necessary in any review of so large an undertaking. But before electing to discuss any one period or figure in this bewildering wealth of material, a word is due concerning the general style and content of these volumes. The touch of the master is everywhere felt; the style is sober and yet strong, without overflowing full; the chastened tone of a broad and pregnant scholarship is upon every page and those purely destructive elements which are neither scientific nor useful are conspicuous by their absence. It is a rare pleasure to read such expositions of men and

events as are here given. The marks of constant care and increasing light are on every page—for the material has passed through stages of revision and thus has tended to the illumination of obscure fields and the adjustment of perspectives—so that the true proportions of a period are found each in its own order and dealt with after its significance. There are marks of a spiritual enthusiasm and a keen sense of righteousness which throw upon the pages the color of conviction and the glow of an ardent desire for the better interests of the kingdom of God. Doubtless, some would enter the objection that these have no place here; but there is a moral end in history especially in the history of the ways of God toward men in the establishing and training of the Christian Church, which can never be more magnificently set forth than in writings of this order. For general fairness, even balance, and careful poise the work commands just commendation. It is redeemed from the partisan blemishes of an earlier day—those marks of a callow and immature stage of the historical science. It is true to the fundamental principles of the divine enterprise it sets forth, and with comprehensive sagacity it keenly recognizes the large submission of all other elements in the drama of life to the religious and ecclesiastical. The first volume covers the periods of the early and mediæval Church and ends with the beginning of the Reformation. In the pages dealing with the historical preparations for Christianity a wide acquaintance with the authoritative literature is evident, and one is reminded of the saying concerning Macaulay, that "he read a book to write a sentence." A careful perusal of these descriptions of Roman and Greek life will correct some false estimates of their ethical value to the race at large. The enthusiasm too often based upon ignorance or prejudice, which exaggerates upon their superior relations to society and even to the Church, here receives a severe check. In the Apostolic period the influence of Dr. Ramsay has not been reckoned with as it will have to be in the future. His indefatigable investigations are warmly commended, as indeed they should be, for no man can deal with this chief epoch of Christianity and with its central figure, St. Paul, without availing himself of the remarkable writings of this great scholar. Probably the recent date of his publications has prevented a fuller consideration of his work. The important question of the Christian ministry is treated with lucidity and strength. The authorities quoted by the Bishop include Lightfoot, Hatch, Ritschl, Harnack, Haddon, and Gore. The conclusion of the Anglican scholar Lightfoot is here maintained: that the episcopal office did not arise out of the apostolic by succession, but out of the presbyterial by localization. Lightfoot himself perceptibly weakened on this statement, though he drew it forth from a model argument which, for its content, has never been surpassed. The influence of Dr. Hatch is evident in the statement that "the contemporary institutions and associations of the pagan world offered many parallels to the Church organization, which latter was necessarily more or less adapted from them." In discussing

the development of Christian doctrine and literature Dr. Harnack's work is referred to as being anticonservative. Doubtless some of his many conclusions must be further tested before being finally adopted. But the immense service he has rendered in all historical departments, and specifically in the history of dogma, plays an important part in the progress of scholarship to-day. There is perhaps no larger illustration of the providential oversight of Christian thought than this history affords in showing how the simplicity which is in Christ was preserved amid the maze of gnostic theories, conflicting mythologies, and cults devoted to legends of every kind. The western half of Asia was a seething caldron of these products, and the strong doctrinal statements and ecclesiastical attitudes of the Fathers were provoked by their endless assaults. The religions of Baal, Moloch, Astarte vied with aroused Buddhism in Bactria for the mastery of the Asiatic world. Alexandria was the natural refuge of every creed, and its influence upon the theology of the Church, and, especially, exegesis, is here strikingly shown. The intellectual dominancy of the Egyptian city intended by its founder to be the intellectual center of the world, forms a fitting background for the great figures of Philo, Clement, and Origen. One is attracted by the sturdy manhood of Cyprian and his energetic defense of the one living body of truth contained in the Holy Scriptures. It is refreshing to read how he assigns tradition a secondary place, and his statements here quoted are a pleasing contrast to the arbitrary usage of a later age when everything was made to subserve hierarchical assumptions. How great was the loss of the sense of proportion in truth, that the Roman episcopacy might be exalted beyond measure. The usurpation of a system silenced great teachers or misstated their utterances, and the earlier days of a purer faith were clouded with purposed obscurations. The disentanglement of these themes by Bishop Hurst has been made with an incisiveness and a weight which tempt one to linger. The clergy of the Evangelical Churches have been challenged by those of other communions to return to the Fathers. Here, we are told, in the Patristic period was the Golden Age of the Christian Church. No schisms divided the body of Christ, no rents were torn in the garment of God by sectarian divisions. This history takes us back to the fountain head. It does not admit the extreme position of Anglican or Roman doctors as to the value of the Fathers. Indeed the Fathers themselves would have strenuously repudiated the artificial estimates of these interested advocates. In a series of fascinating discussions we are shown how much of imperishable value inheres in the teaching of these men. Their devotion to the person of Christ and the captivity of their thought unto his obedience enable them, despite grave deterrents, to place his cause beyond the reach of that paganism which strove, even unto the letting of blood, to accomplish an admixture. But ambitious pretenses after a space succeeded in inflicting their destructive blight upon the Church. In vain the sweet devotion of St. Francis or the moral virility and cour-

age of Savonarola. The earlier and latter rain of life had apparently been defeated and desolation fell upon the house of God. It is impossible within the scope of this brief article to do more than invite the reader to the feast. That middle path which the historian should tread with solicitous care is manifest in the recital of stirring events. The great days of the papacy, when the Middle Ages may be summed up in one word, *Rome*, monasticism with its conflicts, the crusades, the protests of the Church of the Waldenses, and the bitter persecutions of the heretic—are compelled to contribute in the end to the broadening, deepening growth of God's kingdom on earth. Many of these pains and distresses were but the birth pangs of a nobler being. The second volume opens with a spirited account of the foremost Bishop of Lincoln, Grosseteste. He was the forerunner of Wyclif in reforming zeal, based moreover, upon a passionate devotion to the priestly ideal. The various antecedents of the Reformation are grouped around a series of leaders and scholars such as the two above named. This treatment is of advantage to the scope of the work, and the general plan in these respects could not be readily improved. The fairness of the author in dealing with Reformation is a matter for thankfulness. Many of the phases of this great movement have yet to be understood in their fullness. The bishop has made most helpful contributions to this end. He has shown that with the great advantages and imperishable rights this protest secured to men, there were involved sinister political complications and some harmful theological compromises. The later period of volume second covers the rise and progress of the Evangelical Churches. A sympathetic understanding of their doctrinal position and economy is everywhere manifest. We have been taught to expect Bishop Hurst would treat exhaustively the militant systems of destructive thought. His history of Rationalism is a warranty for the excellent work apparent here. The chapters on Methodism and on the Oxford Movement are worthy of their importance as the two foremost religious advances of our times. They form a fitting prelude to the record of this century's work at home and abroad. The note of optimistic expectation ends a remarkable achievement in which the elements of successful history are well mixed, and the impression derived from the effort as a whole is one of grateful satisfaction. Bishop Hurst gracefully acknowledges the services of his colaborers in this work and especially of Professor Faulkner. But the wonder remains that one who sustains the burdens of his office and other burdens voluntarily assumed in the establishment of a complete educational equipment for his church, should have found the time to offer these volumes of consecrated scholarship upon the altar of Christ. They betoken many years of careful painstaking research and fruitful meditation. That encyclopedic knowledge for which the Bishop has become so widely known is here accompanied by exactness and the habit of a scholar. We are of opinion that these volumes will preserve his name to Methodism and the wider world, and that

they will prove an abiding blessing to generations of ministers. Their lists of authorities embrace the best of every school, and can be used as a guide to the establishment of a complete historical library of the Christian Church. We are sometimes accused of a lack of literary culture and wide outlook. True it is that the pressure of the care of souls has borne heavily upon Methodism, and may it increase yet more and more. But such books as these are a weighty argument in favor of other qualities existing in a Church whose influence on Christian thought and experience has been profound, and to whose doctrinal system time has added strength and wider acceptance.

Recollections. 1832 to 1886. By the Right Honorable SIR ALGERNON WEST, K.C.B. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 442. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $3.

It is a poor quarter year which does not bring us some interesting volume of reminiscences which throw new light on notable men and events in circles of literature, politics, society, war, or domestic life. As a rule such books are easy reading, diversified and diverting, and not seldom they give us inside glimpses of affairs and flashlight insights into character which no set and formal history would be likely to furnish. The author of these recollections was for many years private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, of whom many entertaining reminiscences are given, as also of numerous other prominent men and women who moved in the middle half of the century now closing. While we are waiting for that Life of Gladstone which John Morley is writing, we may learn much about the great prime minister, his motives, his habits, his battles, his wonderful memory, his enormous capacity for labor, his enthusiasm for finance, his estimates of others, and various additional matters, from a man who saw him nearer, oftener, and more intimately than Mr. Morley did. Of course, in a world which is one great gossip exchange, it is too much to expect that all the anecdotes in a book like this shall be new to the reader. Its contents are fragmentary, chatty, and informal, and the expression sometimes careless, as, for example, "somehow or another," and "whom he felt sure would never succeed." A man, not great himself, tells of numerous men who were. It emphasizes the need which every public speaker has of a watchful and faithful critic to tell him of his mannerisms, when we read that Lord Granville had a habit of standing in the House of Lords with his hands joined as in prayer; and that Mr. Cardwell had a habit, when speaking, of constantly taking one step back and one step forward; and that Gladstone had a habit, when he became very earnest in speaking, of scratching the back of his head with the thumb of his right hand before bringing the hand down with a thump on his notes on the table before him; and that all three were unaware of these meaningless mannerisms which had become habitual, until the fault was pointed out by the ridicule of enemies or the admonition of friends. Gladstone had a lifelong horror of tobacco. When a boy at Eton he persuaded his schoolmates to give up the weed. When prime minister he said, "If Sir William Harcourt smokes, he

must change his clothes before he comes to me." Gladstone was patient in hearing and sifting objections until he thought the truth had been reached; and then he dashed difficulties aside and acted with swift boldness, following Lord Bacon's advice that in council it is good to see dangers—in execution not to see them, and obeying the famous maxim that a statesman should doubt to the last and then act as if he had never doubted. One secret of Gladstone's power is exposed in the saying of Mr. Lowe, "He possesses no ideas—his ideas possess him;" that makes intensity, sincerity, and impassioned earnestness. In a conversation which once took place as to the quality most necessary in a statesman, one said eloquence, another knowledge, and another toil; but Pitt said patience—the very quality which General Grant named as the most needful for a general. All of those qualities Gladstone had, but he swayed the masses of his fellow-countrymen by his moral earnestness more than by oratory or intellect. Everybody felt that he was himself profoundly penetrated with the truth of what he said. When Gladstone and Tennyson were traveling together in the Orkneys they were presented with the freedom of the town by the burgesses of Kirkwell in the village kirk. Mr. Gladstone, in making the response for both, said with gracious modesty: "The words I speak have wings and fly away; the words of Mr. Tennyson abide. I anticipate for him immortality. In some distant time people will say, looking at your roll of names here, 'The prime minister—who was he? what did he do? We know nothing about him, but the poet laureate has written his own song on the hearts of his countrymen, which can never die.'" A fine example of submissive fortitude is that of Fawcett, England's blind postmaster-general, who, when his eyes were shot out, said, "I have such faith in the recuperative power of nature that I will abate no jot of my ambitions and endeavors;" and his resolution was kept right gallantly from that moment to the end of life. At a dinner at Algernon West's the talk at table was of books, and Mr. Gladstone was in great force. He praised Jesse's *Life of Beau Brummell* as a moral book with a lesson; he had read *George Eliot's Life*, and five reviews of it; he compared Lucretius to Virgil, but admitted that Lucretius could not have been written the Second Eclogue; when Arthur Russell said there were only seventeen positivists in England, Gladstone remarked that he agreed with them on just one point, namely that marriage is absolutely indissoluble. Sir William Harcourt once maintained that everything in Mr. Gladstone's conduct was governed by two preponderating influences, finance and theology. As prime minister he regretted the dearth of financiering ability in Parliament, and said that the race of financiers was becoming extinct since Peel. Gladstone held that good finance consists more in the spending than in the collecting of revenue. When Lord Randolph Churchill became leader and Chancellor of the Exchequer he was regarded by the older officials as an impossible man "whose breath was agitation and his life a storm on which he rode," though he was a visible genius, an unquenchable personality, an

embodied *tour de force*. He attacked Gladstone fiercely, and in the view of the Gladstonians "his schemes were sudden, unforeseen, inexplicable to friend and foe, as if some momentary spleen inspired the project." Nevertheless he proved a patient and thorough administrator, a strenuous and farsighted minister of the crown. That Churchill in the prime of his splendid powers should be stricken by fatal disease seemed a mysterious permission of Providence, but Cardinal Manning in his eulogy said: "As in a piece of tapestry, where on one side all is a confused and tangled mass of knots, and on the other a beautiful picture, so from the everlasting hills will this earthly life appear not the vain and chanceful thing men deem it here, but a perfect plan guided by a divine hand into a perfect result." One evening after the close of his public life Gladstone said, "I wonder if I should not have been happier writing obscure philosophical works which nobody would read than in leading a political life." Disraeli's ostentatious affectation in dress almost passes belief. Even after he had passed through ten sessions of Parliament, he wore such a costume as this: a slate-colored velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down over his shoulders. Sir Algernon West's memory carries many things and runs far back. He remembers that shortly before Queen Victoria's accession a little boy was sentenced to death for breaking a confectioner's window and stealing some candy; that in 1836 there were fifty-two thousand exiled convicts living in foreign lands in bestial immorality, while in England four thousand debtors were lying in common cells with damp walls, with no bedding, herded together with murderers and vile malefactors. But on the other hand no gentleman smoked on the streets of London until after the Crimean War. In 1824 the Norwich Bible Society made the sad blunder of inviting a certain rough Lord Orford to become its president, and had the wholesome humiliation of receiving from him the following pungent reply: "Sir, I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter. *Surprised*, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application; and *annoyed*, because it compels me to have even this communication with you. I have long been addicted to the gaming table. I have lately taken to the turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and to your society. Notwithstanding which, you think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy. I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints."

Critical and Historical Essays. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. In 5 volumes. Vol. I, 16mo, pp. 397. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

This small volume begins a most attractive edition of an English classic. It is really one of the finest examples of the compact and

portable. For the library table, or for the pocket, or the gripsack of the traveler, it is almost ideal, though a recent critic says Macaulay's "Essays" are for the silences of life, and not to be read on ferryboat or trolley car. Lately the query has been sent around to persons of importance, "What ten books would you take with you, if you had to pass the rest of your life alone on a desert island?" In the list of answers the most popular ten have included the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, and Macaulay's "Essays," with *Robinson Crusoe* to serve as a sort of Baedeker for the island. For ourselves we would like to take with us into exile a volume which would make it possible for us to back up against a rock on some sunny headland and read "Caliban upon Setebos; or, Natural Theology on the Island." In the judgment of many, Macaulay's "Essays" are the best of him. Walter Bagehot has pointed out that Macaulay, in his "History," while he describes a financial panic as accurately as the driest political economist, and yet makes his account as picturesque as a novel, nevertheless preferred and chose for his writing the prosaic eras of English history rather than the passionate eras. It has been said that Macaulay did for the historical essay what Haydn did for the sonata, and Watt for the steam engine: he found it rudimentary and unimportant, and left it complete and a thing of power. This first volume of the set contains the essays on "Milton," "Machiavelli," "Hallam's Constitutional History," "Southey's Colloquies on Society," "Robert Montgomery's Poems," "Civil Disabilities of the Jews," "Moore's Life of Lord Byron." After these comes the "Editor's Appendix," a "Glossary of Allusions," and an index, which really make the last twenty-five pages of the book among the most valuable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Problem of Human Suffering, Looked at from the Standpoint of a Christian. By VERNON C. HARRINGTON. 12mo, pp. 157. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.

The theory of this book may be easily stated. God is in his world, and "rules by unchanging laws which are the expression of his will, his love;" man in the exercise of his free will may break these laws, and, if so, must pay the penalty. "God takes no arbitrary revenge. . . . Infinite love and wisdom established these laws for man's well-being. Therefore, if a man does not conform to these laws, he must fall short of what these laws would work out in his life. His life is, therefore, deformed and deficient. The lack brings suffering. It is an inevitable consequence, not an angry punishment. Nay, more; pain is a beneficent arrangement by which we are warned that we are transgressing the laws. . . . God would not leave man with the possibility of breaking his laws and not furnish also a protesting voice. And so pain cries out to remind of what we are doing and to induce us to cease the transgression. The very pain is an evidence of God's tender love and care." To the various forms of human suffering the author then proceeds to address himself, aiming

to show the application of his theory to these different phases of experience. Thus it is with the suffering which results from human selfishness, and which constitutes probably three fourths of the whole. From such causes as "dishonesty, treachery, injustice," for illustration, "great suffering comes upon mankind." But it is "not sent by God. It is the direct result of human actions, not guided by the will of God. All the suffering arising from these causes is due clearly to human selfishness and greed of gain." Many sources of suffering, furthermore, which seem beyond human control are under natural law. "I am bold to say," writes the author, "that, of all causes of human suffering over which man seems to have no control, there is not one cause which is not made by the natural laws of the universe, which laws have been the same and unchangeable from the beginning and will remain the same and unchangeable unto the end." Disease is due to the transgression of the laws of the physical world, or "some failure to conform to them. There is no other way of accounting for it. These laws all foster health, and perfect health means simply perfect conformity to the laws which govern its existence. Such transgression is usually done ignorantly. Many who are upright and noble, not knowing the laws by which their bodies are sustained, fail of health and happiness. . . . Anywhere where man disregards the beneficent order of nature he must take the consequences." According to science death also is a wise provision of nature, and in that transformation no energy is destroyed. It is "God's plan by which, when for any reason the body is no longer able to retain the personality, the personality asserts its superiority and breaks away into a larger life." As for the results which follow pain and trouble, the author has his teaching in the closing chapter, entitled "The Compensation for Suffering." The latter is not sent merely for discipline, as has usually been held, but discipline is rather "a gain from suffering which could not be averted." So, the author says, "there may accrue to character, from suffering, wondrous growth. Or, we might better say that the laws which govern the development of character are such that, under suffering, character may attain a strength and beauty which can come no other way." Thus runs in outline a worthy book. Though the reader may not accept all of its conclusions, yet he cannot but be charmed with the reverence, thoughtfulness, and grace of phraseology with which it considers the great mysteries of human trial and pain.

Notes for the Guidance of Authors. Compiled by WILLIAM STONE BOOTH. 16mo, pp. 70. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, paper, 25 cents.

This compilation of rules, information, and suggestions has been made at request of the Macmillan Company, and the points emphasized are for the purpose of effecting a saving of time, effort, and expense, to the mutual advantage of contributor and editor, author and publisher. The notes and recommendations relate to "Preparation of a Manuscript," "Submitting a Manuscript to a Publisher," "Copy-

right," "Forms of Agreement between Author and Publisher," "Bindings, Covers, and Cover Designs," "Proof Reading," "Signs Used in Correcting Proof," "Facsimile of Proof Showing Corrections," "Composition and Presswork," "How an Author Can Aid His Publisher," "Advertising, Circulars, etc.," "Press and Presentation Copies." Also, J. S. Cushing & Co.'s rules for spelling, punctuation, and style are given. There are directions for the proper use of quotation marks and the manner of forming compound words, for the use of capitals, for the use of O! and Oh! And long lists of words are given to show the spelling preferred by Webster, by Worcester, by the Century, and by the Standard Dictionaries. It would add to the comfort of the editor and typesetters and proof readers of the *Methodist Review* if our contributors would all read and follow the directions given for the proper preparation of manuscripts. Some of them are: "Let the sheets of the manuscript be of uniform size throughout;" "There should be fully half an inch between the lines of a manuscript whether hand-written or typewritten;" "*Manuscripts should never be rolled up for sending by mail or express. Sheets that have been rolled are very unhandy for editors, typesetters and readers;*" "Be careful to indicate where a quotation ends as well as where it begins."

Illustrative Notes. A Guide to the Study of the International Sunday School Lessons. With Original and Selected Comments, Methods of Teaching, Illustrative Stories, Practical Applications, Notes on Eastern Life, Library References, Maps, Tables, Pictures, Diagrams. 1901. By Rev. THOMAS BENJAMIN NEELY, D.D., LL.D., and ROBERT REMINGTON DOHERTY, Ph.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 392. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Price, cloth, $1.25.

No observer can be insensible to the great advance that has of recent years been made in the literature of the Sunday school. Within the memory of many yet in younger life the lesson helps studied in their childhood were weak in intellectual quality, crude in illustration, and generally uninviting in appearance. But the Sabbath-school scholar of the new century is more highly favored. In short, it would be difficult to conceive a volume more complete in its provisions for lesson study and lesson mastery than this new issue in the yearly series of *Illustrative Notes*. The comments of many master minds enforce the interpretations of the sacred text made by the editor, while striking illustrations, attractive maps, and many other helps combine to make the book a *thesaurus* for the reader. It is the first of the series under the new secretaryship of Dr. Neely, and his editorial words in introduction are at once wise, vigorous, and hopeful. To suggest any improvement in the volume is not our province. To read it is to be captivated with its fullness and its high quality. To study it is to feel that our Church is walking in the very front rank of the denominations as to Sunday school helps, and that the book with its kindred publications should be the standard literature of all our teachers and scholars.

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